

its at \$2.45.

direct from the window display. The whole town. Nobly, up-to-date, of durable, long-wearing cloth, and because of their boyish style and \$3.75, while they last at \$2.45.

Shirts.

any other similar shirts—that we have the largest, does not give discount.

5 black duchesse for 80c.

black satin duchesse for 80c. black crepe de chine for 80c. black pean de sole for 80c.

black pean de sole for 80c.

black pean de sole for 80c. black pean de sole for 80c. black pean de sole for 80c.

Trimmed hats at \$5.50.

Tomorrow and longer, if the city holds out, we will make a special sale of \$5.00 hats. The styles are as new as the materials, of course, and as good as in the \$10 hats. The styles are as new as the materials, of course, and as good as in the \$10 hats.

hats at 9c.

offer a line of regular styles of ready-to-wear hats for 9c.

fabrics.

ies is the wearing of them. They are the purpose for which they are made. They are the purpose for which they are made. They are the purpose for which they are made.

3.50 shoes

for women. They are the purpose for which they are made. They are the purpose for which they are made. They are the purpose for which they are made.

as the \$5.00 shoes

they are not up to our \$5.00 shoes. They are the purpose for which they are made. They are the purpose for which they are made. They are the purpose for which they are made.

of rub-

ports of rubber and every piece used. The quality is the best. They are the purpose for which they are made. They are the purpose for which they are made. They are the purpose for which they are made.

belts 69c.

Gold and silver belts from 69c to \$1.00. They are the purpose for which they are made. They are the purpose for which they are made. They are the purpose for which they are made.

for 25c.

They are the purpose for which they are made. They are the purpose for which they are made. They are the purpose for which they are made.

AUTO LIVERY

SWELLEST rig on the Coast for hire. with competent drivers; rates same as for day. Also car for 10c. Telephone, Peter Hill.

The Times

LOS ANGELES

SUNDAY, APRIL 21, 1901.

Four Parts and Magazine.

ON ALL NEWS STANDS 5 CENTS

YEAR.

PER WEEK...30 CENTS PER MONTH...\$9 A YEAR.

ENTERTAINMENTS

THE CHUTES—WASHINGTON GARDENS. A. L. ELLIOT. THE FAMILY PLAYGROUND.

Shooting the Chutes NOW OPEN

THE FAMILY PLAYGROUND.

Bank of Sunday, April 21—New Features.

BASEBALL RETURNS, LOS ANGELES vs. OAKLAND, by Innings.

Prof. Rabe and His Dm of Rhythmic His Dm of Rhythmic His Dm of Rhythmic.

Eddie Griffiths Tonight.

Volkyra The Novelty Gymnasium.

Beno... King of the Black Wire.

...And... Tonight.

Prof. Rabe and His Dm of Rhythmic His Dm of Rhythmic His Dm of Rhythmic.

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BIG RUSH OF WATER.

Tremendous Flood in Ohio River.

Fear Great Devastation Over Vast Area.

Rain and Snowstorm of Almost Unprecedented Extent.

People Rushing to Safety in Pennsylvania—Crops Will Suffer.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.

CINCINNATI, April 20.—Peculiar weather conditions during the week have culminated in a rain and snow storm of almost unprecedented dimensions, so distributed that a tremendous flood in the Ohio River is impending. It is estimated that the extent of the coming flood, but all signs point to a stage of water that must bring devastation of a most serious nature along the Ohio River and a tributary in Ohio, West Virginia and Kentucky.

The condition is somewhat of a surprise at Cincinnati, because, while there has been rain almost every day in the week, it was not heavy enough to create apprehension. But above Cincinnati, in Kentucky and West Virginia, flood rains were falling as early Wednesday, and over a vast extent of the Ohio River Valley water crested it was continuous. This heavy rain served to cause the extent of the Ohio River, until this morning it was rising all the way from Pittsburgh to Louisville.

Following these rains came the tremendous snowfall of last night, which reached from Canada to Atlanta, with the western border less than a hundred miles from Cincinnati. By its weight it caused the water to rise.

COLD BLIGHTS SOUTH.

WASHINGTON, April 20.—(Exclusive Dispatch.)

LOUISVILLE (Ky.), April 20.—Roaring winds, continued high winds and heavy precipitation of rain and snow were conditions today in many of the States of the South. Little damage was done, but many crops were killed.

In some localities, particularly in Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama and Georgia, the temperature was very much below the normal.

(Continued on Sixth Page.)

VICTIMS OF BLIZZARD.

Great Loss of Life at Cape Nome.

Two Hundred Miners Frozen to Death.

Shores of Bering Sea Strewed With Stiffened Corpses.

Awful Tale of Disaster From the North—Rich Strike Near Dawson.

BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.

VICTORIA (B. C.), April 20.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) Not since the memorable disaster on the Dyke trail four years ago this month has there been such loss of life as is reported by the Dawson correspondent of the Skagway Alaska to have occurred at Cape Nome.

As a result of a terrible blizzard which visited the Arctic camp early this year, two hundred unfortunate men have perished and their bodies were found lying along the Bering Sea shores from Port Clarence to within a short distance of Nome.

The actual tale of disaster was brought to Dawson by Clerk Reed of Judge Noyes's court at Cape Nome, who had reached the Klondike capital on route from Nome to Washington, D. C., on matters connected with the troubles of the Nome judiciary with the government. The dispatch says:

"Dawson was shaken from one end to the other when Reed announced that just before he left Nome two hundred miners were frozen to death from exposure during one of the storms for which the camp is noted."

"The fore part of the season was mild, and the 'cheechakos' thought all the stories of old blizzards were myths, and in spite of warnings given by your dogged residents, they persisted in camping in heavy 'Jim Crow' creek which was hoisted by voracious recorders, who were prompted simply by desire to take in money from recording fees. By New Year real winter set in; the mercury dropped to 50 below, and wind, such as a white man never before encountered, blew for weeks. The dogs which were left outside over night perished, and the carcasses of frozen animals were strewn all over town."

"The new comers, living in single board and tarpaper shanties, poorly put together by inexperienced hands, suffered untold agony from cold, and it was with the greatest difficulty that hundreds of lives were saved. Medical skill was called on many times, and the hospitals were full of people who were frozen on some part of the body. The capacity of St. Bernard Hospital was taxed to its utmost, and too much credit cannot be given to Mr. Elliott, who is in charge, for his ministering care to the sufferers."

"A blizzard was blowing and when it abated the bodies of 200 miners were found lying all along the coast. Some of the unfortunate had gone to Port Clarence to stake property, and those whose lifeless bodies were found near St. Michael had gone there to secure supplies, which had given out at Cape Nome. Of the 200 only one part have been identified, and the bodies were interred by kind hands near the spot where they were found."

The Skagway paper, in an editorial, after the publication of the Alaskan story, questions the correctness of the report, although it prints on another page a similar report from its correspondent at Dawson.

FIFTY DOLLARS A PAN.

RICH STRIKE NEAR DAWSON.

VICTORIA (B. C.), April 20.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) News was received by the steamer Danube of a very rich strike on Eldorado Creek. The miners have found the false bedrock found on that creek, and have been rewarded with 150 to the pan in gold. Two laymen, Anderson and Clauson, who have been sinking a shaft on No. 2 Eldorado, have found a rich strike, and have been rewarded with 150 to the pan. Great excitement prevailed along the creek, and adjoining property owners were preparing to penetrate bedrock in the hope of finding such rich pay beneath.

News was also received from Dawson by the Danube, that Clarence Berry, one of the wealthiest Klondikers, has purchased the Pickett & Hall claim at No. 15, Eldorado for \$125,000. No. 15 has been famous since the Klondike was struck, and has produced upwards of three-quarters of a million dollars. It was, they reported, sold by "French Joe" Costello, who sold it to Jim Hall and N. Pickett for \$400. The purchasers showed how rich the mine was, by paying for it with a seventy-five-foot fraction, which he sold soon afterward for a large sum.

COPPER CAVES.

GOING TO BE EXPLORED.

BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.

VANCOUVER (B. C.), April 20.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) Capt. Malcolm McLean, formerly master of the Yukon River steamer James Donnell, left today with ten men to explore the recesses of a series of caves in the valley of White River, a tributary of the Yukon, in search of copper mines. The

HILL AND CLARK

Combined Against Harriman.

Great Northern Headed for Los Angeles.

Clark's Salt Lake Road to Be Part of a Great System.

Proposed Triple Ownership of Union Pacific—President Hill's Fast Run.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.

SALT LAKE, April 20.—In a column article tomorrow the Tribune will say that the recent activity in railroad building in Southwestern Utah and Southwestern Nevada by interests representing Senator W. A. Clark of Montana and the pushing forward of the Burlington surveyors toward Salt Lake, involves the practical co-operation of Senator Clark and President Hill of the Great Northern system in a scheme to extend President Hill's great interests to the Pacific Coast in Southern California, thus introducing a formidable rival to the Harriman interests in that region.

ACTIVITY CONTINUES.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.

SALT LAKE, April 20.—Continued activity on the part of the opposing forces of Senator W. A. Clark and the Harriman interest, who are engaged in a struggle for the possession of the abandoned right of way in Southwestern Utah and Southwestern Nevada, is reported from Nevada and other points along the proposed line. The Great Northern Short Line is laying track toward the summit near Nevada, while the Clark people, who are still holding the barbed-wire tunnel No. 1, are hurrying teams and men to the front of the tunnel, where grading is actively in progress. Both sides express the determination not to give up the disputed grade, and trouble, if any, should result, will come when the Short Line forces attempt to lay track to tunnel No. 1, which is practically the only passage for the proposed road at that point. The opposing construction forces will be close together within a few days.

Division Engineer Barlow of the Oregon Short Line, accompanied by surveyors and a number of contractors, has started in, wagons from Nevada, and will go over the entire 200 miles to the Southern Pacific in California. Whatever may be the outcome of the

UNION PACIFIC OWNERSHIP.

Northwestern, Rock Island and St. Paul Said to Be After It.

BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.

CHICAGO, April 20.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) The latest combination in railroad contemplations that the Union Pacific become the property of the Northwestern, Rock Island and St. Paul roads. It was learned today that a meeting was held last week, attended by officials of the four roads, and the advisability of the plan was discussed. It was after knowledge of this meeting was gained by other railroad managements that the Pennsylvania began considering the advisability of forming an alliance with the Santa Fe.

If the absorption of the Union Pacific takes place there is no doubt that some sort of an alliance will be formed between the Pennsylvania and the Santa Fe, which may include the Frisco line.

That such a move was more than a possibility was admitted by one of the interested roads today, and it is also asserted that the triple ownership of the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific would not surprise those who are well informed.

That some combination will have to be formed to checkmate Hill's move to induce transcontinental traffic by way of the northern lines, seems certain. That Hill is now in a position to materially change the status of many western gateways unless counter moves are made, admits of no denial.

ALASKAN NOTES.

DAWSON'S NEW GOVERNOR.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.

VICTORIA (B. C.), April 20.—Alaskan news says Gov. Ross was formally inaugurated in Skagway on the 12th inst., and Gov. Ogilvie stepped down and out. The ceremony was largely attended, and Dawson was in gala attire for the occasion. It is believed that the new Chief Executive will pursue a liberal policy, and the business men of this city are much pleased with the prospects for the season under the new regime.

The closing chapters of a fearful tragedy enacted in Oakland, Cal., were expected to be disclosed in Dawson, April 20, says a Skagway paper. Detective H. Murray arrived in Skagway not long ago under an assumed name and left immediately on the morning train for his destination, the Klondike capital. There he hoped to find Thomas Mason, accused of the murder of his wife and child. Mason is now said to be living under an assumed name, and is a prosperous claim owner, worth probably \$25,000. If Detective Murray is successful in locating his man, an attempt will be made to bring him out over the ice. If winter travel is not brought to a close too suddenly.

The Yukon River opened on April 1 for fifteen miles below Lake Labovitz. The Dawson Board of Trade has decided to urge the discontinuance of gold dust as legal tender.

[SOUTH AFRICA.]

DEWEET IS NEARING END OF HIS ROPE.

ELUSIVE BOER LEADER NOW HAS FEW FOLLOWERS.

Unable to Recruit a Sufficient Force to Make an Offensive Movement. Dutchmen Capture a Loaded Train in Cape Colony.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.

LONDON, April 21.—(By Atlantic Cable.) A dispatch to a news agency here from Harare, under date of Tuesday, locates Gen. Dewet near Koonstad, and says he has few followers and is unable to recruit a sufficient force to make an offensive movement. There have been numerous surrenders of starving Boers.

BOERS BURN TRAIN.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.

EAST LONDON (Cape Colony), April 15, Friday.—A train loaded with cattle and coal was captured by the Boers near Monteno, Cape Colony, last evening. The forward locomotive escaped, and ran to Stormburg and returned with troops, who found the train on fire. A couple of natives were killed. The train had been stripped and then released.

SATAN'S PARADISE.

Dr. Parkhurst Roasts New York and Then Says That Pennsylvania Is Worse.

BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.

GREENSBORO (N. C.), April 20.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) Dr. Charles Parkhurst gave his old enemy, Tammany, a flying lesson in the Southern Educational Conference here today. He said:

"I know something of the city in which I live. Mr. Carnegie-God bless him—recently said it is the best-governed city in the world. Mr. Carnegie knows more about a great many subjects than I know, but I know more about New York city's government in half an hour than he knows in a month. If Sodom and Gomorrah were near New York city and I had to move I could move to one of them in preference to living in New York city. The only objection they have to the Decalogue there is that it is not longer, for then they could shatter more of its commandments."

"If Mrs. Parkhurst will excuse me, I want to relate an incident that illustrates the depraved sort of government we have. Mrs. Parkhurst a few evenings ago walked to church in New York with me. I do not approve of her going to church oftener than once a day, for she does not need it. She left me at the church door and walked a few blocks up town to a certain street. There she was accosted and addressed in a manner of the grossest sort by one of our so-called uniformed protectors. I mean that one of the men who are supposed to be the guardians of lives and property, protectors of the weak, addressed her in a gross and outrageous way. I cannot repeat what he said."

The only State that is worse than ours is Pennsylvania. That is the worst. There is not a place on earth where the devil is bawler. If it were not for such men as John W. Wamaker, God knows who the poor, unfortunate State would come to."

DELCASSE'S START.

PARIS, April 20.—M. Delcasse, the foreign minister, started for St. Petersburg this afternoon. The members of the Russian embassy bade him farewell at the railroad station.

News Under to the Times This Morning

Part I.

1. Victims of Arctic Blizzards.

One Road Will Be Built.

Tremendous Flood in Ohio River.

Latest Union Pacific Rumor.

Bareheaded Victims Will Die.

John Barrett's Suggestion.

Heavy Telephone Combine Formed.

Agreement Will Assist.

Renewal of Dredging Assured.

Crusade Against Slave Denies.

Ripley Acquired in Kentucky.

Space Envoys Are at Cape Nome.

Berkley's Victory Over Stanford.

Cup Challenger Shamrock Launched.

Jockey Domineck's Clever Riding.

San Bernardino Mines Drowned.

The Public Service Official Doling.

The War of the Civilizations.

The Times Current Topics Club.

Twelve California by Towns.

City in Brief: Brevities.

Record of Marriages and Deaths.

Part II.

1. Doiners in the Oil Fields.

The Weather Report.

Liners: Classified Advertising.

Reciprocity With Old Mexico.

Part III.

1. Opening New Indian Lands.

The Drama: Music and Musicians.

Events in Local Society.

Out-of-Town Society.

Meetings of Women's Clubs.

Editorial Page: Paragraphs.

Times Outlets: J. W. Hellman.

Financial and Commercial.

Happenings All Over the State.

Part IV.

1. Teaching the Dumb to Speak.

The Supreme Court of California.

The Editorial Forum.

The President As He Is Today.

Autobiography of Clara Morrey.

Value of Regulars and Volunteers.

Military Topics Carefully Compiled.

Dispensing of Obnoxious Passenger.

President Pledges His Moral Support.

Roses
Everywhere
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL
TIME OF THE YEAR

Secretary of War and Col.
Bird Also in Favor of
the New Line.

Hotel Casa Loma
REDLANDS

Special Rates for Sailors
J. H. NORMAN

ARLINGTON

HOTEL

Newhall and Mr. Carrigan saw President first. The President is willing to do all he can to establishing this line of steamship is personally anxious so the matters that it can be started earliest possible date. He ex-himself as being heartily in

HOTEL

BEAN
Santa
BY

City of roses and flowers
ing every day. Perhaps
The finest green tea
State; five minutes and
hotel. E. P. DOW

Tourists, A

Before returning to visit the

Three famous hotels are to be built in Los Angeles, perhaps within the next year, whereby it will be made certain that the line will be started. He said that Californians are not trying to get the government into any business, but that would even faintly suggest subsidy for this line. "All we want is Mr. Nacchio's line," he said.

C. A. HUGHES
107 West Third Street

ment will enter into the thing
and give us moral support, to-
with whatever freight business
without perverting public
and interests."

TALKED ABOUT TRIP.
THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.]
WASHINGTON, April 30.—(Press—A.)

... president of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, George W. ... and Andrew Corrigan of ... talked with the President about his coming trip to San ... and also about the establish- ... of a new government line of ... to Manila. These ...

Hotel Guin

PASSENGER
SUMMER Rates now on
\$10.00 and up. Free
spect.

AN GABRIEL CAN
his resort is now open for
guests. Good taste and

EDITOR-GENERAL'S REPLY.
NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.J
INGTON, April 20.—Solicitor
Richards today filed in the
States Supreme Court a reply
motion made by the counsel of
M. Carter to strike from the
the court.

Elsinore Hotel

Noted for its...
Latha, etc. Pittsburgh
The Lake View
Write for circulars. C.S.

...treary justify im-
porter that he may be ar-
rested before another tribunal.
...for him to be released
...trial when he has served
...normal sentence."

WEATHER FORECASTS.
INGLEY'S DISCOVERIES

ASSOCIATED PRESS.—A.M.]
April 29.—A special to
Merald from Washington
P. S. Langley, secretary of
American Institution, and in-
the bolometer, an instru-
which indicates one thousand-
of a degree centigrade, has
to the

THE WESTLAND

HOTEL WA

HOTEL CECIL

changes: Francisco

RESORT

Roses
Everywhere

Hotel
Casa Loma
REDLANDS, CALIF.

ARLINGTON
HOTEL

BEAUTY
Santa Barbara
BY THE SEA

Tourists, All

Hotel Del Mar, San Diego
Hotel Ventana, San Francisco
Hotel Ventana, San Francisco

HOT SPRINGS
Hotel El Paso, El Paso, Texas
Hotel El Paso, El Paso, Texas

Hotel Guiraud
PASADENA

SAN GABRIEL CANYON
HOTEL

Elmore Hot Springs
The Lake View

HOTEL
NATICK HOUSE

HART BROS. Cor. First
Prop.

THE WESTLAKE
J. B. DICKERSON

HOTEL WATSON
HOTEL WATSON

HOTEL CECIL
HOTEL CECIL

GOVERNMENT WILL HELP.

Steamer Service
With Philippines.

President Pledges His
Moral Support.

Secretary of War and Col.
Also in Favor of
the New Line.

WASHINGTON, April 20.—(Exclusive Dispatch.)

George A. Newhall, secretary of the war department, and Andrew Corbin, secretary of the navy, today had a conference with President Roosevelt.

The president, the secretary of war and the secretary of the navy today, and are expected to make the outlook for the future.

Mr. Corbin saw the president first. The president is expected to make the outlook for the future.

Mr. Newhall is personally anxious so that the government should be started on the new line of steamship service as early as possible.

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PORTO RICAN TARIFF CASES DECIDED.

SUPREME COURT SAID TO HAVE
DECISION READY.

Duties May Constitutionally Be Collected
at American Ports on Articles
from Porto Rico—Porto Rico Cannot
Tax American Products.

WASHINGTON, April 20.—(Exclusive Dispatch.)

The supreme court today reached a decision upon the Porto Rican cases, and will hand down a decision in that case within a few days.

Briefly, the questions presented to the court are two in number, as follows:

First—Can import duty be collected in the United States upon articles brought into this country from Porto Rico?

Second—Can duty be collected in Porto Rico upon articles sent there from the United States?

These two questions cover the tariff dispute regarding Porto Rico, and according to information which is believed to be accurate, the court has decided upon the first question, that duties may constitutionally be collected at United States ports upon articles imported from Porto Rico. Upon this question, it is reported, the court stands five to four in favor of duties.

Upon the second question it is reported the court holds a larger majority than five to four that duties cannot constitutionally be collected in Porto Rico upon goods shipped from the United States to that island.

The court reached this decision by pointing out that when goods are shipped from here to Porto Rico the duties will be collected by American collectors of internal revenue maintained there, and such collection would amount in effect to an export duty which is prohibited by the Constitution.

If information upon this point is correct, it will be very satisfactory to California interests which have been fearing that with the tariff bars to the United States, Porto Rico competition would hurt California, particularly in the fruit business.

BOGUS CERTIFICATES.
CHINESE FRAUDS DISCOVERED.
(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

WASHINGTON, April 20.—(Exclusive Dispatch.)

Some of the difficulties confronting the execution of the law in relation to Chinese immigration have been made the subject of report by Robert Watchorn, immigrant inspector, who has been on a tour of inspection extending from Canada to Mexico, by way of the Pacific Coast.

In Mexico he discovered a plate made in British Columbia, which was used in making photographs of the certificate given Chinese who reside in this country, when they visit China with the intention of returning.

The bogus certificates are almost perfect, and it is with the greatest difficulty they are detected. It is said the person who made this plate has sold about one hundred printed copies at about \$25 each since January 1.

The persons holding these certificates can be prosecuted, but by a strange oversight on the part of Congress the law failed to provide for punishment of persons engaged in this unlawful industry.

Chinese are such expert counterfeiters that many of them come to this country with forged papers, including the signatures of United States consulate officers in China.

DEFECTS IN BATTLESHIPS.
THREE TO BE MODERNIZED.
(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.)

NEW YORK, April 20.—A special to the Herald from Washington says, with a view to increasing their efficiency, the navy department is considering the advisability of modernizing three battleships, Oregon, Indiana and Massachusetts, which may be equipped with superimposed turrets if the recommendations of some of the members of the board of construction are adopted.

In altering these ships, it is desired by the board to remove a most serious defect in their design. The vessels are equipped with circular turrets, and when their 12-inch guns are pointed in the same direction they have to such extent as to expose the unprotected hull below the armor belt.

Under the plan which will be considered by the board of construction, it is proposed to remove the four quadrilateral turrets, and to install two elliptical eight-inch turrets on top of the eight-inch turrets, thus giving each ship superimposed turrets. Careful determination of the position of the eight-inch turrets will permit a balance which will prevent the heeling now considered so objectionable. The new battery arrangement will permit the addition of a formidable row of six or five-inch guns.

The Oregon ship arrived at Shanghai en route to Bremerton, Wash., where she will be placed out of commission. The Indiana will be commissioned for the cruise of the naval cadets, and the Massachusetts is with the North Atlantic squadron.

WASHINGTON NOTES.
Territorial Appointments.
WASHINGTON, April 20.—The president today appointed William M. Jenkins of Oklahoma Territory to be Governor of that Territory, and James W. Reynolds of New Mexico to be Secretary of the Treasury of New Mexico.

Pensions for Californians.
WASHINGTON, April 20.—(Exclusive Dispatch.)

California pensions: Original—Leodore Simon, San Francisco, 88. Residual—William Washington, Oakland, 85. Original—Widow—Christina Walsh, Camp, 88. War with Spain, original—Alex W. Smith, San Francisco, 84.

AGUINALDO'S NEW PRISON.

Prisoner Removed to a
Private Residence.

MacArthur Says Address
Will Benefit.

Carman's Alleged Accomplices
Released on Bail—Troops
Come and Go.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.)

MANILA, April 20.—(By Manila Cable.)

Rustan, Fabela, Coma and Webb, who are implicated with Carman in trading operations with the insurgents at Laguna, were released today on \$10,000 bail.

Aguinaldo has been removed from the Malacanang palace to a private residence on No. 56 Solano street. The guard placed over him has been modified.

Gen. MacArthur informed the representative of the Associated Press that the effect of Aguinaldo's address to the Filipinos would undoubtedly be beneficial.

UNSURENTERED REBELS.
(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.)

MANILA, April 20.—Luchan, in Samar; Malvar, in Batangas, and Minio, in Abra province, are still heading bands large enough to be troublesome, but it is almost certain that these three leaders will surrender within a month.

The serious charges against Gen. Calles have placed him in a different category, but the latest investigation, which is being conducted by the military, will be offered Calles in case he surrenders.

It is understood civil government will be established soon. The precise date has not been fixed on account of the administrative difficulties confronting the commission. It will probably be delayed until July 1, otherwise when the military is ready to take possession.

Fire has destroyed Taytay in Morong province.

HANGING IN PROSPECT.
The trial of the members of the Mando-Ducat secret society, who are charged with burying alive Filipinos who were opposed to insurrection, and the trial of insurgents' agents has elicited the fact that in one locality all the local officers, the parish priest and the school teacher have been executed. A reign of terror was secretly inaugurated and persons refusing to contribute to the insurgent cause were buried alive by the direction of the president. All the details of the conspiracy have been unearthed, there is abundant evidence, and it is probable that all the ringleaders will be hanged.

MURDER BY FILIPINOS.
CRUEL FATE OF TWO AMERICANS
(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

SAN FRANCISCO, April 20.—(Exclusive Dispatch.)

Admiral Alford, who was killed today from Manila telling of the murder by Filipinos of George B. Sullivan, a well-known California miner and also a private in the Twenty-ninth Infantry.

Sullivan was bayoneted by insurgents under Col. Gutierrez in the province of Luzon, and those who were responsible for his death were caught and will be tried at Manila.

In January Sullivan left Manila with the Hunt prospecting party. Hunt returned and reported Sullivan was missing. Later it was learned he was captured by insurgents and after several weeks' captivity was cruelly murdered.

Sullivan was taken prisoner near San Fernando de Union by insurgents under Hippolyte Clario and removed to Kabanatuan. There he was in charge of a Tagalog named Agos for one month.

His captivity was shared by James L. Hasket, a private of the Twenty-ninth Infantry, who was captured in a fight at Tampaga. In early March he was sent to Lieut.-Col. Suttener's camp at Delac.

A few days after camp was broken, and on the march it was decided to murder the prisoners. Lieut. Hilario Quesada was given charge of the crime. He gave orders to bayonet Sullivan, which was done about 200 yards beyond Saded, and in full view of the soldier. After being bayoneted in the back, he was left lying at the side of the trail where he fell.

The soldier was then turned over to assassins, and after going about 200 yards further the same fate befell him. Not being mortally wounded, a corporal shot him to finish the deed.

The bodies were left by the side of the trail, and were viewed by the columns as it marched past. Some members of this column since being captured have admitted having seen the bayoneting.

Charges of murder have been preferred against Lieut. Hilario Quesada, Corp. Luis Lopez, Gerogio Omaja, Felipe Barnachea and Jacinto Abat, who are confined at San Fernando awaiting trial. Gutierrez has not been captured.

COURT-MARTIAL ORDERED.
UNKNOWN OFFICER TO BE TRIED
(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.)

SAN FRANCISCO, April 20.—A court-martial of unusual rank has been ordered to sit at the Presidio. Several officers of Gen. Shafter's staff are appointed to sit on it, and Maj. John A. Hull, Judge-Advocate of the department, is Judge-Advocate of the court. All this seems to indicate that an officer is to be tried. All the officers are under oath to preserve the utmost secrecy in the matter, and claim either that there is nothing unusual on foot, or that they know nothing about it.

No officer stationed in this department is known to have committed any court-martial offense, but it is possible that among the numerous officers who have been returning from the Philippines lately, some may have been guilty of some offense. Shafter under arrest, and with orders for his immediate trial.

GARONNE COMES IN.
(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.)

TRANSPORT THOMAS OFF. CARRIES COLORED RECRUITS.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.)

SAN FRANCISCO, April 20.—The transport Thomas sailed for Manila today with 150 recruits, chiefly colored, under command of Lieut. McFarney, and a number of passengers. She will be followed by the Warren and the 25th, and the Lawton will probably return to Manila.

The Egbert and Rosecrans, when they are repaired, will be used as government transports for Alaska, the way to the posts of the extreme north being now open.

(GERMANY.)
DREIBUND'S RENEWAL
IS ASSURED.

BUT GERMAN POLITICAL CIRCLES
ARE DESPONDENT.

Italy Regarded With Suspicion—Emperor's Wish in Regard to Canal Bill Not Likely to be Fulfilled—The Kaiser Disappointed.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.)

BERLIN, April 20.—(By Atlantic Cable.)

Regarding foreign politics, the sentiment in German political circles is rather despondent just now. Among the well-informed the impression prevails that the Dreihund's renewal this time is assured, but at the same time Italy is regarded suspiciously, and disagreeable surprises in Italy's foreign policy are considered not improbable in spite of the Dreihund's Italy's rapprochement with France is regarded here unfavorably, since the two countries, once rapprochement is effected, will work increasingly, Germany, on her part, is dissatisfied with Italy, because Germany has been a steady loser in the Italo-German commercial treaty, and because of Italy's inability to assist Germany in her lately inaugurated world policy which the Emperor earnestly pushes.

It is not to be doubted that the Emperor's wish in regard to the canal bill is not likely to be fulfilled. The Kaiser is disappointed.

EMPEROR'S WISH.
It is the wish of the Emperor that the Diet pass the canal bill. This wish is not to be doubted, as the Emperor's attitude is well known. The Emperor and Count Von Buelow seem, however, to have made up their minds to stand by the Emperor's wish. The Emperor's wish is not to be doubted, as the Emperor's attitude is well known.

CARNegie'S NAME.
The Canal Bill Committee is holding daily sessions, but makes no progress. The members of the committee pass the time in joking, etc., and a few days ago, they spent three hours, after the Government Commissioner had mentioned the name of Andrew Carnegie, in discussing the correct way to pronounce the name of Carnegie.

MEAT INSPECTION.
German newspapers adhere to the opinion, as expressed recently by the Reichstag, that the meat inspection law, which Germany will in no case, interfere in regard to the meat inspection law. The correspondent learns upon good authority that the portion of the law bearing upon imports cannot possibly be carried out before October, and probably later, and that part bearing on the island probably not before 1902.

EMPEROR'S PROTECTION.
The Emperor is wholly dissatisfied with the new police arrangements for his safety which he considers to be impractical and ostentatious. At the Emperor's wish a new system is now being worked out which will afford him the required safety without such showy and costly measures.

COPYRIGHT BILL ADOPTED.
The Reichstag today adopted the copyright bill, which protects the rights of dramatic and musical productions from thirty to fifty years.

THE Reichstag today publishes the Reichstag's decision upon the law bearing upon imports cannot possibly be carried out before October, and probably later, and that part bearing on the island probably not before 1902.

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Carpets...

No matter what your needs are we are prepared to meet them. A room, home, hotel or church—at less price than you expect to pay for reliable makes. Making, laying, lining, every part of the work has our best attention.

The floor covers too large and conspicuous a place in the home not to be adorned with something slightly and artistic. The charm of a carpet is in the design, and this is where we make a strong bid for your trade. At our is the only exclusive carpet store in the city, and patterns here are not duplicated elsewhere in the city.

California Carpet Co.
312-14 S. Broadway
TEL. 1000

ILLEGAL TIMBER CUTTING.
Extensive Depredations of Logging Contractors on the Chippewa Indian Reservations.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.)

MINNEAPOLIS, April 20.—The Journal today prints a page report of its investigations into the depredations on the Chippewa Indian Reservations this winter by logging contractors, under the "dead and down" act. In almost every camp quantities of green timber have been cut. In many instances the logging contractors openly admitted illegal cutting.

The special government inspectors found that out of 40,000,000 feet cut this winter, 3,000,000 feet has been illegally cut. Joseph R. Farr, the special inspector sent to investigate by Indian Commissioner Jones, has forced the lumbermen to buy these logs of the contractors to pay for them at \$11 a thousand, thus securing for the Indian fund \$300,000 extra.

Capt. W. A. Meyer, the Indian agent at Leech Lake, has closed up several camps recently. Meyer and Farr have come to Chicago to report to Commissioner Jones.

THORPE'S PURCHASE.
Los Angeles Police Commissioner Invests in Chicago Real Estate—Buys an Apartment Building.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

CHICAGO, April 20.—(Exclusive Dispatch.)

George R. Wilson, Sr., of Ellettsville, Ind., has sold to Spencer R. Thorpe of Los Angeles, Cal., an America apartment building, on the south side of Thirty-first street, 173 east end of Vernon avenue, and the ground under and in the rear of it. The price paid was \$125,000, and the property carries an incumbrance of \$65,000.

Mr. Wilson bought the property last year from Henry A. Knott for \$120,000, assuming at the time an incumbrance of \$60,000. The building is three stories high, with a stone and brick front. The street frontage of the lot is twenty-five feet, and the rear has a width of seventy-nine feet. The depth is 225 feet.

(Mr. Thorpe is a member of the Los Angeles Police Commission. When interviewed last night, he admitted the correctness of the foregoing dispatch. The deal was made during Mr. Thorpe's recent visit to Chicago.—Ed.)

OBITUARY.
"Honest Tom" Sampson.
NEW YORK, April 20.—"Honest Tom" Sampson, detective, army veteran and life-saver, died last night at Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Capt. Sampson had sixteen medals for meritorious service, a number of them for saving life, one being awarded to him by Congress. He aided in the arrest of Mrs. Burratt, Miss Fitzpatrick, Edward Payne and Dr. Samuel Cox, who were charged with being implicated in the plot to assassinate President Lincoln.

JOEL G. GOLDBERG.
NEW YORK, April 20.—Joel G. Goldberg, head of Goldenberg Bros. & Co., lace importers of this city, dropped dead from heart failure last night while waiting for a street car.

Mr. Goldberg lived at the Hotel Netherlands, and was worth over \$2,000,000. He had no immediate relatives, and it is understood that he left a will giving the bulk of his estate to charity.

Jerome B. Cable.
ST. PAUL, April 20.—Jerome B. Cable, president of the Ohio Coal Company, and formerly division superintendent of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, died in his home in this city of Bright's disease, aged 65 years. Mr. Cable was a native of Wisconsin, and widely known throughout the Northwest.

Col. R. F. May.
BOZEMAN (Mont.), April 20.—Col. R. F. May, first receiver of a land office in Montana, and a pioneer of California, as well as Montana, died today, aged 78 years.

Dandruff and Itching Scalp Cured.
By first application; no cure no pay. 2124 S. Spring.

The Newest Styles.

All the spring goods are in and there is the most satisfactory assortment to choose from. The M. & B. label stands for perfection in ready-tailored clothing. The new

Varsity and Military
Sack suits in all the new green and olive shades are much in evidence—

\$10.00, \$12.00, \$15.00
up to \$25.00.

Mullen & Bluett Clothing Co.
N. W. Corner First and Spring Streets.

MAN WHO SAVED A KING.
August Schneider, an Ancient Retainer of the Imperial House of Hohenzollern, Dies at Chicago.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.)

CHICAGO, April 20.—The Chronicle says, with the death of August Schneider at the home of his son, Frank Schneider, in this city, there passed away an ancient retainer of the imperial house of Hohenzollern, who, as a gamekeeper on one of the royal estates near Berlin, on one occasion saved the life of Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, the grandfather of the present Emperor.

The great German Emperor often was attended during the chase by Schneider, and it was while hunting wild boars one day that the King was unhurt within fifty feet of a charging boar. The fierce animal was just about to gore the royal huntsman when Schneider, who was mounted, dispatched him with a spear. For this timely intervention he was handsomely rewarded.

Schneider was for many years in the Prussian army, and was a veteran of numerous hard-fought battles.

THREE GIRLS IN A BOAT.
PEABODY (Kan.), April 20.—Stella Wagner, aged 18, was drowned in Doyle Creek while fishing with a young man and two other girls in a boat. In attempting to change places with one of the girls in the boat it capsized, throwing the four into the water, which was very deep. The young man rescued all but Miss Wagner, who floated down the stream out of reach. The young man himself was rescued by a traveling man who was near by.

DEFIANT FEUDISTS GIVE UP.
MIDDLEBORO (Ky.), April 20.—A report here today that a majority of the Reynolds band of feudists, who were intercepted on Boone Park, in the vicinity of Whitesburg, Letcher county, defying arrest, is to the effect that they have surrendered. An outlaw named Mullins and one or two others are reported to have escaped.

Free Delivery
The Owl Drug Co.
320 So. Spring St.
Cut Rate Druggists
Dictators of Drug Prices.
Free Delivery

Who Is the Drug Trust?

Seventy Los Angeles drug stores belong to it—so you can imagine how many drug stores in the city besides "The Owl" are on the side of the people. There is not one of the combine shops that dare come out in public and own up to its membership in the association of greed and gain. If it's such a good thing what are they afraid of? If it's an honest proposition why does every druggist that belongs to it play the sneak act? Let some of these high-binders rise up and answer these two questions.

Another Grand 20% Discount Sale On Mexican Hand-Carved Leather.

Combination Purses	Chatelaine Bags	Bill Books
\$1.00 Purses, this week 80c	\$1.25 Carved Bag \$1.00	\$8.00 Bill Book, 8-1-1 inches \$4.80
\$2.00 Purses, this week \$1.60	\$2.50 Carved Bag \$2.00	Other Things
50c Coin Purses at 40c	\$4.00 Carved Bag \$3.20	25c Carved Stamp Cases 20c
\$2.75 Calf Lined Purses \$2.20	Carved Card Cases	\$2.00 Cigar Cases at \$1.60
\$3.00 Venetian Effect Purses \$2.40	\$2.25 Carved Card Cases \$1.80	25c Carved Plaster Cases 20c
\$4.00 Combination Purses \$3.20	\$2.50 Venetian Card Cases \$2.00	\$1.75 Carved Cigarette Cases \$1.40
\$2.00 Small Tuck Purses \$1.60	\$1.50 Open End Card Cases \$1.20	\$1.75 Playing Card Cases \$1.40
\$2.50 Large Tuck Purses \$2.00		

We're Still Sticking the Knife in Prices.

and with compliments to the boycotting jobbers we want to say we've got plenty of goods at the advertised prices.

Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, regularly \$1.00	50c	Lenox Complexion Cream, a perfect skin food, regularly 50c	40c
Lambert's Listerine, regularly \$1.00	65c	Swift's Specific, regularly \$1.00	50
Blache Face Powder, the genuine 50c kind	30c	Carter's Dyspepsia Tablets help the overburdened and overworked stomach to digest food properly, regularly 50c	40c
Carter's Cascara Compound is the best medicine for constipation.	25c	"The Owl" Egg Shampoo leaves the hair nice and soft, cures dandruff	25c

SLAVES FREED
BY OFFICERS.Federal Government Is
After Chinese.Twenty-eight Females
Taken from Dens.Conflagration at Keswick—
Prune Growers' Differ-
ences—Bank Closed.

THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M. SAN FRANCISCO, April 20.—The United States government began a campaign against the Chinese slave dens today. United States Marshal Shinn with a force of deputies entered seven houses simultaneously, and before the inmates could be removed by their keepers or escape of their own accord, twenty-eight had been seized. Of the women seized all but nineteen showed their registration papers, and were immediately released. The nineteen, will be deported unless papers are produced entitling them to a residence in this country. The minors among them, even though they possess registration papers, will not be allowed to return to slavery.

The news spread like wild fire through Chinatown, and many men and women were successfully hidden.

PULLMAN OAKS EAST.

MAY FIGHT WIFE'S DIVORCE.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

SAN FRANCISCO, April 20.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) George M. Pullman, son of the palace-car magnate, who has been here for some time for his health, will start East early next week, and rumor says that he goes to fight the divorce suit recently commenced by his wife. Pullman declines to tell his destination or his business, but Walter Ruggie Pullman, his brother, declares it has nothing to do with his marital troubles.

Banger said today: "George is going through to New York and the probability is that he will not be coming back to Chicago. His wife has nothing to do with his trip. He will neither fight her charges nor seek a reconciliation."

This vicious denial, however, does not satisfy the gossip around the Palace Hotel. George M. Pullman simply said, "business" when asked concerning his trip.

PRUNES TOO CHEAP.

GROWERS HAVE DIFFERENCES.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.)

SAN JOSE, April 20.—A meeting of the California Prune Growers' Association was held here today. A resolution was adopted to continue the strike of the association to continue the 3-cent basis price until all members of the association have received a cent a pound dividend and all debts paid. Members who delivered prunes after November 1 have received nothing. Those who delivered fruit prior to that date have about all received 1 cent a pound. No action at the meeting could say what sum would be needed, but the amount was placed all the way from \$20,000 to \$50,000.

The price rose back to 3 cents next Tuesday at close of business, and the growers are confident it will stay there that time.

President Bond has called no meeting of the board of directors and stated tonight that he had not determined whether he would or not. None will be called unless the board vote to continue the 3-cent basis, which is doubtful, unless today's action is continued.

The board of directors is divided, and the growers have effect. Growers to date were opposed to less than 3 cents, but today they are in a matter of expediency. One prominent grower said that after debts were paid he favored burning the prunes rather than selling for less than 3 cents.

Next Thursday committee from all districts of the county will meet here for conference and adopt some recommendations for the coming convention of May 2.

D. O. Harney of New York addressed the meeting tonight and the growers could easily control the situation and secure profits by proper organization and advertising with salesmen to crowd the goods. He thought they should be put up in packages of small sizes for exportation, and suggested a stock corporation, growers to own the stock. The total sales at cut rate to date are 275 carloads.

CAMP FOR MILITIA.

LAID OUT AT SANTA CRUZ.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.)

SANTA CRUZ, April 20.—Gen. Dickson, Col. Bertram and Lieut. Col. Whitten of San Jose, and Lieut. Col. Draper, McCarthy, Evans and Huber of the division staff, today laid out the camp for the education of the National Guard in June. Three thousand tanks are to be placed in position and stables built. Gen. Dickinson estimates that about three thousand men and five hundred horses will be in camp. As laid out, division headquarters will lie on the south side of the field, while the brigades will be on the north, with the cavalry to the northeast near a knoll, known as Cavalry Point.

In order to avoid any dissatisfaction regarding rations, a new rule is to be established. Each company is to be allowed certain rations, and any man allowed 6 cents extra, so that anything desired in the way of luxuries can be purchased.

A deed of the camp site to the State was filed today.

BIG FIRE AT KESWICK.

FIFTEEN BUILDINGS IN ASHES.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.)

KESWICK, April 20.—For the sixth time in four years Keswick has had a big fire. The fire broke out in Barbary Coast today, and all North Main street is in ashes. Fifteen places of business have been destroyed, and also half a dozen dwellings, entailing a total loss of about \$20,000. The buildings constituted a long frame range. None of the owners have been able to secure insurance, so today's loss is total, little or no stock being saved. The fire broke out in the Mascot saloon, conducted by Cecil & Bray. There was a fire in the saloon, and the fire spread slowly, sweeping everything before it.

To the south in order, the fire licked

up the Blue Wing saloon of Oakley & Munga.

John Morgan's saloon, John

Perth's restaurant, Pete Bernal's saloon,

Carpenter & Gonzalez's barber

shop and Gus Barre's saloon and Joe

Borde's laundry. With much difficulty

the fire was stopped there, and prevented

from eating its way into the most im-

portant business part of the town. To

the northward from the starting point

were destroyed the Monte Carlo The-

ater building, a large two-story frame

leased by Harry Monroe, John Miller's

saloon, John Barre's restaurant, Her-

old & Neudert's restaurant and a

half dozen dwellings owned by Gus

Bauer and John Barre.

The heaviest losers are Paul Fried-

man of San Francisco, six buildings,

loss \$500; Henry Friedinger, two build-

ings, loss \$200; Charles Bartosh,

three buildings, loss \$200; John Morgan,

\$1000; Oakley & Munga, \$1000; Harry

Monroe, \$1000; John Miller, \$800. The

large storehouse of Mountain Copper

Company with an immense stock, nar-

rowly escaped. Keswick has no water-

works and fire companies, and today's

fire was not disastrous because of

the absence of any wind.

NATIONAL BANK FAILS.

EXCITEMENT AT VANCOUVER.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.)

VANCOUVER (Wash.), April 20.—

The First National Bank of this city

failed to open its doors for business

this morning, and is now in the hands

of National Bank Examiner J. W. Max-

well.

President Charles Brown and Cash-

ier E. L. Canby of the bank have not

been seen since last night. No state-

ment of the affairs of the bank has yet

been made. It is thought that the

amount due depositors will be approx-

imately \$200,000.

About six months ago the capital

stock of the bank was reduced from

\$100,000 to \$60,000. Entire confidence

was reposed in the solvency of the in-

stitution until a few days ago, when

several depositors became suspicious of

its credit and withdrew their deposits.

Much excitement of the city broke

out Vancouver this morning, and

crowds of depositors gathered in front

of the bank. Hopes are entertained by

heavy depositors that the institution

will be reorganized and pay at least

50 per cent of its deposits.

PLANS FOR PRESIDENT.

CITIZENS TO HELP RECEIVE.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.)

SACRAMENTO, April 20.—A commit-

tee of 200 citizens in this city has

pointed to act with the Mayor and

trustees, and the committee appointed

by the Legislature in arranging for

the reception of the President. The

committee has notified Mayor Clark

that the party will arrive here at

4:45 o'clock p.m. Monday, May 21,

and leave at 12 o'clock Monday.

Mayor Clark telegraphed in reply the ac-

tention of the city committee, and

the committee has been notified by

the city committee that the city will

tender them a reception.

CAR STRUCK WAGON.

FARMER FATALLY HURT.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.)

SAN JOSE, April 20.—At 9:30 o'clock

tonight a farm wagon collided with

an electric car at the corner of Vine

and San Fernando streets. The impact

threw the farmer under the horse's

feet and several passengers from the

car with great force.

The injured farmer, Giuseppe Tal-

lenti, lived but a few minutes. Con-

ductor M. T. Murray was badly, though

not dangerously, hurt, and Mrs. Charles

and Mrs. Emil Peillard re-

ceived many painful bruises. It

is thought the team became frightened

at the car and were uncontrollable.

SETTLEMENT AT TACOMA.

DIFFERENCE TO BE ARBITRATED.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.)

TACOMA, April 20.—The building

union action is fast becoming a

practical matter. The contractors and

representatives of the building trade

union agreed to submit their differ-

ences to a board of arbitration, and work

on the south side and around Campbell

and vicinity the shortage was reported

especially pronounced.

The arbitrators have been practically

destroyed in the strike, it was stated;

the peach crop will be light in years.

The crop of certain varieties did not

grow, and the prospect of a big produc-

tion has been abandoned.

The strike threatened at the outset

to intimidate hundreds of property

owners who are crowding the archi-

tects' offices with orders for building

designs, but the prompt settlement of

the difficulties allayed their fears.

THREE-QUARTERS DESTROYED.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.)

SAN JOSE, April 20.—The fruit crop

this year will be the smallest in years.

So say orchardists from all sections

of the valley, and from the cumulative

evidence of frosts and falling fruit

which has been produced, there seems

no reason to doubt that the reports are

correct.

At the meeting of the Grange today

it was estimated by many growers

that the crop would not be over a quarter

of a crop of certain varieties did not

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(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.)

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Test for Yourself
The Wonderful Curative Properties
of Swamp-Root.To Prove what this Wonderful New
Discovery, SWAMP-ROOT, will do
for YOU, Every Reader of The
"Times" May Have a Sample Bot-
tle Sent Absolutely Free by Mail.It used to be considered that only urinary
and bladder troubles were to be traced to the
kidneys, but now modern science proves that
nearly all diseases have their beginning in the
disorder of these most important organs.

The kidneys filter and purify the blood, that

is their work.

When your kidneys are weak or out of

order, you can understand how quickly your

entire body is affected, and how every or-

gan seems to fall to decay.

If you are sick or "fed up," begin taking

Swamp-Root, because as soon as your kidneys

are well they will help the other organs to

health. A trial will convince anyone.

Among the many famous cures of Swamp-

Root, the one which is published in the high-

est medical journals, is the cure of the most

common of all diseases, Swamp-Root, which

is the great remedy, Dr. Robert B. Jones, of

New York City, writes:

"I have used Swamp-Root for many years, and

I can say that it is the best remedy I have

known for all urinary and bladder troubles.

I have used it for all urinary and bladder

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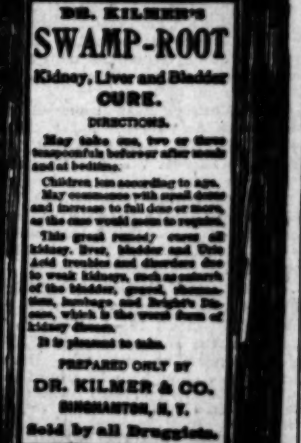
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DR. KILMER'S
SWAMP-ROOT
Kidney, Liver and Bladder
CURE.

It is the only medicine that will cure all

urinary and bladder troubles, and it is

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STORMS.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE)

lower than known in a decade at this time of the year.

Reports were received by the local Weather Bureau today from fifteen cities or towns in Kentucky, and in most of them the minimum temperature for last night ranged between 30 and 34 degrees. The maximum for the entire State was 38 degrees at Lexington, in Western Kentucky. The coldest section was in the blue grass district in and around Lexington. This is the best fruit-growing part of the State, and here, it is feared, there was damage by frost to not only fruit, but to vegetable and tobacco crops.

In the mountains of Kentucky the snow fall was unbroken, and this afternoon fourteen inches were reported at London and Middleburg. All the streams there are bank full and general preparations are being made to vacate the homes in the valleys before the thaw and expected floods come.

MUCH SUFFERING.

There has been much suffering among the poor mountaineers. Around Louisville there have been no snows for some time. Frost is again predicted for tonight. Reports from Bristol, Va., this afternoon were that a dangerous flood was raging about eighty miles east of that place. A forty-foot bridge on the Norfolk and Western Railroad was washed away near Wytheville, Va., and for eight or ten miles the track is from the high water, and no water. Many washouts were reported and several trains were annihilated. At last reports snow was still falling at Bristol.

The Big Sandy, Twelve Pole, Guyanote, and many tons of plies have been swept away. In West Virginia over a foot of snow has fallen in the last thirty-six hours. Similar reports come from nearly all places heard from in the Upper Ohio Valley.

Near Blacksburg, S. C., a town on the South Carolina and Georgia Extension Railroad, the track was undermined by the high water, and today a combination freight and passenger train ran into the washout. One trainman was badly hurt and another is missing. It is expected, however, that the stream about Blacksburg is higher than has been known in twenty years.

Throughout the entire southeast the telegraph and telephone services are in a badly crippled condition.

At Atlanta, where high winds have been prevailing for days, the mailman was reached this morning, when the velocity recorded was fifty-eight miles an hour. The mercury has fallen nearly 40 degrees, and indications are that small gardening has suffered.

PEOPLE ARE FLEEING.

FROM RISING WATER.

FLOOD CAUSES A PANIC IN THE MONONGAHELA VALLEY.

Carnegie Under Three Feet of Water, and Traffic is Suspended—Tremendous Destruction is Feared—At Least Two Lives Lost.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.)

PITTSBURGH, April 20.—It has been raining almost incessantly throughout Western Pennsylvania, Ohio and Virginia since 4 o'clock Thursday afternoon, and as a result the streams are beyond their banks and the greatest flood since 1854 is feared. At 10 o'clock this morning the Monongahela River marked nineteen feet and was rising at the rate of nine inches an hour. Old rivermen look for twenty-five to thirty feet at this season of the year, but not so conservative are predicting for thirty-two to thirty-five feet. The danger line is twenty-two feet, and a stage of thirty feet would inundate the lowlands about Pittsburgh and Allegheny, submerging all the mills and factories lying along the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers for miles, and endangering thousands of workmen, besides rendering hundreds of families temporarily homeless. A stage of thirty-five feet would flood the entire city of Pittsburgh, and the city would be a vast sea of water.

The Weather Bureau has sent out a warning to all residents on the river fronts to prepare for high water. Already great activity prevails, and everything of a perishable nature is being removed to places of safety. Dispatches from the headquarters report a rainfall for the last twenty-four hours of from one to two inches, and all streams rising rapidly. A flood swept down on the Carnegie and the whole Charters Valley, six miles southwest of Pittsburgh, during the night, such as it is said, never has been known.

Already one human life has been lost, the body of an unknown woman having been found floating in Charters Creek at Woodville this morning. The railroad cars are in a panic today, with traffic of all kinds suspended, while the people are rushing to places of safety, and seek to save their lives without caring a great deal about their property.

CARNegie INUNDATED.

The main street of Carnegie as well as all the other streets, is under three feet of water, and people are going about in skiffs. Trees, boxes, parts of fences and lumber of almost every description floated through the main thoroughfare this morning. The flood swept into business houses and homes far too fast for the people to save much of their property and stock, and the loss will run away into the thousands. Merchants could not pile up their goods quick enough to get them out of the way of the flood, though everybody expected high water, the rush of the flood had gone beyond their utmost fears.

Carriages and wagons were hitched up early in the day and immediate steps taken to haul them away to places of safety. Cars of the Southern Traction Company were caught on the streets in the flood, and standing there now, those on Main street in three feet of water, unable to move either way.

RAILROAD WASHOUTS.

All along the Washington branch of the Panhandle Railroad the condition could hardly be worse. The road is practically washed out. There are washouts at Bowhill, Bridgeville,

Meadow Lane and Arden, on the Washington branch, and on the Bishop and Miller's Run branch, which cuts off from Bridgeville to the mining territory. There is no possibility of traffic owing to the washouts and the flood that runs over the tracks. To save the bridges the railroad company officials have had heavy cars loaded with stone on them, with the hope of holding them down by their weight.

The residents of lower Allegheny for the first time in many years have become anxious at the threatening prospect of a flood. Those nearest the river bank spent the morning in preparing to evacuate their households in case that they could be moved to a place of safety at short notice. At the Western penitentiary while the officials profess that they are not in the slightest perturbed, consultations and conferences are being held as to the best steps to be taken for the safety and security of the many prisoners should the worst predictions be realized. The danger line at the penitentiary bank is twenty-five feet, and at 11 o'clock the water was at the level of twenty feet, and was rising at the rate of ten inches an hour.

SECOND LIFE LOST.

Another life was lost at Carnegie at noon. An unknown man fell from a window into a cellar and was drowned. The town is under several feet of water. Drunken negroes are rioting on the streets, and a number have been suspended. In trying to quell the disturbances, Chief of Police Foster was wounded. Chief of Police Foster was wounded.

At noon it was still raining hard. There were twenty-two feet of water in the Allegheny River at that time and the track is from the high water, and no water. Many washouts were reported and several trains were annihilated. At last reports snow was still falling at Bristol.

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In some respects the storm was the worst experienced during the entire winter. The heavy wet snow came down in blinding sheets and the streets in this city were covered with slush almost ankle deep. Traffic on many streets was stopped, and the flood that runs over the tracks. To save the bridges the railroad company officials have had heavy cars loaded with stone on them, with the hope of holding them down by their weight.

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PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Capt. Dreyfus has himself made the illustrations for his forthcoming book. Of Aguinaldo's age there is great doubt. The estimates range from 37 to 32. He himself does not know the year in which he was born, but 1874 is believed to be the correct date.

Pope Leo XIII is said to be growing daily to look more and more like his mother. She was the Countess Feodora, a beautiful woman whose husband, holding a commission in the Papal army, was nearly financially ruined by the Napoleonic wars.

Memorials to Gladstone will be numerous in Great Britain. There is to be a memorial statue in Edinburgh, his favorite constituency of Midlothian; a memorial library is to be established in Hawarden, his home, and a movement for an elaborate national memorial is now taking shape. King Edward and Earl Spencer are actively interested in the last mentioned.

Sultan Abdul Hamid of Turkey, who has an affectionate nature, is very fond of his children, taking the greatest interest in their education and general well-being. It is said that he has never been the same man since the tragic death of his beloved daughter, who was burned to death, as a child, several years ago, having set fire to her clothes when playing with matches.

Quite a collection of photographs is being taken by the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York on their voyage to the British colonies. They have at least one of each immediate member of their families, but the pictures of their own little folk supply by far the larger half of the photographic picture gallery of the Opah.

AN ATTORNEY'S TROUBLES.

P. M. Sullivan, formerly well known in California, May Be Disbarred in New York.

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.)

NORTH TONAWANDA, N. Y., April 15.—Because Attorney P. M. Sullivan, wrote a book entitled "A California Conspiracy With New York Episodes," he may be disbarred from practice in the Empire State. His case will be heard before the appellate division of the supreme court at Rochester, N. Y., on April 16.

Attorney Sullivan came to this city from California several years ago. He had an office in the Phelps Block on Market street, in San Francisco and was a partner of Eric-Edgar and John Smith, who is now serving his country in the Philippines. He also resided for several years in Woodland and Sacramento. He served two terms as California clerk of the State Senate in California, and enjoyed a lucrative practice. Mr. Sullivan in New York located in the city of New York.

In his book entitled "A California Conspiracy," Attorney Sullivan makes an attack upon many prominent Californians as well as upon a number of supreme court judges in New York State. He alleges that a conspiracy was conceived and promoted by enemies on the Coast to put him out of the way.

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SPRING CATARRH MAKES PEOPLE WEAK AND NERVOUS.



MISS ANNA BRYAN, OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

Miss Anna Bryan, a favorite cousin of William Jennings Bryan, is well known socially in Washington, D. C., where she has a host of friends. Miss Bryan recently studied music at Fairmont Seminary, of Washington, D. C. In a recent letter to The Peruna Medicine Co., of Columbus, Ohio, she says:

1459 Florida Avenue, N.W., Washington, D. C.

Gentlemen:—At the solicitation of a friend I began some weeks ago to take your Peruna and now I feel like a new person. I take pleasure in recommending it to all who want a good tonic and a permanent cure for catarrh.

—Anna Bryan.

Mrs. BERTHA KOCKLER, 177 Galveston street, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "Peruna and Manilla have done me very great service, and I recommend them with pleasure to all who suffer with nervous catarrh of the stomach as I did. Should such a disease ever attack me again I shall immediately take Peruna. Now feel very well and have a good appetite all the time. I have gained in weight. I recommend Peruna to an acquaintance of mine and he is making remarkable progress. I looked so badly for a time before I began your medicine that now when I meet some of my friends they say: 'I was very much worried about you, but now you are looking so well.' I shall always keep Peruna and Manilla in the house as family medicines."—Mrs. Bertha Kockler.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE OF KIDNEY.



HON. JOHN T. SHEAHAN.

Hon. John T. Sheahan, who has been for seventeen years manager of Marshall Field & Co.'s wholesale warehouse, and is corporal 24 Regiment Infantry, 1 N. G. writes the following letter from 3753 Indiana Avenue, Flat 4, Chicago, Ill.

Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio.

Gentlemen:—Last summer I caught a cold which seemed to settle in my kidneys and affected them badly. I tried a couple of kidney remedies largely advertised, but they did not help me any. One of my foremen told me of the great help he had received in using Peruna in a similar case, and I at once procured some.

"It was indeed a blessing to me, as I am on my feet a large part of the day, trouble such as I had affected me seriously, but four bottles of Peruna cured me entirely and I would not be without it for three months' salary."—John T. Sheahan.

Spring Hill, Mo.: "Four years ago last Friday my stomach, without any previous warning, refused to perform its functions and I soon lost strength; food was forced through my stomach by using cathartics. Large blind piles bid fair to block all evacuation. My kidneys soon became involved, so that the scant and often painful voidings resembled beef's gall. With flesh wasted away, strength exhausted so that it took all my barefaced effort to get to a bath tub, I was advised by a comrade of my G. A. R. Post to try Peruna. I did, and after using it for eight weeks I found myself wholly cured. I am now a new man at the age of twenty-five years, thanks to your wonderful remedy. I can frankly recommend it to all suffering with catarrh."

Mr. O. S. McQuillan writes from

Thousands of Fair Women Without Pains, and Catarrh.

Miss Marie Costa, of Appleton Young Ladies' Association, writes the following concerning her cure:

The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio.

Gentlemen:—I find Peruna an excellent remedy for spring and summer medicine, and am glad to call the attention of my friends to it. When I have a cold, tired feeling comes over you, and your food no longer tastes good, I take a few small doses of Peruna and it will make you feel like a new person. I have used it for three years and have found it to be a most reliable and efficacious medicine.

Mrs. Al. Wetzel, 21 South Terrace, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "Peruna is the greatest earth. I feel well and strong in all. When I have a cold, tired feeling comes over you, and your food no longer tastes good, I take a few small doses of Peruna and it will make you feel like a new person. I have used it for three years and have found it to be a most reliable and efficacious medicine."

Peruna restores the vitality of the system, and the digestion improves. Peruna puts right the membranes of the body, and restores the functions of the digestive organs. Peruna gives you a good appetite, and a good appetite all the time. I have gained in weight. I recommend Peruna to an acquaintance of mine and he is making remarkable progress. I looked so badly for a time before I began your medicine that now when I meet some of my friends they say: 'I was very much worried about you, but now you are looking so well.' I shall always keep Peruna and Manilla in the house as family medicines."—Mrs. Bertha Kockler.

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ES ND NERVOUS

Thousands of Fair Women Are
Without Pe-runa, the National
Catarrh Remedy.

Miss Marie Costa, President of
Appleton Young Ladies' Club,
the following concerning Peruna.

The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus,
Ohio.

Gentlemen:—I feel Peruna
an excellent
spring and summer
medicine, and am glad
to call the atten-
tion of my friends to it.

When that lan-
guid, tired feel-
ing comes over you,
and your food no longer
tastes good, and

your system is
irritated, you will
find that Peruna
will make you feel like
a new person.

For three seasons and
find it very
effective. I have
used it for a long
time.

—Mrs. A. Wetzel, 21 South 17th
Terre Haute, Ind., writes:

"Peruna is the greatest medicine
I feel well and that
I feel like a new person."

When I began to
use your medicine I could not
hear a church bell ring. Now
I can hear it very clearly.

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Cleaver's Laundry

DOES your work well. Cleanliness is a distinctive quality of a gentleman. A man's linen must be spotless; any departure from this rule is unpardonable.

OUR DOMESTIC FINISH

Is the correct thing and is not the polish wiped off with a damp rag, but made with expensive machinery—nothing like it in Southern California. Demand the Domestic Finish and see how hard other laundry drivers will try to talk you out of it.

Our new and up-to-date appliances, using the best soap, best starch, have won for us the most critical customers. Phone Main 1350 and the wagon will call.

814-818 S. Main Street.



TENTS

Why Not Decorate?

La Fiesta Bunting 3½¢ per yard.

Large stock of American Flags—reduced prices this week. Call and see them.

Tents and Awnings.

We are known all along the Coast as Tent Makers—best tents at low prices. We are favorably known for exclusively furnishing all the tents for Catalina and Tent City at Coronado. Season opens May 1. Estimates cheerfully given.

A. W. Swanfelt, 220 S. Main. Tel. M. 1160.



Rubber Hose.

We guarantee our Hose. Low prices this week. Buy nothing but what is Branded 1901.

FLAGS! FLAGS! FLAGS!

LARGE STOCK FOR DECORATING.

J. H. MASTERS, 136 S. Main St. TEL. MAIN 1112.

SANTA BARBARA COUNTY.

NATIVE SONS' PROGRAMME.

SANTA BARBARA, April 20.—(Regular Correspondence.) Another accident on the Coast division of the Southern Pacific Railroad which might have been more serious even than that of last night, happened this morning between here and Piru. The train was late and an effort was made to make up the lost time. The train was running at a high rate of speed when something gave way in one of the trucks under the tender, causing it to jump violently. The engineer at once applied the brakes and just before the train came to a standstill the broken truck left the track and turned at right angles under the tank. When the train stopped it was near a bridge and but for the fact that it stopped just when it did the train might have been thrown over the edge of the bridge. No one was injured. The road between here and Ventura, which was obstructed by the wreck, last night, was not opened until late today. The afternoon train to Los Angeles left here nearly five hours late and the north-bound train was also delayed. The track where the wreck occurred was badly torn up and the wrecking crew got the ditches again on the rail. The property loss to the company will be comparatively light, considering the fact that almost the entire train was ditched.

SAN PEDRO.

UNOCCUPIED HOUSE BURNED.

SAN PEDRO, April 20.—(Regular Correspondence.) The house on Mesa street, near Eleventh street, recently occupied by E. Jourdan, was destroyed by fire Friday evening. The loss is about \$1000. The house was owned by the government breakwater work, intended to move into the house today.

THE TONNERS Art Pictures

That accompany the Sunday Times every day are the most to hang in any parlor. Bring or send them back to The Times office, they are guaranteed, case-garment style, for 25 cents each. Where there is postage or express charges in part, of course, that of some must be borne by the owners of the pictures.

COPPER.

Copper mines live longer and pay larger dividends than any other class of mines.

If you want copper stock, you must buy it while the mine is being developed.

We are offering a block of our treasury stock at the exceedingly low price of 25¢ per share, (par value \$1.00,) to complete the development and install machinery. Mines in the

Great Dragon Copper Belt

OF ARIZONA.

We court the fullest investigation. For full particulars, apply at our office.

Copper Bullion Mining Co.,

224 BYRNE BUILDING.

E. T. Stimson, President. L. W. Bliss, Vice-President.
Warren Gillespie, Treasurer. P. H. Clark, Secretary.



Every Lady


Should wear one of our perfect-fitting, made-to-measure Abdominal Supporters. They are destined to become a part of every well-dressed lady's wardrobe for the comfort and benefit which is invariably derived from their use. Prices as low as \$3.00. We also knit to measure

ELASTIC STOCKINGS

For sprains, swollen veins, etc. Unequaled by any other form of bandage. We are the only makers of Kait Elastic Goods in this city. When small dealers pretend to be "makers," ask to see their shop. That will settle it. We make a first-class Garter Hose to measure for \$2.75.

Lady Attendant for ladies, who will measure and fit you at your own home if desired.

W. W. SWEENEY,
213 West Fourth Street.



Correct Styles

at

Popular Prices.

It is the duty of every man to see to it that he is in style and that he gets the most value for his money. We make garments exactly as the fashion sheets portray them, and at less price than the same goods can be had elsewhere.

Suits \$20.00 to \$40.00.

BRAUER & KROHN, Tailors,
20-22 South Spring Street. 114½ South Main Street.

SISTER: READY FREE OFFER

Wise Words to Sufferers

From a Woman of Notre Dame, Ind.

I will mail, free of any charge, this Home Treatment with full instructions and the history of my own case to any lady suffering from female trouble. You can cure yourself at home without the aid of any physician. It will cost you nothing to give the treatment. It will cost you nothing to continue it. It will cost you nothing to cure a weak. It will cost you nothing to cure your work or occupation. I have nothing to sell. Tell other sufferers of it—that is all I ask. It cures all—yours or old.


If you feel a bearing-down sensation, sense of impending evil, pain in the back or bowels, creeping feeling up the spine, a desire to cry frequently, hot flashes, nervousness, frequent desire to urinate, or if you have Leucorrhoea (Whites), Displacement or Fall of the Womb, Protrusion, Scanty or Painful Periods, Pains or Growths, address MRS. M. SUMMERS, NOTRE DAME, IND.

Thousands besides myself have cured themselves with it. I send it in plain wrappers.

TO MOTHERS OF DAUGHTERS I will explain a simple Home Treatment which speedily and effectively cures Leucorrhoea, Green Secretions and Flow of Irregular Menstruation in young ladies. It will save you anxiety and expense and save your daughter the humiliation of explaining her troubles to others. Promptness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live I can refer you to well-known ladies of your own state or county who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all diseases conditions of our delicate female organism, thoroughly strengthens relaxed muscles and ligaments which cause displacement, and makes women well. Write today, as this offer will not be made again. Address

MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box 1, Notre Dame, Ind., U.S.A.

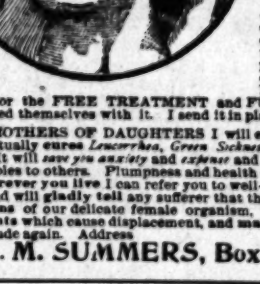


Quickly Cures Tobacco Habit.

Anyone Can Have a Free Trial Package by Sending Name and Address.

Men need no longer face the trying ordeal of swearing off from tobacco. A well-known chemist of Cincinnati has discovered a remedy that actually offsets the desire for tobacco.

Men need no longer face the trying ordeal of swearing off from tobacco. A well-known chemist of Cincinnati has discovered a remedy that actually offsets the desire for tobacco.



Have Your Silver

Replated and lacquered. We make it look like new. Gold, silver and nickel plating a specialty.

Z. L. PARMELEE CO.
334 S. Spring Street. Phone R. 221.



Japanese Silk Draperies.

We are prepared to decorate homes for weddings and parties. All kinds silk, hand-made embroideries. Ladies' silk underwear at special prices this week.

F. SUIE ONE CO., 328 S. Spring Street. Direct Importers of Oriental Goods.



Eton Jackets.

A new line which we have been anxiously waiting for has arrived and, for beauty and style, 'tis an assortment that is remarkably complete. Every garment the acme of perfection, being cut from patterns fitted to the most perfect models, and each style has been worked out in the most reliable cloth and trimmings. We will not attempt a description here of the entire assortment, as that would be an utter impossibility—would rather have you see them, whether you purchase or not.

Eton Jackets—Of black Venetian cloth, trimmed in taffeta silk and gold braid, \$6.00.

Eton Jackets—With applied velvet collar, trimmed in white and gold braid, \$7.00.

Eton Jackets—Of black silk, tuxedo all over and ribbon trimmed, made in the very latest cut. Prices range from \$12.50.

Eton Jackets—In black taffeta silk and handsomely trimmed in satin, \$14.00.

Silk Foulards.

We have just received another shipment of these very popular goods. The patterns in this lot include a number of very attractive designs, many of which are exclusive to us.

Silk Foulards—22 inches wide and in colors of lavender, royal blue, pearl grey and purple, at per yard, 50¢.

Silk Foulards—22 inches wide, printed in Persian patterns and colorings of lavender, rose, cerise and grey, at per yard, 55¢.

Silk Foulards—22 inches wide in novel designs and colors of watermelon red, royal blue and lilac, at per yard, 65¢.

Pretty Wash Fabrics.

We are offering some exceptionally good values in cotton dress goods, and with our present assortment which is most complete in style, textures and colorings, 'tis an unusual opportunity for careful buyers.

Figured Lawns 50¢.

88-inch Percales 50¢ Zephyr Gingham 10¢

Satin striped Dimities 15¢ Figured Dimities 80¢

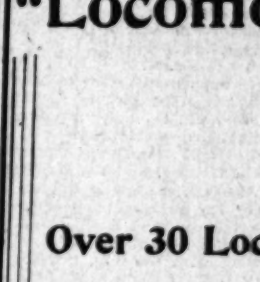
Madras Cloth 80¢ Zephyr Lawns 100¢

Figured Organdies 120¢ Crepe de Paris 80¢



Goodenow's

133½ & 135 So. Spring St., through to 211 W. Second St.



We Will Board Your "Locomobile"

That is to say, we will keep it supplied with fuel, keep it in perfect repair, deliver it at your door when wanted, and call for it when you wish, and the total monthly cost will not be a penny more than you'd pay for boarding a team.

Are now used in Los Angeles and vicinity. Perhaps you never thought how easily you could afford one. It's an economy—not a luxury. Call and we'll cheerfully explain all about it.

Locomobile Company
of the Pacific.
103 S. Broadway.

Good Wines and Pure.

Peerless Brand Wines are known the country over as the best. We grow the grapes, press them, age the wines and hand you the choicest product of the wines of California.

Fine Old Port, Sherry, Angelica or Muscat, 75¢ and \$1.00 per gallon.



Southern California Wine Co.,

220 W. Fourth St. Phone M. 332.

KIDNEYS.

kidney trouble and catarrh of the bladder, and all the ailments of the urinary system, and I want to work.

Catarrh of the bladder, and all the ailments of the urinary system, and I want to work.

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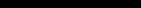
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IV.—AUTHORS OF MODERN JAPAN

to lead them to come out into the
air and mix with society, assur-
ing them that if they persisted in
remaining at home like hermits they
did not expect to become successful
writers. He concluded by seriously
admonishing the authorities to give the
poets facilities to see life by send-
ing them invitations to balls, banquets
and official "aprépés." Stranger to say
anybody saw anything out of the com-
mon in this speech, which was deliv-
ered with the utmost seriousness. I al-
ready read it in Japanese and read it in
English, but never a smile did it elicit.
The readers only wagged their heads.

Japanese books of distinctly better
ide. Take, for example, "Tajyo
non" ("Fears and Regrets,") by
Ki Koyo, one of the best known of
Japanese novelists. The central
figure in this work is one Mr. Sumi,
a graduate of the elective course of
"Liberalism" in the Tokyo Imperial Uni-
versity, who is earning a trifling wage
as teacher of a certain school of



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Must Have

TRUSTEES' SALE

been a SUCCESS
otherwise, with
made; but they
stock is to be
the Surplus Stock will

Monday, on orders given early in the
a. m. Patent top.

Furnishings; a shirt for \$4.25
and a pair of trousers for \$4.25
goods, worth up to \$15.00.

A case of colored dresses, at
beautiful colors, designs

49c, 69c and 79c

tain Dept. Never has been better

any a good curtain for, per pc.

Commercial

South Broadway.

CIGAR

100 of 150 MA

STING UP RECENT

Size" in

543 B WAK

WHISTERS.

As being the chief

it is for any reason

in fact, of their value

AMS-PHILLIPS COMP

in Southern California

merchants' Bank

OFFICERS-DIRECTORS

W. H. Holman, President; R. E.

W. H. Holman, Jr., Vice-President;

W. H. Holman, Jr., Secretary;

W. H. Holman, Jr., Treasurer;

W. H. Holman, Jr., Auditor;

W. H. Holman, Jr., Cashier;

W. H. Holman, Jr., Manager;

W. H. Holman, Jr., Assistant

W. H. Holman, Jr., Secretary

W. H. Holman, Jr., Treasurer

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W. H. Holman, Jr., Secretary

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Southern California

PASADENA.

Memorial Service for

Late Mrs. Bowler.

Shakespeare Club's Tri-

bute of Respect.

Basket - ball

San Diego Victory.

Brief Notes.

April 20.-[Regular

session.] The regular

session of the

Shakespeare Club

was held at the

club's headquarters

at the residence of

Mrs. W. L. Judson, who

presented a paper

on the life of

Mrs. Bowler, which

was well received.

The club members

then sang a song

in memory of the

late Mrs. Bowler.

The session was

conducted by Mrs.

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TIN MINES IN

ORANGE COUNTY.

PARTY OF SURVEYORS EXPLORING

THE NEW CLAIM.

Several Reduction Mills to be Erected.

Pastor Given a Year's Leave of

Absence—Low Insurance Rates Result

in Big Saving to City and County.

SANTA ANA, April 20.—[Regular

Correspondence.] A party of

surveyors arrived in

this city late last

evening from Los

Angeles and early this

morning departed for

Trabuco Canyon to

begin work on the new

tin mine which have

recently been discovered

there by the

California Land

Company. According to

the statement of J. A. Comer of Los

Angeles, it is the intention to

thoroughly investigate the

claims which have

already been filed upon

which something over 700

acres have been

discovered. The

company is now

beginning to

construct a

road to the mine

and to take steps

toward the

erection in the

near future of several

reduction mills. It

seems almost

impossible that such

a big tin ore

deposit should be

discovered in

Orange county, but

this may be another

proof of the

fact that the

country is rich in

mineral resources.

Several of the

special

prospectors of

the tin ore

have been

discovered by

the California

Land Company.

According to

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NEWS AND BUSINESS

the Thimble Club, No. 7, are
 invited to meet at the home of Hattie
 A. 527 South Flower street. Mon-
 evening, April 22, at 8 o'clock.

Mrs. Raynor and Miss Dinsmore will
 have a reduction sale of pattern hats
 this week, Monday, Tuesday and
 Wednesday, at "The Adele," 318 South
 Broadway, opposite Coulter's.

Cardinal planting done at 308½ S.

LOS ANGELES CALIF
PHOTO-ENRITONE
MINI-MAT
COLOR LABELS
DESIGNED
ILLUSTRATED
NO H. BROADWAY



LOS ANGELES PIANO CO., 313 South Broadway

RAITAN TRUNK.
 est weight and strongest
 Manufactured and for
 INGHAM, only. No. 227
 ain 818. Repairing a special

BE JUST TO LOOK
American Importing Te

MEN AND WOMEN should use Damsel's Bitters, the great Mexican remedy; health and strength to sexual organs. Aife & Brune, agents, 219 Market street, Sanisco. — (Send for Circular.)

LOS ANGELES PIANO CO., 313 South Broadway

open-work Hose of silk at \$1.25, in all the beautiful and dainty colors. The values in our Children's Hose at 25c and 35c are exceptional. We carry the most complete stock of Children's Hose in all sizes, kinds and prices to be found in town.

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WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

Los Angeles Sunday Times

APRIL 21, 1901.

PRICE PER YEAR....\$2.50
SINGLE COPY....5 CENTS

THE WAR DOESN'T SEEM TO BE OVER YET.



(John Bull to Dewet, who has run off with French) Hi, you! Come back here. I'll give it to you when I catch you.
Dewet: All right; but first catch me.

OUR SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

SCOPE AND CHARACTER.

THE ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY MAGAZINE, complete in itself, is served to the public separate from the news sheets, when required, and is also sent to all regular subscribers of the Los Angeles Sunday Times.

The weekly issues may be saved up by subscribers to be bound into quarterly volumes of thirteen numbers each. Each number has from 28 to 32 large pages, and the matter therein is equivalent to 120 Magazine pages of the average size. They will be bound at this office for a moderate price.

For sale by all newsdealers; price 5 cents a copy, \$2.50 a year.

THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY, Publishers,
Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

Los Angeles Sunday Times

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.
ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 5, 1897.

A DANGEROUS INTOXICANT.

IT APPEARS that while the temperance people have been waging unrelenting war against the Scotch highball, the seductive mint julep, the alluring cocktail, the fascinating gin fizz, and eke against the plebeian but throat-assuaging lager beer, another and even more dangerous intoxicant has been slowly but surely undermining our national character and sapping the strength of our manhood. We refer to Jamaica ginger—the common, every-day Jamaica ginger of commerce.

Up to a very recent date, nobody suspected the dangerous character of Jamaica ginger. Its use as a beverage—though fortunately such use has not as yet become very general—was seemingly attended by no very serious results. But the devotees of the Jamaica ginger habit little realized what a volcano of destruction was raging under their feet. It has remained for the Rev. Dr. James D. Buckley, editor of the Christian Advocate, to discover the danger and give a timely note of warning. At the New York East conference of the Methodist Church, on Thursday evening, Rev. Dr. Buckley electrified and horrified his hearers by solemnly declaring that "Jamaica ginger, as an American intoxicant, is rivaled only by applejack!"

Now, we all know—or many of us know, at least—that applejack is one of the most deadly intoxicants in the whole list of beverages that both cheer and inebriate. It is away ahead of circus lemonade, root beer, butter-milk, and ice cream soda in this important respect. Many of us have studiously avoided the use of applejack for years, lest we should become a slave to its use as a steady beverage. But, while we have held out firmly against applejack as something not to be trifled with, we have gone on—or some of us have gone on—drinking Jamaica ginger three times a day, and often between times, without in the least suspecting its deadly character. The entire nation certainly owes a debt of gratitude to the Rev. Dr. James D. Buckley for having sounded the alarm in clarion tones before it was too late. Now that the danger has been pointed out, those who are not so addicted to the habit as to be incapable of reform, will have an opportunity, at least, to escape from the impending doom.

There will, perhaps, be one note of discord in the general psalm of thanksgiving on account of Dr. Buckley's timely warning. There is some danger that the good doctor's jeremiad may result in a boom for Jamaica ginger. There are several millions of persons in this country alone—to say nothing of the countless hordes of Europe, Asia, New Jersey, and the Dark Continent—who have never dreamed that Jamaica ginger was an intoxicant. Many of them have probably never even heard of this deadly drug. Now that it has been determined by a competent authority that it is in the same category as the seductive but deadly applejack, is it not possible that millions of people all over the world, with able-bodied thirsts, but wobbly consciences, will be wanting to get drunk on Jamaica ginger, just once, to see how it will seem?

The thought is simply sickening. If such should be the result, there would be one of the biggest booms in Jamaica ginger that the world has ever known; and the Rev. Dr. Buckley would have the melancholy dissatisfaction of knowing that he was the unwitting cause of the increase in the sale of this deadly rival of applejack. The thought is simply appalling. Has the Rev. Dr. Buckley taken cognizance of these alarming possibilities?

TURN ABOUT.

[Philadelphia Press:] "Isn't it kind of brother Harry?" said Mrs. De Style, "he has promised to buy me one of those fashionable poodles for a pet."

"Madam," replied Mr. De Style, who despises these poodles, "I give you fair warning. If your brother leaves a pet in this house I shall let this house in a pet."

ETHICAL OUTLOOKS.

EVERYONE with a proper estimate of the duties and perils of transportation reads with interest of the training schools which have been established in eastern cities, where ambitious recruits are systematically taught how to become acceptable motormen; and also fairly good electricians, thoroughly familiar with the mechanical and electrical construction of an electric car. The practical value of this schooling was first demonstrated by Prof. Vreeland of the Metropolitan Railway of New York, and has proven one of utility and a potent factor in the reduction of mortality.

The leaders of this time who are destined to transport the new age along safe lines of ethical progress have something of the spirit of the clear-eyed and trained motormen. They see that this is no hour for breach of inflexible rule. They are aware of the laws by which motors become dynamos.

Americans are convinced that no subject can engross the public mind of more importance than that of its ethical progress. They recognize the fact that the world is agitated by all manner of misery. Both fanaticism and skepticism are centers of tempests of discord. The warfare that divides the two forces calls for far-seeing vision and the devout heart.

Elements hostile to law, government and social progress are enumerated in the baneful factors of the time. Russia within her borders exhibits a moving chaos of anarchy, only held in restraint by formidable discipline. The vista has all the coloring of a Rembrandt picture. The gloom and mystery of the cold northern scenery are there, with brooding masses of storm and darkness. The red light on the cloud is the flame of war.

From other lands come the murmurs of oppression. Justin McCarthy writes of unhappy Ireland, and it is apparent enough that the fires still glow there which stirred the hearts of such men as Robert Emmet, Daniel O'Connell and John P. Curran.

As Americans, it is our privilege to remember that the framers of the Constitution taught that the national life must be a consecration to a series of beliefs, which are the laws of the soul and the guardians of the will, and that justice and charity are the foundations of the national character. The impulse of this hour is that which would put down triviality, lead to a greater union of religious creeds, of art, science and life, that America may be a joyfully-inspired nation, living as far as possible above narrow contradiction in fields of consecrated activities. It is the ideal of American patriots to found these institutions which best demonstrate immortal principles. The teachers and leaders who are chosen as the fittest to be sent among the perturbing forces of the nation's new possessions are selected as men and women of character. Among the dominant forces of the future civilization there will be the optimistic creation of that spirit which brings sympathy to sorrow, charity to need, hope to faith, and knowledge to life. These sentiments enlarge the boundaries of education. Since the old universities were founded, new professions have been developed, which demand recognition. Old Chinese walls of exclusiveness have been broken down and men and women are becoming grander forces for enlightenment and guidance.

This educating and stimulating influence has made the way for other central harmonizing and unitizing power, and Carnegie and others have made the library the right hand of education. One can but see a lovely mystic enchantment in that power which provides for the thought of the future, and it is impossible to conjecture how far-reaching may be such gracious gifts as noble incentives of disinterested action.

The study of law is recognized as the widest, surest source of human knowledge. A limited glimpse of the progress of legal enactment shows the heroic effort which is being made to transmit to the future, as a divine inheritance, the highest perfection of legislation. The ethical growth of this State contains noble chapters in the recent "History of the Bench and Bar of California," edited by Oscar T. Shuck. The book is a comprehensive insight into the chapters of growth by which the laws of the highest ethics are adapted to the specific rule and necessity of heterogeneous populations.

The work is not only the history of the jurisprudence of the State, but of the moral evolution which has been accomplished by the efforts of scholarly and earnest men, whose publications are recognized among the standards of legal authority.

A bibliography of the books which have been written on moral duty would include the names of many classic and modern philosophers. With all the various explanations which have been given, it is generally acknowledged that the obligations of ethical virtue include the practice of duty, self-sacrifice, benevolence, patriotism and truth. The work of prison reform, of humanitarian effort along many lines of religious work, and civic reform, are encouraging signs of growth and unity.

The sense of pacific discussion that hostilities may be averted by avoidance of issues which divide the rich and poor, and make them antagonistic, is apparent in the teachings of the profoundest wisdom of the time. There is a growth in the spirit which bends in sympathy to human need. No philosopher dare keep his soul hermetically sealed. He wishes to keep in relation with the masses that he may recognize the internal springs of action and feel the potent influence of universal thought. Although a popular exposition may not win his facile acquiescence, at the opportune moment, when inspired by a righteous conviction, he may add a lava flood from

his glowing mind and become an aid for the summum bonum of the age.

Beautiful influences are being made manifest in the fare of childhood. Among its text-books, as a Science, a commendable work is the authorship of this city, illustrating the tendency. The juvenile literature of numerous fraternal societies for children, with its timents of moral duty, love and charity, in all sorts and conditions of men, but the less ones, the birds and friendly beasts.

Ethics undoubtedly in its speculative forms is capable of ennobling advancement. The duty has made as significant progress in the century as have the other sciences. By the acceptance of these duties the reverse of the heart's secrets of God's great creation and shadowing of the final unity.

CURRENT EDITORIAL COMMENT.

[Washington Post:] It is stated with authority that some day New York expects to do away with the horse cars.

[Omaha Bee:] Portions of the city of Omaha are reported to be sliding down the mountain estate in Nebraska, on the contrary, is sliding.

[Washington Post:] The New York married a horse doctor under the impression that he was a French nobleman, may be in great luck. He is a good horse doctor.

[Washington Star:] Kansas is asking the make a cheap rate that will help the harvest hands to care for its wealth of grain. It is not "bleeding Kansas" who speaks!

[Denver Post:] On Easter Sunday the watha, Kan., hung up their hats in the hat sat through the service bareheaded. What rebuke that must have been to the thousands of husbands who had not bought them new hats!

[Indianapolis Press:] Miss Lizzie R. Nebraska school teacher whose pluck, during a certain death in a flood, has furnished a heroism which should be heralded throughout the try as an inspiration and a model.

[Brooklyn Eagle:] People who are Gen. Funston's method, because it was tactics and was irregular, should remember dealing with an enemy who was so broad that there was no other way to get at him. Gunning for rabbits you do not admit needed in hunting elephants.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat:] It is that the forests of the Philippines are a nation, yielding gums, rubber, oil, drugs and variety of the finest hardwoods. An industry forestry for the islands ought to be established.

[Baltimore American:] It is reported that Duke Henry is, by agreement, a Queen Wilhelmina for two hours daily. The day Duke Henry is lord and master, the suggestion in this for the heaped-up America.

A NEW MASS BY A CATHOLIC SHE HAS WRITTEN OTHER MUSIC THE MOST AMBITIOUS

[Kalamazoo Correspondence Detroit Sunday at St. Augustine's Church in this city for the first rendition of a new mass who have heard it, are unstinted in praise. Sister Gabrielle of Nazareth, a native of this city and was the first musical department of LeFevre Institute, completing her musical education in conservatories in the country, she has written a number of reductions which have been received by some of the best musicians of the country, submitted to Dr. Clarke of Philadelphia with the following criticism written upon the known musician:

"It is more than good; it is music." The mass heard for the first time in many ways the most ambitious of work. It is written in B minor, for voices, with organ and piano accompaniment, to be a model of harmonic structure in sense. It has several distinctive features in Excerpt is written in allegro tempo, key of D major. Contrary to the usual key it opens with a slow, majestic movement, customary allegro. A sudden pianissimo "mus te" impels the listener to bow in a full strain continues to the close, the final key the finale. The harmonization of the mass is said to be especially good and beautiful, the most difficult part of the mass is the major.)

[Indianapolis Press:] (Willie:) Pa, same?"

(Pa:) My son, when a man speaks of he refers to something over which he has money.

[Indianapolis Press:] "Isn't that a said Mrs. Northside, as Miss Schenck sat down.

"Yes, it is," replied Mr. Northside, "ing much better than the song."

[Chicago Tribune:] "I know I expect Miss Thriller," the young man faltered, tell you how much I love—"

"Mr. McGinnis," interrupted the Weekly Science Recorder, with a vivid do it in about two hundred words!"

Land of the Pyramids. By Robert J. Burdette.

adjusting

more than a thousand years ago—
 shadows of time, how the days go by!
 There was a man I used to know—
 very strange, but you'll see it's so
 After I tell you the reason why;
 He lived in a brickyard, same as you
 and all the rest of us have to do;
 and in the trouble and worry and strife,
 the earth, and the other things of life,
 and the hopes, and the pains, and fears,
 he lived the mud with his sweat and his tears,
 a common man that ever you saw—
 "You brick," said the man, "but I have no straw."

COMMENT

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centuries looked down upon the battalions of
 and saw them supplying raw material for the
 industry from the persons of the Arabs who
 the little squares of Frenchmen like so
 of Egypt, and with about the same effect that
 they five would have had, for 1815 was yet in the
 of the gods.
 and what do forty-one centuries look down upon now?
 all bits of the Mena Hotel; the donkey boy, his
 one, metamorphosed into a caddie, learning
 English and American profanity in a nine-hole
 and he could pick up aforetime in a twenty-five
 to an ancient tomb.

looked down upon the buzzing trolley, knocking the
 and ark-like carriages that erstwhile ran the
 and, farther back into the buried past than
 history of Egypt can point to with its long-
 finger.
 look down upon the youngest of the centuries,
 and, loquacious, lounging, strolling all over hoary
 and back the pages of the record to the
 and lightly as one da capos the sheets on a
 and visiting trolleys where their fathers walked,
 where they slept; planning an electric line
 to the pyramids with a restaurant on top, a la the
 now; now and then a circus manager with a
 and the Great Pyramid and reconstructing
 upon groups of Beduins, Egyptians, Nu-
 tians, Syrians and Soudanese lying asleep in
 and in the glaring sunshine, or lying wide-
 to the credulous tourist, or earning an honest liv-
 the most strenuous begging on earth; and they
 down on long lines of camels and donkeys and cows
 bearing burdens and doing about all the
 that is done in this land.

last century that joined the Immortal Forty
 to them the record of more wonderful works
 they had ever witnessed before its advent, wrought
 and, with a feeling of awe, they saw the
 and the men for whose benefit they were
 only complained that they were not more won-
 derful and complete.
 "I have read somewhere," said a Sweet Young Thing,
 to the arm of the other Sweet Young Thing,
 she called "Sylvester," "that they began building
 at the top; can that be possible?" And as
 the only person in the assembly wearing green
 and, she takes me for an Egyptologist and looks
 earnestly. I assure her that it is even so. "But
 would they put up the top stone and build under it?"
 And I can only say to her that that is one of
 the mysteries of Egyptian architecture which baffles
 the wisest. That appears to satisfy her, but I ob-
 serve that whenever she evinces an intention
 of making another hard one, Sylvester gently, albeit
 nervously, represses her. I wouldn't be so
 sure as some people for anything in the world. I
 give her that the Sweet Young Thing will have
 to do with Sylvester.

come, you make the ascent of the great pyramid
 Three, four, five or six persons go with you,
 a vase of water, which you do not want and
 one comes behind you to show you how
 and how rapidly he can climb the pyramid than you
 and with what ease. Two come along to sell you
 and, made in Germany, every time you stop
 And two climb up just ahead of you and oc-
 casionally make pretenses of helping you, which they do

by taking hold of your hand so long as you do not bear
 your weight upon them, and promptly letting go of it
 the first time you pull. And when you reach the plat-
 form at the top of the pyramid, with one accord they
 all crowd around you and begin to beg, beg, beg in
 chorus before you can recover enough breath to say in
 colloquial Arabic, "Shuppyreda urrlle thowoff thpyr-
 mid!" And they beg, beg, beg all the way down. Why
 more of them are not shot is a miracle of forbearance
 on the part of travelers. It is only by kicking the beg-
 gars out of the way and into momentary silence that one
 can have a quiet minute at the top to look out over the
 picture at his feet. They do not mind being kicked. It
 sounds harsh, but they like it. They prefer a beating
 with a stick, which is a part of their pay for every-
 thing they do, but it is not convenient to carry a stick
 up the pyramids.

Stuck on the Stick.

There is an old tradition that after the transgression
 a wild beast, his gentle nature changed into ferocity by
 the sin of the man, approached Adam with the evident
 intention of trying his new teeth on human hide. Adam,
 recognizing for the first time in his life the sensation of
 fear, broke a branch off a tree for defense. As he did so
 all the leaves shivered and fell off from the branch; it
 was transformed into a club and strife was born in the
 world. As far back as the Egyptian hieroglyphs and in-
 scriptions show a scratch on a stone, they depict the
 stick. It is the emblem of authority; the flail is the sign
 of kingly power. There are pictures of the taskmaster
 with a stick beating his slaves or workmen—they were
 much the same thing—to their work. One can under-
 stand that. Even unto this day the fellahin are con-
 scripted for the public works of Egypt; they do en-
 forced labor, and are paid—well, I suppose you might
 call it "pay"—for it. But in the hieroglyphs the task-
 master beats the slaves home from their work as well.
 They are beaten to their meals—when they have any—
 and they are beaten away from them, which is singular,
 because after a few mouthfuls there was no meal left.
 No wonder that Moses was sorely tried when the chil-
 dren of Israel came to him walling over the good old
 times "in the land of Egypt, when we eat by the flesh-
 pots, and when we did eat bread to the full." Right
 well did Moses know what the beggars had to eat. He
 had killed a taskmaster himself when he saw him "feed-
 ing" an Israelite three or four feet of raw stick. And
 unto this day that has been the diet of these peoples
 of the Orient.

Building Them Up.

But the hand of England is on Egypt, and English dis-
 cipline and English justice will develop a little man-
 hood in the next generation of these people. It is won-
 derful what a change an English uniform makes in a
 man. It stiffens his backbone at once. So long as the
 fellah wears the picturesque rags that fit him like a
 sheet in a cyclone, he squats on his hams when he sits
 down, lies down anywhere in the dirt when he wants
 to sleep, and wallows generally on a level with his flap-
 ping garments.

But put him in the khedivial service—dress him in a
 "tailor-made" English uniform of dark blue or snow
 white, with its surmounting fez of red, and he begins
 to live up to it at once. He carries himself like a sol-
 dier; he sits up when he sits down; he keeps his gar-
 ments as clean as his hide—and he is forever washing
 and bathing himself. We saw about two thousand of
 these fellows on duty the day of the parade of the "holy
 carpet." Regiments of infantry in snowy white, with
 the brown hands and brown faces—though many of the
 faces were black as night—and the red fez, which is the
 only Egyptian touch in the uniform of the soldiers of
 the Khedive; troops of cavalry, squadrons of lancers,
 batteries of artillery—Tommy Atkins himself couldn't
 carry himself much better and couldn't look "smarter"
 than his colleagues in the Egyptian army.

And the band—military band and drum corps, that
 played the troops off the parade ground with "The March
 of the Men of Harlech"—Egyptians, every drummer,
 "wind-jammer" and piper of them, and how they did
 play! And what dudes they looked! A week later, in
 Jerusalem, we saw some real Turkish soldiers—soldiers
 of the Sultan—and of all the unkempt, ragged, be-patched
 and misfit scarecrows that ever wore an attempt at a
 uniform, they were the worst! Slouchy and dirty, un-
 shaven and frazzled. Oh, every time you note the En-
 glish touch in this eastern land, with its strength, and its
 grace, its orderly cleanliness, its establishment of law
 and justice, its insistence of decency, you are glad for
 the extension of English "influence" and hope it will
 keep on moving around the world—in an eastern direc-
 tion—until it meets our own.

The Crooked Ways.

And yet daily you will meet people here who lament
 over the gradual disappearance of picturesque old Cairo,
 with its narrow, crooked streets, its pathways of filth,
 its mounds of donkey and camel dung, its darkness and
 its stench, its dirt and disease. They tell me "I should
 have seen Cairo in those days of its unspoiled pic-
 turesqueness." Well, there are yet left some parts of
 Cairo that are "unspoiled" merely because they were
 made spoiled, and still spoil everything decent that
 passes through them. I confess that I am not constitu-
 ted to feel a thrilling delight in dirt, flies and stinks,
 even in the picturesque setting of oriental architecture
 and the delightfully bewildering crookedness of Cairo
 back streets and sideways with abrupt terminations and
 labyrinthine sinuosities. The boys took me out and
 lost me a dozen times, because they said that my con-
 fident familiarity with all languages and my easy fatal-
 ity of always going the wrong way and coming out right
 would get us through anywhere. So we would set forth
 and plunge into any street that looked dirty and un-

promising, take the left when it branched into three
 forks, the right when there were four and the middle
 when there were five, follow it until it dwindled into a
 house-walled footpath, keep on until that opened into a
 court, shut our eyes and go out of the court by the open-
 ing we happened to run into, go around the twists and
 turns until we grew giddy, and when at last we found
 ourselves in what seemed a dark and dangerous cul de
 sac, we would agree that if the leading man got sab-
 bagged the rest of us should yell like the bulls of Bashan
 and run in different directions. And then going straight
 ahead, in half a dozen steps we would come into a broad,
 clean, well-lighted street with a trolley track on it.

All our adventures (fuzzled and fazzled out in just this
 way, whether we went out by day or night. If any man
 came out and stopped us with a question, I always said,
 civilly, "Alweh, ramallah, gent zum teufel," and that
 appeared to satisfy him. We went wherever our fancy
 led us, day or night, never dreamed of being hampered
 with a guide and never had any adventures. And yet
 now and then we would meet a young ass traveling
 through Egypt with a revolver stuck in his hip pocket.

The Dervishes.

We were dragged out of course to see the dervishes—
 dancing and howling. They dance and howl in mosques
 remotely separated so that one must take a carriage and
 dragoman and rush violently from one place of enter-
 tainment to the other. The dancing was very pleasant
 to look at, although by far the best feature of that ser-
 vice is the chanting from the Koran, which is followed
 by a solo on a combination flute, clarinet and bagpipe—
 weird, melancholy, plaintive. It made you think of some-
 thing you had never heard before. The dancing we had
 seen done a great deal better by the old fellow who
 "whirled" in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show at the
 World's Fair in Chicago; he danced more gracefully,
 made a much larger "tub" with his white skirt, and kept
 it up continuously ten times longer than these fellows in
 Cairo. I am inclined to think that the Cairo whirlers
 are "fakes." Or else Col. Cody's was. Anyhow, Cody
 had the premiere danseuse. As for the "howling"
 dervishes, we drove a mad race through the streets of
 Cairo to see them—drivers shouting, whips cracking,
 poor old skeletons of horses racing on the dead gallop
 —to get there in time, and the show was the most out-
 rageous fraud. The beggars never "howled" once.

There were fifteen or twenty of them. They stood in
 a semi-circle, facing inward. The usual oriental or-
 chestra, a tambourine as big as a meal sieve, and a
 couple of drums made of earthenware jars with goatskin
 heads, furnished the sort of "music" you would expect to
 hear from that sort of a combination. But you would
 be disappointed. The "music" is a thousandfold worse
 than anything you could possibly expect. And the dervishes
 swayed back and forth, jerking their heads
 until their long hair fairly cracked. And they grunted,
 as any man naturally would do under the circum-
 stances. We were told that the grunt was the ejaculation
 of "Allah." But you had to be told that. They kept
 this thing up until they were tired. Then the band
 stopped, the dervishes laughed and took breath. Pres-
 ently some of them picked up the "music" and hit her
 off to rag-time, and the dervishes laughed and did the
 bob and grunt act once more.

They were shabbily dressed, even for dervishes, for,
 as a rule, the holier a Mohammedan grows the dirtier
 he gets; one of them wore European garments, about the
 make-up of an American tramp—may have been one,
 and probably was—and the whole show was disgustingly
 flat and tame and meaningless. None of the beggars had
 "fits," not a "howl" thrilled on the air, not one of them
 fell down exhausted or looked half so tired as the audi-
 ence. "Call that howling!" grumbled the boys, as we
 came away. "Wish these fellows could hear an Arizona
 bad man waltz into a third cure on fandango night and
 announce that 'he's wolf, and it's his night to howl!'"
 However, we must remember that these benighted Mus-
 lims haven't had the advantage of the best and sweetest
 civilization in the world, and they cannot be expected to
 reach American standards without many generations of
 training. Nevertheless they took up a collection.

The Running Sals.

One of the prettiest sights in "fascinating Cairo" is the
 "running sals," especially when he runs in pairs. He is
 a footman and a sprinter, light as Mercury, and as
 graceful. He wears a livery as elegantly scant and as
 rich in fluffiness of drapery and embroidery as a ballet
 girl in the front row, and it is quite as expensive. He
 carries a light wand in his hand, and runs as steadily
 and swiftly as a greyhound. It is his attractive duty to
 run before his master's carriage, shouting "hoah" where-
 ever there are the most Europeans on the hotel piazza
 to hear him. The cry is merely a warning, "clear the
 way" shout, and time was when it had that effect, and
 the throngs in the narrow streets scattered when they
 heard it and made way for authority.

For the privilege of using the running sals used to be
 "noble," even semi-royal, and only the purple could em-
 ploy this handsome Mercury of the street. But all this
 is of yesterday. Now money hires the running sals—
 just plain money—and as for getting out of the way, the
 streets are wide, and when the coachman wants to
 pass he turns to the right or left, or both ways at once,
 and gets by somehow, as is the custom of the oriental
 driver. There is a growing sentiment against the em-
 ployment of the running sals, because the pace kills
 them and they die young of heart failure. I think there
 is a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Running
 Sals. But they are not compelled to accept the service,
 and there is no law anywhere prohibiting men from
 working in powder mills. If a man wants to look pretty
 and run himself to death in a few years, I know of no
 way of preventing him. Thousands of people do it every
 year. Here in benighted Egypt? Lord love you, no,
 my son. In the United States.

And so here in Cairo, they tell us, the most exacting
 and pitiless drivers of the "running sals" are not the
 natives, but the Europeans. And I think it is probably
 true. In the old slavery days the meanest and most
 brutal overseer on a southern plantation was a renegade
 Yankee. When a Christian man adopts pagan customs
 he invariably adopts the meanest one he can find, and he
 is always meaner in his observance of it than are the
 meanest of the rightful inheritors of the practice.

Cairo, March, 1901.

The Fijis and Tongas. By Frank G. Carpenter.

THE NEW ISLAND REPUBLIC.

A COLONIAL CONFEDERATION 2000 MILES LONG,
COMPRISING HUNDREDS OF ISLANDS.

From Our Own Correspondent.

BEFORE I begin my letters on the continent of Australia I want to tell you something about the scheme which is now proposed to federate New Zealand with the Tonga and Fiji Islands, making a great colonial republic down here below the equator under the protection of England. This republic will embrace hundreds of islands. It will extend almost two thousand miles from north to south and it may be the beginning of an island empire which will include the greater part of the South Seas. The governments of the various islands are now in correspondence. The leading politicians of New Zealand are pushing the scheme and its adoption is being discussed in the New Zealand Parliament. Premier Seddon is in favor of it and the arrangement may be consummated within the year.

The United States is especially interested in the future of some of the islands. The Tongas are not far south of Samoa and the Fijis have recently formed a direct connection with San Francisco by the new line of steamships which the Spreckles have put on connecting Silva and Levuka, the chief cities of those islands, by way of Hawaii, with San Francisco. There is also a connection between the Samoan Islands and the Fijis, and the probability is that the greater part of the trade will fall into our hands.

American Trade With the Fijis.

At the present time the Fiji Islands alone are annually importing about \$3,500,000 worth of goods, and a large part of this already comes from the United States. We are supplying them with timber. They buy our coal, oil, and our hardware brings the highest price in their markets. The American ax is the only kind a Fijian will use. He likes it because it is light, sharp and well-tempered, and he will buy it every time in preference to a German or an English ax. He likes American knives with blades about fifteen inches long, to clear his fields and gather his bananas and coconuts, and he is also fond of our cheap watches and clocks. I am told a good business can be created there in knocked-down furniture and also in low-priced pianos and organs. The people buy about \$200,000 worth of cottons yearly and there is a demand for canned meats and flour. Our merchants can learn all about the markets by writing to the Chambers of Commerce at Levuka and Suva, where they will find banks at both places.

In Cannibal Days.

Our drummers can be accommodated at good hotels at either of these towns, and they need not fear the meat brought on the table, for cannibalism passed away long before the English got possession of the Fijis. Indeed, the Fiji Islands are now more advanced than parts of the Philippines, and their condition shows what a nation like ours can do with its colony at Tutuila in Samoa and with the wilder parts of the Philippines. There are men still living in New Zealand who can tell you stories of the days when the Fijians were the blood-thirstiest cannibals on earth. They had human sacrifices, and widows were expected to burn themselves on the funeral pyres of their husbands. When a chief built a house he festively planted a living victim under each post, and when his canoes were launched he used living men as rollers upon which to slide them down into the sea. When he died his wives were strangled to line his grave, that he might lie soft, and such a thing as killing a baby was too common for notice.

King Thakombau and His Father.

The last King of the Fijis, Thakombau, was the son of a noted man-eater. Thakombau was something of a cannibal himself, but his father craved human flesh as a matinee maiden craves candy. He had war canoes which he sent about through the South Sea Islands for supplies, and they often came back filled with dead men and women and with dead babies dangling from the yard-arms. Upon their return there was always a feast, in which every one joined.

You can still see the ovens in which the cooking was done. They were filled with red-hot stones, and it is related by the missionaries that victims were often thrust in alive. At one time fifty bodies were cooked, and at another eighty women were strangled for a similar feast. When there were not enough enemies to supply the King's table, he ordered his men to ambush the watering places and to lay in a stock of fishermen or stray women who had gone down to bathe.

King Thakombau killed his first victim when he was 6 years old, and he was famous as a cannibal up until the time of his conversion by the missionaries. He then reformed, and later on made the treaty which gave these islands to England.

The Fijians in 1901.

These stories give you some idea of the Fijians of the past. The Fijians of today are perhaps the most civilized of the colored people south of the equator. They have been almost universally converted to Christianity. They have churches everywhere. They have almost a thousand places of worship; there are 30,000 church members among the 120,000 of the population, and there are 33,000 children in the Sunday-schools. They have their own native preachers and they pay the salaries, giving about \$15,000 a year to the church. There are a half dozen denominations, among which the Methodists, the Presbyterians, the Episcopalians and the Catholics are the leading ones.

The Fijians have good schools. They were first estab-

lished by the missionaries and afterward taken up by the government. There are now 34,000 scholars in the public schools. There is a night school at the town of Levuka and another at Suva. There is an industrial school near the latter place, where carpentering, boat building and iron working are taught. There are seventy students in the school, who have been entered for terms of five years. There is also a medical school, and altogether the people are well-equipped as to educational matters.

It seems strange to think of newspapers being published in such an out-of-the-way part of the world. There are, however, four different journals set up and printed in the islands. The Fiji Times is issued twice a week, and it costs 12 cents a number. The Royal Gazette appears five times a month at 25 cents a copy, while the Na Mata, a Fijian newspaper, is published by the government at 75 cents a year, or 6 cents a copy. In addition to these there is the Fiji Colonist, published in Levuka at \$5 per year.

What the Fijis Are.

But before I go further let me give you some idea as to the extent of the islands. You know that they lie south of the equator and a little to the west of our possessions in Samoa, but you may not know that they are scattered over the sea for a distance of several hundred miles and that they constitute altogether more than two hundred different islands and islets. They were discovered in 1643 by the Dutch navigator, Tasman, the same man who discovered Tasmania, and they became a British colony in 1874. Altogether their area is a little less



Fiji Princesses.

than that of Massachusetts and their total population about that of Omaha.

They are growing less in number every year. There were 80,000 more forty years ago than there are now, a fact which suggests that modern civilization may mean death to the savages of the South Seas. The same falling off has occurred in the Hawaiian Islands, as well as in other places where the foreigners have introduced new diseases along with other evils which we have, but which they had not. Take the measles, for instance. This disease was unknown until it was brought in by the Europeans, but when it came it took off 40,000 people the first year, and it has killed many since.

How the Fijians Look.

And still the Fijians are as strong and as good looking as the foreigners. They are among the finest of the Melanesians, and are far superior to our American Indians. They have dark copper skins, frizzly hair, which stands up about their heads in an enormous mop, making them look very tall. They plaster their hair with damped lime in order to have it stand straight, and this, in connection with the sun, beaches it to an auburn and makes it look very curious.

The men are tall and well-formed. The women, when young, are fine looking, having handsome eyes and well-molded faces. In the settled regions the women wear loose cotton gowns, but back in the interior the usual attire is a breechcloth and a string of beads and a fan. The men wear little more.

The Fijians are a good-natured people. They are cleanly and spend more than half their time in the water. After every bath they rub themselves down with coconut oil, the rancid smell of which enables you to tell them if the wind is blowing right before you can see them.

Fiji Houses and Towns.

There are a number of Fiji villages scattered over the islands, and there are many natives who live in and about Suva and Levuka, the principal places where the foreigners are located.

The Fiji villages are made almost entirely of thatched

huts, the walls made of woven bamboo, very thick and the thatch is so beautiful it seems to be woven. No nails are used in the walls being tied together with strings. The houses are conical in shape, others oval. The usual hut has but one room, where the whole family stays in the daytime, and where all sleep at night. The usual bed is a floor mat, the pillow a bamboo log, which is put up the neck in order to keep the sleeper's head up from the ground. There is but little fruit forms a large part of the diet of the people.

In the mountains there are savage Fijians themselves apart from the civilized men for full dress wear a strip of bark cloth tied at the front in a bow, while the fringe of grass about four inches long. There is a great deal of pride in their head dress, and they frequently see one with a long pin thrust through as a scratcher. This weapon is to make certain unmentionable insects with which the head is infested. Sometimes the irritation of the scratching point, however, and in some cases a man attacked kindles a fire of bananas hanging down upon his wooden pillow on which the wind blows, thus smokes out the insects.

The Cities of the Fijis.

There is a close connection between Suva and the Fijis. You can get boats here every day to the two chief ports, Suva and Levuka, and there is one of the favorite ones of this port. It is looked upon here much as a trip up the Hudson is looked upon in the United States. A number of men who have been to the islands tell me that they are the paradise of the South Sea, the capital, as being expensive. It has many nice foreign houses, and about 100 Europeans, as well as a large number of natives. The chief street, the Victoria Parade, is paved with stone. It is lined with shade trees and is very long. The town has four hotels, a public library, a mechanics' institute and Presbyterian, Roman Catholic churches.

It is at Suva that the Governor has his office, is, of course, an Englishman, and he lives in a palace which cost about \$100,000. There is a customhouse, a postoffice, a hospital and a lunatic asylum.

Levuka, the former capital, is some distance from the island of Ovalau, which is a much smaller island than Viti Levu, where Suva is situated. It is surrounded by hills. It lies upon a beautiful bay, and is an area of about forty acres. It has a cathedral, a mechanics' institute, a bank and other respectable buildings.

How the Fijis Are Governed.

I have spoken of the Governor of the Fijis is Sir G. T. M. O'Brien. He is appointed by the King of England, and he has a salary of \$12,000 a year, just about that of our Minister to Fijis. He is sort of a Cabinet, or Executive Council, and the country are made by a Legislative Council, the President. There are a large number of chiefs and native magistrates. In ordinary native laws are preserved as far as possible of the provinces there are European commissioners to assist the chiefs. The Governor has a good paying basis. It has about a million pounds, but it is reducing this every year, and the revenues are considerably greater than the expenses. About half the receipts come from the customs, the remainder from other taxation.

Sugar and Coconuts.

There is a great deal of money made in the sugar plantations and coconut groves. The soil are not far different from parts of the Hawaiian Islands. The sugar lands are rich, and upon the best of the country coffee is now being grown, and five hundred pounds to the acre. A large number of gardens have recently been set out. The yield is already 400 pounds per acre, and when the trees are a little older it is said this will be 600 pounds per acre.

One of the best businesses outside the sugar and coconut trees. Each tree yields about a bushel of copra per annum and brings in about \$1 a year. A grove of 10,000 trees will bring in \$10,000 a year, and as the trees are set close together, they represent a very large area. After the trees are planted, little needs to be done until they are full grown, which comes at about the same time as the coconut tree. The same conditions prevail in the case of coconuts. The nuts are harvested, the meat is cut up and dried, when it is ready for shipment abroad for use in soaps, hair restorers and other such things.

Do We Want Hindoos?

Nearly all the profitable enterprises in the Fijis are owned or backed by Englishmen. The difficulty which confronts them is that of labor. They themselves do not supply the demand, and they have been importing laborers from the Solomon Islands, New Hebrides and the Gilberts. They have imported a number of Hindoos, who make better laborers than any of the others.

The government has its fixed laws of importations. It costs about \$75 to import a Hindoo from the New Hebrides, and \$40 from the Gilberts. The employer has to agree to return the laborer to his home.

ter.

only held office during good behavior, and the taxation makes only the best of the natives eligible to the Assembly.

The Tonga Islands have an area altogether about one-third that of Connecticut. The largest of them is only twenty-two miles long, and there are many which are smaller than atolls and coral rocks rising out of the sea. Some of them are volcanic, but their soil is well adapted for coconuts and sugar.

As to population, the Tongas are only about eighteen hundred in number. They are Polynesians, having characteristics of a light copper color, and features not unlike our Filipinos. They are all Christians, and, as a general thing, are religious. They have but one town of good size, Nukualofa, the capital. This is situated on the largest island, running about a beautiful bay. It is a very pretty little place, with wide streets and nice houses, shaded by coconut and other tropical trees. The finest buildings are the palace of the King and the Methodist College for Girls. The town has a cricket club and a race track, and there are on the island, it is said, some of the finest carriage roads south of Wellington, New Zealand.

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[Hearst Globe:] Again they have it that Dewet is a sneak. Catch him and let's see!

Another part of this federation is to be the Tongas. There are a group of islands lying northwest of New Zealand and southeast of the Fiji. They are now under British protectorate, although they still have a King, George II, who governs the country in connection with the Legislative Assembly. The government, in fact, is a form of a constitutional monarchy under England. Half of the Assembly is composed of the nobles and the other half is made up of representatives elected by such of the people as have paid their taxes. The nobles can

By a Special Contributor.

The incident is historically true. In "How Kola!" Schreyvogel combines those elements of vigorous action with wonderful fidelity to detail for which he is famous. No painter knows the horse, the redman, the soldier and the cowboy better. His fran-

Some of them refuse to sew unless the pay is increased, and they sometimes receive for attendance at an afternoon tea as much as \$2 for only a few hours' work.

EVERY APPURTENANCE OF A FULL-GROWN CITY
HOME—MADE FOR A LITTLE GIRL.

[New York Tribune:] It is probably safe to say that little Elsie Kramer, 5 years old, is to be the proud possessor of one of the most perfect doll houses ever made. The leisure time of fourteen months was required to complete it, the builders being Fireman Kramer and Engineer Rigi, of engine house No. 58.

In every detail the house is as "real" as a "house."



"How! Kola!" together with "My Bunkie" and some other Schreyvogel canvases, will be on exhibition in the Pan-American Arts building. What reception the latest of Schreyvogel's paintings will get from the judges of the Society of American Artists cannot, of course, be known until the awards are announced. Last year "My Bunkie" won the Clark prize, the richest gift in the realm of American art. In the estimation of many good judges, "How! Kola!" ranks higher than "My Bunkie."

**AN EASY AND PROFITABLE WORK SUPPLIED BY
CONDITIONS IN APARTMENT HOTELS.**

In a hotel, for instance, where the maximum rate is \$12 a week for meals, the maids are likely to cost \$6 or \$8. Combined with the cost of lodgings this price practically puts a female servant beyond the means of all

The furnishing of the house is not yet completed, but when it is, every room will have an electric chandelier among its appointments, while rugs and draperies will add their graceful touch to the regulation furniture.

The outside of the house is covered with shingles carefully cut with a penknife. Picture mouldings, checkers and fancy buttons are utilized in various ingenious ways for ornamentation, and the name "Elsie" appears on the front door.

THE DAYS THAT WERE. WHEN ROMANCE MINGLED WITH STERN REALITY IN CALIFORNIA.

By a Special Contributor.

THE very name California spells the romance of the days that were. It is, supposedly, derived from a Spanish fiction titled "Sergas de Espladian," first mentioned in 1820, then lost sight of, and finally resurrected by Edward Everett Hale, in 1862. In this romance, California is pictured as a wonderful island, lying "on the right hand of the Indies, very near to the terrestrial paradise. It was people with black women, without any men among them, because they were accustomed to live after the fashion of the Amazons. Their arms were all of gold, and so were the caparisons of the wild beasts they rode after they had tamed them; for in the island there was no other metal."

In the main, this romancer wrote history, although, after the fashion of romancers, who mingle truth with fiction, he got things slightly mixed. The "Amazons" of the story may be set down as fiction, pure and simple; the location of the "terrestrial paradise" a mistake in print, since California is paradise and not merely the borderland thereunto. But in the matter of gold he made no mistake—as those who came after him knew.

In 1759, Sir Francis Drake came sailing up the coast. "Half of June and nearly all of July Sir Francis remained in a harbor not more than two miles north of the Golden Gate, where he grounded his vessel for repairs."

He proceeded immediately to erect a fortification to protect himself from possible attack from the Indians—an entirely unnecessary precaution, since the Indians were peaceable. Indeed, it is related that they laid their bows and arrows at Sir Francis's feet and saluted him as chief, placing a crown of feathers upon his head.

Ten years later, the mission era dawned. Four expeditions were sent out from Mexico; and to insure the success of the undertaking, two of the parties were dispatched overland, the other two making their way by water. It was fated that all four of the expeditions should survive the hardships and perils, which, in those

days, made travel by land or by sea a hazardous undertaking; and on the 16th of July, 1769, the first mission of California was founded.

The Spanish government extended protection to the missions of early days, establishing a presidio, or military station, at each of them. Pueblos grew up around the missions; and these had a civil government of their own, of which the Alcalde, or chief officer of justice, was the head.

Life at the missions, in these days, was pastoral, ideal. We are told that each morn, "at the crowing of the cock," a shutter facing eastward was thrown open, and a padre, still in his nightrobe, sang:

"Oh, beautiful Queen!
Princess of heaven!"

Whereupon, a second shutter would be swung ajar, and another voice joined in the strain:

"Singers at dawn,
From the heavens above!"

And clear and high rang the chorus, from the mission, the Indian quarters, and from every casa in the pueblo:

"People of all regions
Glad we, too, sing."

After mass in the chapel, a frugal breakfast was served, and the inmates of the mission repaired to their respective fields of labor. The unmarried women neophytes lived apart in the monjerio, or nunnery, which was in charge of a dueña. The inner court of this retreat was brightened by growing flowers and palms; and here the young women passed their days, spinning wool, preparing cotton for cloth, making baskets, drawn-work or embroidery. The hours of labor, both within doors and without, were over at 5 o'clock; and the day, begun with song and prayer, ended with the padre's blessing.

With the secularization of the missions, the Indians lapsed into their former mode of living; and the labors of the good fathers were forever written down as "one of the most pitiful of human failures."

In 1846, the white population of California was estimated at 1000 souls, "chiefly of Spanish lineage. Their principal occupation, hardly laborious enough to be termed an industry, was the raising of cattle for their hides and tallow, which they sold or bartered to American coast traders for manufactured articles of the kind suited to their bucolic needs. Their life was unprogressive, simple and kindly, much given to hospitality, visitings, and fiestas."

Among the Spanish households of today, we find those who participated in the golden age of the mission and maiden, now bowed beneath the weight of years, who danced in the moonlight under the orange trees to the trilling of the mandolin, who gaze at la señorita of days gone by, who see she and Juan, her white-haired companion, who have skipped the measures of the contradanza, and that they could ever have been young!

But Juan has his memories, too. He will tell you of the trials for supremacy in feats of skill, among the youths, when oftentimes the loser would be spilled as freely as new wine; of the dances in the plaza, head up and broad-brimmed hats jauntily on one side, shoulders back, square shoulders with intent to charm the pretty maiden, whose eyes interpreted the speech denied, who made under the grated window, with only the moon to see the red rose that fluttered down to the feet of the caballero.

And the lawless renegade of the mission, the "49er," where is he? Shorn of his former prestige, deprived of the prestige that clung to the high-top boots, a warm-hued flannel shirt, and ready "gun," he no longer bears the striking figure inseparably associated with California's history.

Those days are but a memory, now, as are the Spanish régime and the missions. Here and there a crumbling adobe—the ruins of a mission—are fast returning to dust from whence they came to view behind brick-and-mortar piles that once served to remind us that another era had passed, still serve to remind us that another era had passed, still serve to remind us that another era had passed.

In some of the missions, services are held on days of yore; but by far the greater number have been given over to bats and owls. In the mission at Santa Barbara—which monastery was the religious capital of the order—the planting of the still go on, although the hands that laid out the mission and tended it with such care have been long years folded in eternal rest. J. TORREY

[Detroit Journal:] "Papa, why do you tell me lies?" asked the cockerel.

"Well, it certainly can't be because I crow the cock, thoughtfully, thereby giving a new aspect to this venerable joke.



FOR HUMANITY'S SAKE.

EIGHTEEN PLUCKY MEN SUBMIT TO DANGEROUS EXPERIMENTS.

From a Special Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 15, 1901.—Here is a remarkable story of eighteen plucky men who, for humanity's sake, enacted the rôles of the guinea pig and rabbit of the bacteriologist's laboratory; who offered themselves as sacrifices upon the altar of science. These brave chaps actually gave their bodies as habitations for germs of one of the most dangerous diseases known to humanity—yellow fever. The experiments were recently conducted by the United States army. Their scene was a lonely plain a mile from the city of Havana, Cuba. There men were United States soldiers, American civilians and Spanish immigrants.

Eight of them suffered yellow fever as a result of the experiments. The experiments were directed by Dr. Walter Reed, Jaa. Carroll and A. Agramonte. Dr. Reed had recently returned to Washington from the writer obtained the interesting details from the lonely region outside Quemados was chosen because it offered complete control over the movements of the subjects. The place was an uncultivated field. In its center were hospital tents were pitched twenty feet apart. In these the subjects were quartered. Several buildings completed this experimental camp. It was named "Camp Lazear," in honor of Dr. Jesse W. Lazear, U.S.A., who succumbed to yellow fever during the experiments made in Cuba last fall. The camp was well exposed to sunlight and winds. An assistant surgeon, a hospital steward, a private and an ambulance driver were the only individuals within the camp who had had the fever and who, therefore, were immune to further attack. These only were allowed to enter the camp during the course of the tests.

This Suspect Mosquito.

The object of the experiments was to throw light upon the question of Dr. Reed and his colleagues that a species of mosquito is in all ordinary cases the spreader of yellow fever; that the disease cannot be contracted by direct contact with the blood of the yellow fever patient; that our quarantine system against the disease is therefore radically wrong.

The mosquito covers the yellow fever area. He thrives in our country as far north as Canada. He extends his haunts to South and Central America, Southern Europe, India and Africa. He is a small, slender, four-legged insect with a long, thin, silver-white striped lengthwise on its back, a waistcoat with stripes similar, but of a different color. He is of medium size, and has a self-respecting Jersey mosquito—not at all after the fashion of the eccentric malaria mosquito of his kind bit Dr. Lazear previous to his death of yellow fever. For use in the experiments at Camp Lazear, Dr. Reed and his colleagues selected a number of these chain-gang blood suckers, and confined them in their laboratory and there confined them for breeding purposes, in glass jars fitted with cotton plugs. A drawing string in each cover allowed them to sip in glass test tubes and sip them over the bodies of insects as they were needed. They were imprisoned in the tubes by cotton stoppers, and air for breathing. Then they were carried to the yellow fever wards of Havana.

Experiments on Patients.

Patients, with the mosquitoes inside, were held in the skin of the yellow fever patients until the mosquitoes had filled their stomachs with the contaminated blood. Then the cotton plugs were replaced with the mosquitoes, delighted with such an opulent meal. A dinner thrown in—were returned to the laboratory. Here they were allowed to feast first upon the blood of the immune men selected for the ordeal. The mosquitoes of the tubes were held against the bare skin of these men until the mosquitoes, with the yellow fever virus still in their systems, bit them.

John R. Kissenger, hospital corps, 23 years old, was the first subject of this experiment. Six contracted mosquitoes were allowed to feast upon him. Two of these had sucked the blood of men on whom the disease had been developed. The fourth day after he had been bitten by the last insect, Kissenger developed headache, in the night he awoke with a chill, and his temperature began to rise. Then followed backache, flushed face, and nausea. He was taken in the morning to the yellow fever wards. He suffered a severe case of the disease, diagnosed by the United States army of yellow fever experts.

Other experiments were similarly allowed to bite four patients held at Camp Lazear. Two of these contracted the disease from the mosquitoes and were similarly taken to the fever wards.

It was noted in connection with the mosquitoes that twelve days in summer temperature and ten or more days in winter temperature were required for the germs of the disease to remain in the system of the mosquitoes before being capable of transmitting the disease. This is explained by the fact that it probably takes that long for the germ to pass from the insect's mouth to their salivary glands, from which latter it is directly transmitted to human blood by aid of the hypodermic with which the pestiferous creature is provided.

One was taken from the elbow vein of a yellow fever patient and injected into the circulation of four additional subjects in camp for experiment. All but one

fell sick from the disease. The exception appeared to be immune by nature. This satisfied the doctors that the yellow fever germ is present in the circulation of patients.

A Revolting Ordeal.

Seven men were now confined in a one-room building packed with sheets, pillow slips, blankets and underclothing contaminated by yellow fever patients. This third experiment was to determine whether such articles—against which so much energy is directed at our quarantines—can convey yellow fever to healthy individuals. The house was frame, 14x20 feet, tightly ceiled with boards and almost air-tight. It was built with the idea of rendering its ventilation as bad as possible. It was carefully screened against mosquitoes. It had two small windows on the same side, with heavy wooden shutters drawn to prevent entrance of sunlight. It was feared that the light might act as a disinfectant. Indeed, the idea was to make the conditions as favorable to the yellow fever germs as possible. A vestibule with two screen doors kept out all mosquitoes. A heating apparatus maintained a steady summer temperature for sixty-three days. The condition of the bedding and clothing distributed about the room was filthy beyond description. Conditions could not have been less inviting.

Acting Assistant Surgeon R. P. Cooke and two privates of the Hospital Corps were the first occupants of this house. They gave each contaminated article a careful handling and shaking to distribute the fever germs it present. They made their beds of the soiled bedding and slept thus every night for twenty nights. Two more non-immunes succeeded them and occupied the house twenty-one nights, actually sleeping in the very garments worn by yellow fever patients throughout their illness. They were succeeded by two more non-immunes, who slept in the house two weeks under still worse conditions. All of these seven men were carefully quarantined after leaving the contaminated house. None fell ill.

Another building, similar to that just described, was erected in camp. This was given thorough ventilation and sunlight—was then disinfected, for precaution, although new. It was divided into two rooms by a partition of mosquito netting. Everything in this building was clean. In one of the rooms fifteen mosquitoes which had previously bitten yellow fever patients, were set free. On the same day, John J. Moran, a non-immune American, 23 years old, entered the room twice, remaining thirty and twenty minutes. He was bitten about the face and hands. The following day he returned and was bitten the third time. Four days later he had to be removed to the fever wards. He suffered a typical case of the disease. During each of his visits to the mosquito room two non-immunes had remained in the adjoining half of the house—where there were no insects and had slept three nights there. They remained in perfect health.

That our present system of disinfecting ships and houses contaminated by yellow fever is radically wrong would seem to be proven by these striking experiments. Instead of disinfecting bedding, clothing and merchandise of yellow fever patients, health authorities of the future will doubtless wage war on the striped mosquito, screening the cabins of ships against him; applying to vessels and houses some fumes which will exterminate him.

How Subjects Were Selected.

Asked how the subjects of these experiments were selected, Dr. Reed explained to the writer: "The majority volunteered. The others we gave an inducement. We had men come to us and volunteer to let us do anything to them we wished. Those who slept in the infected clothing house took my word that no harm would come to them. A number of men, finding out what we were doing, visited us and asked that they be given a slight attack of the disease, such as would make them immune for life. Every man's written consent was carefully obtained. In the cases of the Spanish immigrants, the permission of the Spanish Consul was first obtained. We neither diagnosed nor treated the disease after we developed it. We left that to outside experts. We left no chance for accusation that we had developed a disease which we called yellow fever, but which was probably something else.

"It will be necessary to stop the propagation of this particular mosquito if we wish to stamp out yellow fever. Important sanitary work in Cuba is now being based on our observations. Today when a man falls ill with the fever, the Board of Health goes to his rooms and carefully screens them. The board is also using kerosene or a similar insecticide in pools inhabited by these mosquitoes. Other mosquitoes may carry yellow fever; but that possibility we have not as yet investigated carefully."

JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS, JR.

BISMARCK AS A TALKER.

[Sir Edward Malet's Reminiscences:] Prince Bismarck was the most agreeable man in conversation that I have ever been my good fortune to know. He had the charm of speaking on apparent terms of equality with whomsoever he might be addressing, providing the conversation was with one toward whom he was not ill disposed. Dr. Schweninger has said that what always struck him most about the Prince was his simplicity. It is easy for those who know the Prince to understand what Dr. Schweninger means; but I should be inclined to substitute the word "lucidity" for "simplicity." In his talk he had the power of reducing the most complex questions to their simplest form. He would explain his views with a precision which excluded all doubt as to the meaning which he intended to convey. He would often hesitate until he could find the exact word to express what was in his mind. He seemed to have a hatred for ambiguity. He always spoke to me in English, in which he was fluent, but if he had a doubt about his being clear about any particular word he would ask me to help him. He would give the word in German or in French until I could give its exact counterpart in English.

TWO PERSONALS.

A CONVINCING DEMONSTRATION OF THE POWER OF THE PRESS.

By a Special Contributor.

THERE wasn't one of Edith Van Alstyne's dear 500 friends who ever lost an opportunity of saying how much they admired her, at the same time asserting that she was becoming quite a heartless flirt. To be a widow at 25, with an abundance of money and more than the average share of good looks, is quite enough to make a woman exacting and a trifle uncertain. Mrs. Van Alstyne was the despair of the army of suitors who laid siege to her hand and fortune. To one and all she turned a deaf ear, and with laughing flippancy declaring she could not think of marrying any of them while there were so many delightful men to beguile her days. "When I have ceased to be interesting, perhaps, I shall take up the shackles again." But there lived in her memory a pretty little romance which she treasured as the sweetest incident of her life. Even to herself she was loath to admit that her heart had been out of her keeping for a long time. Some day she would surprise herself and her world by following it. In the mean time she gave the unhappy lover no such assurance. It never occurred to her that she was treating the man unfairly, or that the time might come when he would rebel altogether.

Once let a woman persuade herself that the man who adores her will continue to do so, no matter how she treats him, and nothing short of his going off and marrying some other woman will dispel the illusion. It was just at this point that a paragraph in the morning paper changed the current of her thoughts and upset all her theories. This was what she read: "Harold Hendricks sailed on Wednesday for Europe. He goes direct to France, and while there will visit the Marches at their beautiful villa in the South of France."

At first she was surprised, then angry and indignant, that he should treat her with such scant courtesy. At least, he might have written a brief farewell. Yes, it was an act of disloyalty to herself, and with this thought she recalled an old story of Harold's attachment for Mabel March. She had often teased him about it, more to hear him deny it than for any other reason. Now, all that she had ever heard or read of hearts being caught on the rebound came to her mind with torturing persistency. She remembered well another time when they had quarreled and parted; the parting was followed soon after by her marriage. This had lasted long enough to prove the folly of an ill-considered act. Fate, providence, or whatever it may be, that stands ready to relieve some people of the consequences of their weakness, stood by her in this, for poor Louis Van Alstyne was drowned within a year, while bathing at a fashionable summer resort. For the second time, it seemed likely that the only man she had ever loved would pass out of her life; the thought nerved her to instant action.

Harold Hendricks sat on the broad veranda of the Country Club, smiling with keen enjoyment over the joke he was perpetrating on his friends, for instead of being on the ocean, he was only ten miles from the city. He wondered if she for whom he was practicing this little deception had given him a thought of regret. With a sigh he picked up a paper, and the first line held his attention: "Upon the advice of her physician, Mrs. Van Alstyne will close her house and go to the Bermudas." What could this mean? Only a few weeks ago she was in perfect health. Could it be? No, he was not such an egotistical fool as to think that. Enough that she was ill and going away, perhaps to die. He must go to her at once. He might not be able to see her, but at least he would make some inquiries.

Leaving the train, he stopped just long enough to buy all the American Beauties that the most expensive florist could furnish. "Her favorite flower and perhaps I shall soon be putting them on her grave." The thought was torture, and, jumping hastily from the cab, he almost fell into the arms of the maid who opened the door for him. There stood Mrs. Van Alstyne more radiant than ever, saying good-bye to the last of her callers. The man stood transfixed, joy and surprise holding him mute. Then as she held out her hand, smiling upon him, he stammered: "I came to ask about you." The paper stated you were ill and were going away. He rank into a chair and asked with simple directness: "Please let me stay. I have been so wretched ever since I read that beastly personal. I really think you might."

"Did not the same paper say you had gone abroad, and without so much as saying good-bye?" cooed Mrs. Van Alstyne, from the depths of the crimson roses where she had buried her pretty head.

"Edith, if I dared hope that you cared where I went or how long I stayed—" She raised her head from the roses and the look which she gave him made his heart beat with a hope he had never known before. "Mrs. Van Alstyne," said the man, taking a lovely hand in both his own, "I am fully convinced of the power of the press."

"Harold," she began, "I do believe you know all about that personal, and I am going to ask you a question." "Don't, dear, I might feel obliged to ask another." Their eyes met, and the ringing laugh that followed came from two very happy hearts. "Nevertheless," murmured Edith, "I think the Marches and their villa might have been omitted."

"Upon my soul," laughed the man, "I do believe I am going to owe all my happiness to that inoffensive paragraph. Strange," he whispered, "that a man can never tell when fortune, or the woman he loves, are going to smile upon him." He was tumultuously happy, and, with eyes twinkling with merriment, he suggested that they write to the editor, demanding the names of the author of the fake personals. "But, after all," he said, "I think we will take our revenge by sending them one absolutely authentic notice." And Edith, looking over his shoulder, read: "The friends of Mrs. Van Alstyne and Mr. Hendricks will be surprised to learn that they were married today, at high noon, and have gone on their wedding journey to the Bermudas."

FRANCES M. HOSKING.

BEFORE MAN WAS.

STRANGE CREATURES THAT LIVED THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO.

By a Special Contributor.

MANKIND has ever been as hungry for knowledge about its past as it is and ever will be about the possibilities of its future, and there is an absorbing fascination in the study of the mysterious fragments which tell the story. Far back in that period called the Cambrian, when vertebrate life began to exist on earth, there crawled *Olenellus* the trilobite. We see his tracks on the rocks hundreds of thousands of years old, and wonder what manner of world it was in which he and his kind lived and moved and had their being.

We know from the records of the rocks themselves that the sun shone and the drying sand cracked upon the shore, that the waves beat, and left little rillmarks as they shrank away, and that the rain fell, dimpling the surface of the clay, in those far-off Cambrian years, just as they do now in the modern world around us. Mountains rose above the waters, and rivers flowing from them, brought down their burden of stones and mud to the mighty storehouse of the sea. Even the volcanoes which here and there broke through the surface, poured forth the same types of lava as today, and were no more catastrophic in their action.

No Chance for Fish Stories.

Yet in all the ocean not a fish yet swam; it is doubtful if an insect yet crawled or hovered among the moires of the flowerless land. The earth was there, golden with sunlight, flecked with sea-born cloud; the peaks rose white above the snow-line, the ocean floor went down into chill, mysterious depths; and the lord of all this magnificence, this realm prepared, as we are prone to think, for man's delight, was Olenellus the trilobite, a creature occasionally four inches wide and at most six inches long.

Slowly the development moves from species to species. *Olenellus* gives place to *Paradoxides*, also a trilobite, but a much larger creature, attaining a length of two feet. Then in Silurian times we meet with *Stylonurus*, a

played a more alarming part than any of our modern whales. Lastly, the reptiles seized upon the air, many forms flying like huge bats, by means of a membrane stretched from one digit of the fore foot to the side. The empire of the reptiles thus became complete and undisturbed.

In this world, where might seemed dominant, where one huge form was followed by another, until reptiles from thirty to a hundred feet long trampled the river banks or heaved their bulk across the plains, the mammals none the less secured their place and warily and craftily held their own. What skill in their timorous little brains, what swiftness in their twinkling feet, saved them amid the horde of reptiles, forms one of Nature's lost tales of adventure. We know that some mammals escaped destruction, but they were small types, humbler than the opossums and the kangaroos; we may picture them as hiding in holes and corners of the earth. As long as the reptilian empire lasted, the mammals made very little progress, remaining as subordinate creatures, incapable of battle, and waiting patiently for relief.

The relief came at last, with what seems, geologically speaking, surprising swiftness. We do not know how the reptilian empire fell; whether the enormous herbivorous forms exhausted the vegetation, became weakened, and fell a prey to the carnivores, which in time were forced to feed on one another; or whether a plague, some bacterial disease, smote the reptiles, and spared the hardy and oft-tried little mammals. The passage from cretaceous to eocene time sees, in any case, the last of the old dinosaurs; the reptiles that remain, crocodiles and serpents and so forth, are virtually the specialized reptiles of today.

Directly the field was open, the mammals proved worthy of their far triassic ancestry and seemed to realize that their inheritance had come to them at last. In turn they grew monstrous, and became adorned with horns and hoofs, or with rending claws and aggressive teeth; some, in light fairy forms, flew through the air as bats; others took to the water, and gave us the race of whales, surpassing in bulk the largest reptiles of the past.

Mammals Appear.

And so through long series of forms, we reach the mammals of our own time; the sabre-toothed machairodus gives way to our lions and our tigers, the mas-

HOW THE PHILISTINE

[New York Sun:] One man at the dinner last Wednesday sat all evening of bay-leaves twined around his head. The man couldn't compare in length with the freaks, but the bay proved him to be a Philistine manner of introducing one's self to public and private, was extraordinary. He let me present Dr. — and Mr. — respectable, Mr. — isn't," was one who. Bliss Carman was introduced as "One who is always in debt, always in love, and always along with an armful of girl and a bag of tricks." In spite of Mr. Carman's pose as the bon vivant, he didn't look altogether so. He had his debts and his love affairs advertised in the meeting.

"I suppose it's all right that eccentricity is a part of the hair," said one woman at this dinner, "but the many fluffy masculine pates; the hair of the male genius my objection to letting it grow would be the difficulty of keeping it clean. It is upon us women, though bunched and bunched, to wear it, is hard enough to keep clean. It is flying about in this Carman-Le Gallen world. We should think its care would be a great shampoo would be indispensable. Shampooing. I must confess that the heads of some of the halsted geniuses don't look any too well. But even genius is no excuse for that. Shampooing hair and all, is worth as much attention—and poodles have their manes washed—"

A woman brimful of inherited "abandon" was delighted at the sight of the negro at dinner. "Ah," she cried, in a burst of the perfectly strange woman sitting next to it do you heart good to see our negroes equal footing with us like this? Only thing I saw 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and had of those times of slavery brought back to me now this evening I find myself at a point with an educated negro. The world does move, "It does," returned the perfectly strange woman with some sharpness. "But, as it happens, I am in the South, and allow me to say," with a glance at the negro, "that I don't care about the world further in that direction."



THE HUGE SCORPION CRAB OF SILURIAN TIMES

far more specialized marine creature, probably allied to the scorpions and king-crabs, and actually five feet long. The small but self-assertive scorpion had by this time appeared upon the land, and has successfully held its own thenceforth to the present day. The fishes, however, our first true vertebrates, though often with poorly developed backbones, secured a hold at the same time on the globe, and happily avoided the assaults of *Stylonurus* and his friends. Cased in boxes of bony armor, clumsy but serene, they prospered and propagated their kind; becoming more specialized and more distinctly fish-like, as time went on. In the Devonian period we thus find genuine fishes dominating the globe, those of Ohio attaining the superb length of thirty feet. In the next period, the carboniferous among our antique coal forests, amphibia, of quaint types move; and then, in Permian and Triassic times, the reptiles arise, and rapidly assert their sway. When we write reptiles, we use the word with caution and respect. These early reptiles were less reptilian, far more generalized than any reptile of the present day. They held in themselves the promise of many higher types of life. Already there must have been some reptilian forms moving, generation by generation, along a sure course toward the mammals; others, again, imperfectly foreshadowed the exquisite structure of the birds. There is no epoch more absorbing to the zoölogist, none more exciting to the scientific imagination, than this junction-zone between ancient and modern times.

Arrival of the Deinososaurs.

The reptiles emerged from it triumphantly. The group of the dinosaurs, or "terrible lizards," in their wide variety of form, soon laid hold upon the land. Some moved ponderously among the forests, cropping the tree tops as they raised their heads, and often standing fairly erect on their enormous hinder limbs. Others were fiercely carnivorous; and we find some of the vegetable-feeders protected against them by an almost grotesque armor of plates and spines. Smaller and more elegant dinosaurs hopped about between the bushes, or perhaps from branch to branch of the dark coniferous trees. In full and unsatisfied vitality, the reptiles entered on the seas in search of food; and huge swimming lizards, their limbs modified into paddles,



THE SABER-TOOTHED ANCESTOR OF THE LION AND

UNIVERSITY'S BEAUTIFUL FINE

[New York Tribune:] In the fresco library building the University of Illinois possesses some of the finest work of the West, so competent critics declare. The models were made in Paris. The four friezes, two being 37½ feet long and the other two 31½ feet long, and each about 12 feet in height, are life-size.

The four frescoes typify the four phases of the university—literature and arts, science, engineering and science. "The Sacred Word" is the title of the first composition. Its subject, containing about twenty-five figures, is the philosophy, poetry, music and art. The landscape of this work were made in the Luxembourg and at Versailles.

The College of Agriculture is represented by a picture of a scene in a garden called "Arcadia," in which the figures are dressed in classical costume. The picture typifies the return of the students at the close of the day, bringing in the harvest.

the painting representing science in the Laboratory of Minerva.⁴ The painting representing engineering is "The Forge." It shows an immense steam boiler, modern steamer shaft. The master of the forge is in the foreground and the various workers are distributed at their proper places around him, the master directing the work.

A JOKE OF PRESIDENT TAYLOR

[Philadelphia Press:] "We'll have to cut about our advertising pages," said the publisher of the great magazine. "We're getting the worst results." "Impossible! We're very careful to select only the most attractive and unobjectionable ads.," replied the advertising manager. "What complaint can you have?" "The advertising matter is too attractive," interrupted the proprietor. "The young men want to look after gazing at the ideal creatures who are used by our advertisers to display their products."

GRENVILLE A. J. COLE.

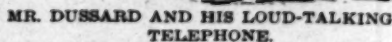
[Copyright, 1901, by G. A. Cole.]

From a Special Contributor.

to the time when the echoes of this case rang in France, M. Dussard was little known to the public. Among scientific men he was regarded as a promising worker in the realm of theory, but he had done little in developing any of his discoveries. Now, suddenly, his name became known to millions; savants and students flocked to his house, and he is being hailed as a scientific prodigy of the day, who will yet beat out Tesla at their own game.

ing combination which M. Dusaud has effected of the loud-talking telephone with a phonograph attachment. As the talk goes on—say, between New York and Chicago—every word said in the conversation by either party is recorded for all time in the phonograph attachment of each. Both the Chicago man and the New York man have a complete record of the talk on both sides. The phonograph has recorded the New York man said, as he strolled about his office, and what the loud-talking telephone man said from Chicago. Business men will at once appreciate the value of this ingenious combination which makes a telephone-talk just as formal, just as binding and just as producible in evidence as the usual letter.

When all this has been patiently observed and exactly recorded in diagram, the note-taker formulates a long series of lines like those which represent in scientific books the respiration of a man or the auras of an electrified or magnetic bar of metal. This diagram, in all its minute tracery, is engraved on the disc. Then the blind man is made to comprehend, by means of a model, the appearance of a tree in a state of rest. When the disc is set in motion at a rate of speed carefully regu-



The inventor of these wonders is a blonde giant of little more than 30 years, who has lived, during all his short life, the laborious days that Milton counseled and who has already been repeatedly "crowned" in French fashion, by the Academy of Science; quiet, simple, and very serious, with a cold, absorbed look, the look of the

[Harper's Bazar:] (The Professor:) Yes, a caterpillar is the most voracious living thing. In a month it will eat about 600 times its own weight.

AN INFERENCE.

[Harper's Bazar:] (The Professor:) Yes, a caterpillar is the most voracious living thing. In a month it'll eat about 600 times its own weight.
(Dear Mrs. Ernot:) Whcse boy did you say he was?

A LOVE STORY.

[By the author of "Some Bulldogs I Have Met," "When Hoodwink Was in Book," "Sally of Old Seventeen," "Birtha C. Mud," and other stories too numerous to read.]

SYNOPSIS.

A blamed fool gets in love.

CHAP. I.

The atmosphere was full of wind and the sun's brilliant rays effulgent and rayed as they had done several times before.

Arthur Arlington Allclothes stood in front of a splendid mansion in a fashionable part of the city. He hesitated whether to retrace his steps or walk back.

It was the thirty-first day of February, the day he usually set apart from all others in which to pay his bills.

He was in love and full evening dress, except the vest. He had been run over by seven hacks and a swill wagon before it dawned upon his mind that he was suffering from the ravages of the disease that was then irritating his system; it dawned upon him with almost a perpendicular abruptness.

CHAP. II.

In the last chapter we left Arthur Arlington Allclothes out in the front yard eating alfalfa. After ringing the door bell for him, we will take him inside for fear it might rain. If the reader will kindly help a little here we will soon have him through the hall into the back parlor. (The reader will kindly keep the cuss in the parlor and their finger on the place here until I go out and get a drink.) The strain is terrible. It is the hardest story I have written since "To Have la Grippe and to Hold It."

CHAP. III.

(The reader may let go now, I am back.)

In the parlor, with a look of surprise and some powder on her face, stood Lallapaloola Lovelace with both feet upon the floor and a chair in her left hand. Either there were tears upon her face or the roof leaked.

CHAP. IV.

(Having returned from examining the roof, we will again watch Cupid prod our friend Arthur.)

With face filled with love and his mouth with cloves, he advanced with outstretched arms, dropped upon both knees—or would have done so had not one of those blamed sofa pillows got in the way. When he came to consciousness again the butler had removed most of the debris.

CHAP. V.

(Come and have something, dear reader—this is getting serious.)

After surveying the pattern in the carpet—(he was no surveyor, but let that go,) he fell upon his knees and exclaimed in a voice that sounded as though he had pulled the tremolo stop out by the roots:

"Lallapaloola, I love you with a love as all absorbing as a trust; each separate nerve and nerve becomes nervous in your presence. My heart beats like one of those 'lunch-is-ready' gongs of a railroad eating-house when I think that you and I may sometime be wrestling Greco-Roman for the possession of a divorce. Oh, darling, if you could but look deep down into my heart and see there my love for your gold—golden locks, wherefrom love wells up like a seashell volcano, you could not say me nay, nor even commence it. Be mine and we shall live and love together until we begin to annoy each other.

"From the first time I gazed upon your wild wealth of locks wrapped around a wad of wire, my admiration has been working like unto a policeman on a vacation. My dreams, yes, even my nightmares, have been all of you; my heart is aflame for love of you, darling."

CHAP. VI.

(Fear not, dear reader, if he gets too conflagrations we will put him out.)

Lallapaloola seemed much shocked and cast down as she accidentally touched an electric-light wire, but recovering quickly, she exclaimed:

"But, sir, I know you not."

With this, Arthur wilted some, like young onion tops in a December frost, then with a wild effort, said:

"But, darling, we may be introduced after the ceremony and by living a few years in a flat, get so well acquainted that the Bertillon system could not find a freckle upon either of us unidentified. Come, dearest, my arms are yawning for you like an over-worked night watchman; wipe some face lotion off on my new coat and hear the wheels buzz in my watch. My whole internal mechanism throbs and thumps like a flat wheel on a cattle car, with joy at the very thoughts of your being my life-long chef."

CHAP. VII.

(We left Art. in the last chapter explaining to Lallapaloola the peculiar gyrations of his anatomy. Let's go in and see what happens him.)

But fate was cruel to him. A testament the boys had carelessly stuck into his pockets the evening before, broke loose during his struggle with his emotions and scattered upon the floor with the queen of hearts facing the carpet. When she saw this she was startled even as an infant deer disturbed. She gave him a look that made icicles hang from his whiskers in profusion.

"Begone, false wretch. Oh, that papa was here present and a centipede that he might insinuate you through your hat with many kicks. Out upon you! Go!"

And she continued to pour out the phials of her wrath until the parlor looked like the wreck of a Kansas saloon.

CHAP. VIII.

(Come outside, dear reader, and watch the family bulldog chase Art. up the street.)

Arthur Arlington Allclothes rushed from the house into the street; turning by accident as he struck a loose

board in the walk, he read the number on the door, exclaiming as he did so:

"My d— valet gave me the wrong number."

But the family bulldog didn't.

CHAP. IX.

The reader may think from this that the life of Arthur Arlington Allclothes was blasted, but wait and see.

CHAP. X.

Arthur's valet was telling his story in police court the next morning, looking very much disguised from his usual appearance and was fined \$10 and costs for not protecting himself.

CHAP. XI.

When Arthur was rushing through the streets, he was going right home. That's why his valet had business in the police court the next morning.

CHAP. XII.

(In which Arthur refreshes himself.)

He took a drink.

CHAP. XIII.

Unlucky—(continued next fall.)

DOCK SOPER.

HEAT AND COLD.

VALUABLE RESULTS OF EXPERIMENTS IN MEASURING THEM.

From a Special Correspondent.

BOSTON, April 15.—Scientific experiments in the production, control, and measurement of heat have shown that economies of enormous value may be introduced into industrial methods. Millions of dollars are being saved annually as the result of information derived from the researches of the technical laboratories. Recent experiments in the laboratory of physics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, for example, under the direction of Prof. C. L. Norton, are particularly instructive as opening up new occupations for men of technical training in a field of great importance, since heat is now the almost universal source of industrial energy—and have, indeed, developed what may almost be called a new science, "pyrometry," or heat measurement.

An ordinary thermometer, the instrument which records the temperatures of everyday use, seems like a child's toy when placed in comparison with the pyrometer, the scientific device for measuring temperatures which mount into thousands of degrees. And, although with the pyrometer scientists can measure cold which is hundreds of degrees below zero and heat which is thousands of degrees above, yet the same instrument fails as completely in recording the extreme heat of which an electric furnace is capable, as an ordinary house thermometer would fail in recording the heat of a blast furnace. Temperatures are possible to the electric furnace which have never been measured, and will not be, until new devices are discovered. As the present standards of heat measurement range from the boiling point of water to the melting point of platinum, so the new standards may begin at the boiling point of substances which become liquefied only when subjected to the greatest amount of heat which can now be measured by the pyrometer and include temperatures so high as to be almost inconceivable to the ordinary mind.

But while the physicists find in these high temperatures an attractive field for investigation, they are still chiefly employed in heat experiments within the range of possible measurement, in the interest of their application to certain technical industries. Methods familiar to the scientist in his work-room are often comparatively unfamiliar to the practical manufacturer. For example, a manufacturer came to the Technology laboratory some time ago for advice as to a method of ascertaining the temperature of his tempering and annealing ovens. At Prof. Norton's suggestion he purchased a pyrometer, and has since reported that by means of it he has been able to save many thousand dollars every year. A case has been recently reported of a retort used for gas-making which, if not overheated, will last about ten weeks, but which can rarely be made to last three because the only method that has been used to judge of excessive heating has been the very uncertain but very common one of the eye—it "looked too hot." The indicator of a good pyrometer, if faithfully read, would have guarded completely against any possible over-heating, and moreover the cost of a pyrometer would not have exceeded that of a single retort. With examples like this constantly brought to its attention, the Institute of Technology started about ten years ago a regular course of laboratory instruction in the science of heat measurement, or pyrometry.

It will surprise most persons to learn that in measuring temperatures to 932 deg. Fahr. (500 Centigrade) mercury thermometers can be used, since the development in delicacy of manufacture during the past five years makes them satisfactory technical instruments up to that limit. Such thermometers may be standardized occasionally by being immersed in boiling liquids whose boiling points have been carefully studied. The boiling point of water at 212 deg. Fahr., of naphthalene at 424 deg., and of sulphur at 832 deg. are well established, and the substances are cheap, and may be easily procured in large quantities and of the necessary purity. The melting points of tin at 450 deg., of lead at 622 deg., and of zinc at 786 deg. give other reference points by which these high-grade mercury thermometers may be tested still further.

The range of the mercury thermometer must have been passed before one enters the region of pure pyrometry, though the instrument of the science, the pyrometer, is ordinarily used from 600 deg. or thereabouts, in measuring temperatures lying between this and the upper limit of the electric furnace, whatever that may be, it is possible to make use of many different forms

of pyrometer. For most technical work below 2700 deg. the thermo-electric pyrometer of Chatterlier is generally used. This pyrometer has three working parts—a pair of wires, one of which is a "junction"—of suitable metals, platinum and a platinum alloy, with united ends to be enclosed, to prevent mechanical injury, in a tube iron—to the temperature to be measured. Insulated connecting wires, and a galvanometer heated, the end of the junction becomes the electro-motive force which grows greater with increase of temperature, the result being read on the dial of the galvanometer.

For occasional work where the expense of the instrument may not be warranted, simpler and accurate methods of making pyrometric measurements have been worked out. One which is recommended on account of its simplicity is the use of a substance is first heated in the furnace, then placed into a vessel of water. The rise in the temperature of the water is easily obtained by a thermometer from this the temperature of the furnace may be determined. In this way Prof. Norton says he has, with a thermometer head, an empty tomato can, and a galvanometer, taken the temperature of a furnace with a precision which was within one degree. With a ball of nickel, or better of platinum, suitable calorimeter the method has been used within five degrees in 1900.

For similar work at high, even very high, heat, the fusible mixtures which melt at known temperatures can be used. Another method is the "thermophon." It is merely a little torpedoes when exposed to heat. The heat in which the torpedo is placed the temperature and the temperature is estimated from the seconds elapsing between throwing in the torpedo and the explosion. It is found that in measurement made with these torpedoes exceeded in the region below 2000 deg., it makes them available for temperature measurements in steam boilers, flues, and stacks.

There are several optical pyrometers which are successfully employed in pottery works and in kilns are used. At one such place several kilns' worth of fine ware was ruined regularly because the kiln was allowed to get too hot, below the exact temperature required. The man in charge had been the pyrometer, but trained as he was in the management of the kiln it was discovered by the tests made that he was unable to keep the kiln within 300 or even 400 deg. of what was shown was the necessary temperature, the degrees of variation was allowed without age, but 400 meant the loss of the whole kiln. This workman in spite of his inability to whether the kiln as a whole was at 200 deg. could always tell within 25 deg. whether the bottom was the hotter. Optical pyrometers give mechanical aid to the human eye in measuring the temperature of the object, the intensity of the object in comparison, through a standard lamp; and in a second instance, by measuring the color, on the principle that the temperature of the object rises, the color being distinguished by means of a photographic plate.

But pyrometry is concerned not only with heat but with extreme cold. In this case it is interesting to note that as extreme heat is measured by the use of an instrument called a "heat-hearer." This consists of a coil of wire to the temperature that one wishes to measure, a pair of wires which connect with an electric device, a part of which is a telephone. The instrument is particularly useful in measuring the temperatures of various parts of plants, since the temperatures of various parts may be ascertained from a single station without the necessity of visiting them.

Experiments in heat-measuring devices of Technology connect themselves with many problems having to do with the effects of heat on substances. For instance, steel bars used in electric furnace which with its white heat is as large as an umbrella, and there for days at a gradually rising temperature is accurately controlled and constantly measured the bars are taken out they are turned and broken in a breaking machine to determine their condition. The non-conductive nature of the furnace is in itself an interesting subject, and one that in its application to the electric furnace has received much attention from scientists. Experiments show that a properly insulated furnace heated to several thousand degrees may be handled with bare hands while melted platinum is poured from the mouth. Incidental also to the pyrometric measurement of the heating power of fuels, the methods are here used—the most successful is the "bomb method." The fuel which is to be tested the experiment is enclosed in a strong steel bomb with enough oxygen to burn it completely. The bomb is set in a can of water with a delicate thermometer, the "calorimeter" described above, which measures the amount of heat given out. This method has recently been improved by Prof. Norton, who has shown that since the bomb is charged with oxygen at a pressure of 25 atmospheres. It is a part of the apparatus for which there is a growing demand and the attention of a trained physicist is required. Indeed, become constantly more so, since the coke is coming into extensive use; and the heating power of fuel from the same source, contrast with the fact that coal from the same source varies but little.

[Somerville Journal:] It would be a married man if the Postoffice Department put a little gilt sign on every letter box, "your wife's letter here."

QUERIDO.

HOW A WAIF OF THE SIERRAS BECAME A HOUSEHOLD PET.

By a Special Contributor.

QUERIDO is a California thrasher, an interesting and clever little songster, who made his debut among human beings several years ago, when in the infant state. Far away from city and town, in the lap of rugged Nature, where the Sierra Madre Mountains cast varying and ever-changing shadows, are dense thickets of sagebrush, greasewood, chaparral and cactus. Here, on the bank of the Arroyo Seco, almost at the mountain's base, papa and mamma Querido spent many days in building a wonderful little nest, singing all the while the most marvelous melodies, for this little couple were very happy. As they flew back and forth among the perfumed, sunlit air, with their loads of building material, their tiny throats would swell with vigorous strains of triumphant joy—an incomparable melody of woodland notes.

With the utmost care and precision the walls of this little home were woven, being constructed of dry roots and horsehair, while petals from the fragrant everlasting flower and the white fluff of the pussy willow were used as a lining, making the nest as soft and warm as a bed of down, an ideal hiding place for three bright little eggs with their delicate brown markings.

In the course of time the walls of these embryo dwellings were burst asunder, and from out the rents in the shelled shells peeped three tiny, wide-mouthed Queridos, making their initiatory bow to the world and to their delighted parents.

Now we must tell how Querido left his sagebrush home and came to occupy a position in an American household. It all happened on one of California's balmy mornings. A wonderful fragrance of orange blossoms perfumed the air, and birds, bees and butterflies found life one unalloyed joy.

The family were in the garden, drinking in the delectable of a perfect morning, when, from far up the road, came the familiar cry of Fernando, "a Mexican wood pecker. The sound resembled a wailing yell, as he called "Wood, wood to sell." He divided the word "wood" into two syllables, accented with a vociferous cry on the first syllable. Soon the picturesque outfit fell into sight. Two bony, ill-fed, dejected-looking fellows slowly and wearily dragged their burden along the road, seeming much out of place on the beautiful road, with its stately rows of fern-like pepper trees and handsome residences.

The Mexicans, anticipating the sale of a load of wood, drew up to the curb, when it became possible to see the interesting conveyance at close quarters. The wagon was in a state of almost total collapse and it was a mystery how such a rickety affair could hold so great a load. The wheels were literally on the bias, each one leaning at a different angle. The harness was patched and held together with wire and great knots of baling twine, and the entire outfit, from the hungry bronchos, whose old gleam in their eyes, to the wobbling wheels, seemed demoralized and despairing.

After doffing his tattered sombrero, and in a subdued, nasal voice, quite different from his trade yell, he said, "Buenas dias, señora; will you buy from me?" His clothes were old and ragged. The blue trousers were faded and torn, while the cheap cotton shirt was frayed and buttonless, being held together by the bony old form with a safety pin and a rusted nail. Wound loosely about his neck, in contrast with the rest of his tattered, antiquated dress, was an exquisite rebozo, a long scarf of brilliant colors, beautifully woven.

In spite of the ragged garments, there was something in the glance about this old man—a lingering shadow of the bygone days, when he was master of orchards and vineyards and vast herds of cattle and sheep. His head, under the brim of the wide hat, was dark and shiny, while the great eyes were black and full of life.

A ragged old coat lay on the seat beside him, and the white horse seemed to be some living thing, for from the ragged depths issued a faint peeping sound which caused the Mexican to make a solicitous examination of the contents. In answer to inquiries he opened a bundle of rags, disclosing a wide-mouthed, open-eyed, bony old bird, that looked at nothing in particular, but hungrily gesticulated with his continuously quivering bill. This small child of the wilderness looked so shy and promising, and for the small sum of 10 cents he was purchased for a family pet. Fernando christened him "Querido," which in Spanish means "dear" or "loved one."

The little fellow was placed temporarily in a tiny cotton basket in a sunny window, and after being fed with a worm and little rolls of boiled egg and mashed banana, he fell asleep and dreamed of his mountain home in the chaparral copse. Occasionally his little form would be convulsed, like a baby with the colic, while somewhere in the depths came a little gasping, sobbing cry.

The Mexican said that, while chopping wood in the yard, he discovered the bird home with its youthful inmates. The parent birds were making their daily tour of the dry creek bed and mountain side in search of food and worms, so, all unseen, he took Querido from the side of the cuddling relatives, wrapped him up in a red cloth, and initiated him into the delights of wagon life.

The load of wood was bought, much to Fernando's delight, and after a courteous wave of the tattered sombrero, and an "adios, señora," the forlorn steeds were led into a slow trot, that made the old wagon spokes creak in a threatening manner, as if in rebellion at so slow a pace. The dignified old man with the sombrero

and gay rebozo gave the rude conveyance an appearance of charming picturesqueness as it passed beneath the overarching pepper trees.

Querido, in his little basket in the sunshine, was not a beauty. He looked like the victim of a cyclone's fury, for his feathers were principally out of sight. His great mouth, with its yellow lining, was always open, like a contribution box. He had a marvelous appetite, and donations of food would have been appreciated every five minutes during the day. By the time he was two months old his personal appearance was much improved and he gave indications of being a singer.

As time has progressed, Querido has developed into an elegant little bundle of plumage, always remarkably sleek and genteel. He has become dignified, though not sedate. He has formed two strong attachments, and when one he loves comes into the room and calls "Hello, Querido," he always responds joyfully, sometimes hilariously, by opening his mouth and saying "Caw, caw, caw."

Every morning, as the first tinge of light comes creeping over the mountains, Querido chirrup a joyous little symphony, full of soft, sparkling trills, like the melodious trickling of a fountain spray as each drop falls with a clear, sweet sound. A little later, when the great sun sends its warm rays through the gilded wires of Querido's cage—for long ago he outgrew his basket—his little throat swells with rapturous melody, for he is a child of Nature and loves warmth and brightness. His musical ability must be the legacy of heredity, for he has had slight opportunities for education in that line, although he may have received some profitable instruction, or perhaps inspiration, as notes of bird song floated in through the open windows while his brother warblers trilled among the orange tree branches and palm leaves near by.

To every new sound he is an attentive listener, standing with head on one side and every nerve on the qui-



QUERIDO.

vive. Every sound is recorded graphophonically somewhere underneath his gray feathers, as a thought is implanted in the human mind, ready for reproduction at any time.

The months of July and August, during which his feathers fall, are most distressing ones for Querido, for then he seems most sensitive to the absurdities of his unattractive, abbreviated costume. When the tail feathers drop out, his dejection is pitiful, and even his best friends are powerless to console him. At other times he is overflowing with joy and life and health and music, except, perhaps, when annoyed by some stranger who goes up to him with a "Polly want a cracker" air, which inspires his animosity and offends his dignity. He has a sort of instinctive intuition in judging human character, which was exemplified one day when a tough-looking tramp called and made application for something to eat. Querido was taking his morning sun bath on the rose-trellised veranda. The "Weary Willie" made friendly advances, but was met with a torrent of angry, gasping caws, while the bird's every feather rose and bristled with wrath, until he appeared almost three times his usual size. His long curved bill was thrust between the wires of the cage, in hopes of wreaking vengeance on the unwelcome intruder. Querido's instincts proved to be correct, for that very night a house was burglarized by this fellow, who was captured and convicted.

Querido's cage door is arranged to swing easily, and when he feels inclined for a stroll he pushes it open and takes a constitutional, which includes an inspection tour of two or three rooms that are left at his disposal. Querido has been endowed by Nature with a pair of long legs, and like all the rest of his species, is a noted runner. He seldom flies, but skips about the floor with remarkable swiftness. When he is hungry, or the surroundings cease to interest, he returns to his gilded cage, opens the door by using his long curved bill, and hops inside, where he finds all the comforts and many of the luxuries of home.

He is very knowing, and if, when hopping about the rooms, he is told to go into the cage, immediate obedience is the result, and in he skips. The work basket holds innumerable attractions for him. Pecking away at the bright tinsle affords him an inexhaustible amount of pleasure, and nothing delights him more than to hide it in some out-of-the-way corner. All things that sparkle are attractive to him. Diamonds are a novelty, not being included among his playthings, so one day, when he discovered a sparkler on a dresser, he

was in a state of ethereal bliss. The ring was missing for several days and the owner experienced much anxiety, though the feeling was partly alleviated by the knowledge of Querido's hiding propensities. The ring was found finally in the folds of a lace curtain; where it had been placed to catch the sunbeams. Querido's ancestors in the long ago must have been crows, for in some way there has been effected a transmutation of characteristics. An old lady friend tells of a crow, the pet of her childhood, that would sit on her shoulder while she hemmed her kerchief. He would watch his opportunity, and when his little mistress dropped her work and musingly built air castles, he would seize her thread and fly to the wood pile, lift up a chip, and put it under. Again he would carry off her sunbonnet, then her thimble and needle, until all were hid. Then coming back to his resting place on her shoulder, he would caw in the jolliest manner, as if he realized he had done something unusually clever.

While investigating the why and wherefore of a spool of thread, one day, Querido came in contact with a difficult problem, for the more he experimented, the more were his feet entangled in a network of thread. Finally he gave up in despair and rolled over on one side. When found, he seemed exhausted, and it took much time and careful patience to cut and untangle the threads that bound him prisoner. One of his favorite pastimes is to hop about with his chain of tiny bells. There are half a dozen on the thread and he never tires of listening to the musical tinkle. He takes the chain in his bill and shakes it energetically, then drops it and pecks at the bells, and many happy hours are spent with this jingling toy.

HELEN LUKENS JONES.

GOLF BALLS' INVENTOR.

WHEN GUTTA PERCHA WAS SUBSTITUTED FOR LEATHER-INCASED FEATHERS.

[Pall Mall Gazette:] We have received the following interesting communication from W. Dalrymple, Fernie, Leven, Fifeshire:

There is a slight error in a little paragraph in your issue of the 14th, which you may or may not consider worth correction, because it is really of interest to golfers almost entirely. You mention that a retired Musselburgh watchmaker, aged 87, claims to have been one of the inventors of the "gutta" ball, and to have made and played with one over Musselburgh links in 1847. This claim to invention is believed to be ill-founded. Among Scotch golfers, at all events, it has, seemingly, been agreed to admit that the invention was shrouded in mystery, but that publication to the golfing world was made by either Campbell or Saddell or Tom Peter in 1848.

It was not, in fact, till November of last year that the true inventor was known—the Rev. Principal Paterson of the Binghamton Ladies' College, New York State. It was while a schoolboy at St. Andrew's, Scotland, in 1845, that he first rolled a lot of gutta-percha clippings, which were used in his fathers' business, into a ball, painted it and used it on the links. The ball invariably lost color and cracked, and was subsequently improved by his brother in Edinburgh, who sent several dozens over to St. Andrew's stamped "Patersons' Composite Golf Ball." Some of these lay for sale in the local booksellers' windows till dusted out, when they were brought to the notice of Stewart, custodian of the "Union Parlor"—subsequently developed into what is now known as the Royal and Ancient Golf Club—and to Allan Robertson and old Tom Morris, still in Allan's employment as a stuffer of feather balls.

Recent correspondence between the principal and old Tom tells that the die was cast then and there, and the old "feather" doomed. It was, as a matter of fact, over the new ball that Allan and old Tom severed business ties; though, as old Tom prettily puts it, "we never quarreled, but were aye the best of friends to the very last." This was on the eve of young Paterson's departure for the States, and he never heard much about his venture till the golf craze "struck" America, forty years later. It would seem that priority properly falls to the St. Andrew's man.

OWNS THE COSTLIEST AUTO.

[Paris Correspondence Chicago Chronicle:] W. T. Dannat, a famous American artist, is now enjoying the distinction of owning the most powerful and costliest automobile yet made. It was built especially by the Daimler firm of Germany. It is of the same type as the famous auto named Mercedes, which created such a stir two months ago when Lorraine Barrow entered it at the Pau races. However, Dannat's is still faster, being capable of making 150 kilometers an hour, equal to ninety-three miles. The terrific pace is feasible only on a good straight road and cannot be maintained safely over ten minutes, as the machinery would tear apart. But seventy-five miles may be sustained for half an hour and seventy indefinitely. Dannat's automobile is like a formidable engine of destruction. It is built low and very long. Its horse-power is fifty-two. Vanderbilt's new machine, now being built at the Parisian branch of the Daimler firm will be an exact duplicate.

MRS. MACKAY'S NEW AUTOMOBILE.

[Paris Correspondence New York Evening Journal:] Mrs. Clarence W. Mackay has suffered much from horses in New York of late, they tell us, and is impatiently waiting the delivery of the new \$18,000 automobile which her husband is having constructed for her at the factories of Messieurs Charron, Girardot & Voigt. After having one horse behind which she was riding killed, and another killed with her child in the hansom behind, all in one week's time, Mrs. Mackay doubtless will be gratified to have a vehicle capable of doing deadly execution on its own account.

The new automobile will be of thirty-two horse-power and a wonder for speed, we are assured. The details of construction are carefully guarded, but with all their reticence the builders do not deny that some surprises may be expected when the plans that have been followed become known, and a far greater surprise when the vehicle is put to a test of speed on the road. It is confidently expected that the automobile will be the fastest ever built.

Stories of the Firing Line * * Animal Stories.

His Big Boots.

AS A SERGEANT was bawling out his orders in a barracks in Dublin and watching the line of feet as the new recruits endeavored to obey the word of command, he found to his astonishment, that one pair of feet, more noticeable on account of their extra large size, never turned.

Without taking his eyes off those feet the sergeant bawled out a second order:

"About face."

He could see that all the feet except those he watched turned in obedience.

Rushing up to the owner, a little fellow, he seized him by the shoulder, shouting:

"Why don't you turn with the rest?"

"I did!" replied the trembling recruit.

"You did, eh? Well, I watched your feet, and they never moved."

"It's the boots they gave me, sir," said the poor fellow. "They're so large that when I turn, my feet turns inside of them."—[London Answers.

He Won Out, However.

AN INCIDENT in the career of Gen. Funston was related in this city yesterday which bears upon the character of Aguinaldo's capturer, as well as the destiny that appears to be directing the Kansan's unique military career.

When Gen. Funston's father was Congressman in 1886, Frederick used his influence with his sire to be appointed a cadet at West Point, for even at that early period of his life he had an insatiable craving to become a soldier. Congressman Funston did what he could to place his son, but as the cadetship was contested, another boy, Charles Crawford, beat him one or two points in the competitive examination.

Funston was appointed alternate, as it was believed Crawford lacked certain physical qualities that might at any time make him incompetent. Young Funston lived on the hope that this would prove true, but Crawford went through the military academy and graduated as a second lieutenant in 1890, and in time was promoted to a first lieutenancy.

At the fall of Santiago Crawford reached a captaincy, and proceeded to the Philippines. It was fated, however, that the first commander under whom he would serve in the islands should be Gen. Frederick Funston, the one he had defeated for honors when a boy.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.

Tommy and the Baby Boy.

AT A TIME when reckless allegations are being made, without an iota of proof, of cruelty on the part of soldiers in South Africa, a story from India may be related as an illustration of many which anyone acquainted with the army could tell. The famine was laying bare a large district; it was difficult for the people to keep body and spirit together. One day a private found by the side of the road a baby boy, who had evidently been abandoned in the last resort by his parents, who would not stand by and see the little life ebb away. Tommy picked the child up, and, in spite of regulations, smuggled him into the barracks. With the cognizance of a few "chums," he was able to get the youngster some food, and then put him under his bed out of sight to sleep off the exhaustion resulting from semi-starvation. A few hours later, when he went to bed, the little fellow was taken from his hiding place, and Tommy took him into his bed and did his best to warm him. In the following days the private and his friends kept their secret, and the baby was arrayed in a red coat, after the discarded military garment had undergone the necessary alterations—a funny figure he cut in the British uniform, it is said. Eventually Tommy took the little fellow to one of the Baptist missionaries and arranged that he should be admitted into the home provided for famine children. The soldier explained that he should regard the boy as his own, and that his keep would not be a burden on the mission. Subsequently Tommy paid for the youngster out of his slender pay, and even when he was moved to another district his remittances continued to arrive for the little castaway in the quaint red coat, who was a familiar figure in the home. This story shows once more that there are tender hearts hidden beneath the uniform of the humblest British soldier.—[London Telegraph.

Last Shot of the War.

DR. GEORGE L. CARTER, dentist, No. 926 Madison avenue, has come into possession of the pistol from which, it is claimed, the last shot was fired in the Civil War. It is a Remington weapon, and at one time belonged to an officer in the Confederate army, Lieut. Frank Carter, of Col. J. S. Mosby's command, who took the pistol from a northern soldier whom he killed in a skirmish at Singersville, Va. Shortly after the close of the war, Lieut. Carter gave it to his cousin, Dr. Carter, who, about twenty years ago, intrusted it to Gus Gaines of Mountsville, Va. Since then Dr. Carter has been collecting historic weapons and recently secured the famous Remington piece.

Dr. J. G. Wiltshire, himself a lieutenant of Mosby's command, has this to say of the last shots of the war:

"This is the way the lot of firing the last shots happened to fall to Carter and myself: In our efforts to save those of our comrades whose horses had become weak from long retreat, Carter and I were naturally thrown to the rear, where we were often called upon to wheel and fire upon the pursuing enemy, that we might save ourselves and those whom we were protecting. More particularly was this the case at Bull Run, swollen

from recent rains. Here we found that all the command had crossed save a few of the men; among them was Howard Kerfoot, now professor in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, whose horse had floundered in the water and would have been drowned but for our prompt rescue.

"At this juncture the enemy had arrived at the north bank of the stream and opened a murderous fire into us. To check this, Carter and I wheeled and delivered our pistols into their faces, thus allowing the men to pass over under cover of our fire in safety. We retired from the scene of conflict, and 'our friends the enemy' to their camp. Here a kind and merciful Providence let fall the curtain over the last act of the Army of Northern Virginia in the war between the States."—[Baltimore Sun.

Brave British Sailors.

EVER since the termination of the American campaign in China the Navy Department has been most desirous of having medals or other tokens of recognition bestowed upon two British sailors for heroic aid extended to a boatload of both American and British wounded at Taku on the 23d of June last. The two sailors were leading seamen, Edward Turner of H.M.S. Centurion and Able Seaman Herbert George of H.M.S. Orlando, and formed part of the guard for junks filled with wounded which were lying in the Pei-Ho, fastened to the bank opposite that occupied by the Chinese. The junk in question broke loose from the shore and drifted across stream and directly under the fire of the Chinese, who held the bank. Turner and George, at the risk of their lives, leaped overboard from their ships, swam to the rescue, and finally succeeded in shoving the boat clear of the bank and towing her out of the line of fire, though not before three of the wounded in the boat had been killed in the hot fire from the shore.

The department some time ago addressed a letter to Secretary Hay, asking him to call the attention of the British government to this exceptional act of bravery and humanity, with a view to bringing about some sort of recognition for the deed through that channel, our government being without any authority for bestowing marks of recognition of sailormen of foreign navies. The department still feels, however, that it has not quite exhausted itself in endeavoring to provide for the men, and it is probable that a special act of Congress will be solicited to fit this particular case.—[Washington Star.

ANIMAL STORIES.

A Plague of White Mice.

THIS community is suffering from a plague of white mice, which swarm in houses and barns.

The trouble had its origin a year ago last summer, when a man visited Mercerville, carrying a cage of white mice trained to do tricks and tell fortunes by selecting cards from a pack. The mouse man did a thriving business for nearly two weeks.

One day a terrier wandered that way and, before the mouse man could stop him, was in the tent mixing up with the mice. He made short work of the cage, and had slaughtered a half dozen mice before his master could call him off. A dozen or more of the mice disappeared. The owner of the dog paid liberal damages and the fortune-teller left town.

It was not long before white mice began to appear in the houses of Mercerville. They haunted the milk rooms, provision closets and attics, and nested in bureau drawers. They swarmed in the feed boxes and grain bins of the farmers and played havoc with the stock of the village storekeepers.

One night a meeting was held at the village store, with the purpose of devising means of ridding the community of the mice.

It was thought that the quickest way to annihilate the pests would be to plant the village with cats. The next day a hundred cats were distributed among the families in Mercerville. To the utter amazement of the village, the cats had no appetite for white mice. They not only refused to kill them, but appeared to like their company.

The people got rid of the extra cats and strewed their houses with pieces of bread and cheese smeared with poison, but the mice refused to nibble the poison food. Now the housewives are hoping that a Pied Piper will wander that way.—[Mercerville (N. J.) Correspondence New York Journal.

Strange Story of a Dog.

MORGAN N. SWIFT of New York is at the West Hotel. Mr. Swift represents a wholesale millinery house. He had an experience this morning that has been puzzling him all day. While walking from the hotel over to Nicolet avenue he passed a lady who had with her an exceedingly good-looking fox terrier. Mr. Swift's attention was attracted to the dog because it closely resembled a pet terrier owned by his wife, which was lost in New York a year ago. The harder Swift looked at the dog the more firmly conviction was forced upon him that it was the same dog.

In order to demonstrate the truth or falsity of this theory, Swift turned round and whistled in a peculiar way. Immediately the terrier stopped, cocked its ears and looked all about in an effort to locate the whistler. Then the New Yorker called "Dido, Dido—here, Dido," and the dog ran to him, jumping about and manifesting its great joy and in unmistakable manner.

The lady called her pet by another name, but the dog refused to budge from Swift's heels. The situation was embarrassing. Swift approached the lady and, bowing,

inquired how long the terrier had been in New York. She replied that her husband had brought her from London about six months ago, bringing her from Minneapolis as a pet for his daughter.

Swift was nonplussed. There was no mention concerning the identity of the dog, but he was in whose company he had found his pet was evidently a woman of position and refinement. The present home of the terrier is with one of the known families in Minneapolis.

The lady handed Mr. Swift her card and asked if he desired to discuss the ownership of the dog. He could do so with her husband at the house. Swift agreed to this solution of the difficulty. The parties had reckoned without the terrier, who upon following Swift and would not be going a step farther with the lady.

There was nothing for it, at last, but to leave the terrier in Mr. Swift's charge. He agreed to take the supposed owner and take the terrier with him.

In discussing the adventure Mr. Swift said that no doubt in his mind as to how the dog had come to London. It had strayed away in New York, picked up by some tourist and taken to London, where, in all probability, been lost again and then found by the hands of the dog dealers. He declared he would reimburse the innocent purchasers to the extent of their expenditures and a determination to take the dog back East with him. The dog has been in New York the last sixty days and was only brought to New York this morning.—[Minneapolis Tribune.

A Cab Horse That Eats Meat.

ACAB horse that eats meat is one of the oddities of Third avenue just now. The driver of the animal's odd appetite when he stopped one morning before the restaurant where scraps are given to hungry men from the Bowery. Some small scraps had fallen into the gutter were snapped up by the horse after he had disposed of his regular load of passengers seemed to enjoy them so much that he put meat on the horse's regular bill of fare.—[Sun.

Dog's Love for a Car.

ACOMMON yellow cur dog that was lost by a party of home-seekers that passed through Marion, has fallen in love with No. 13 on the Marion transit line. The car does the line from the city to the National Hotel a distance of three miles.

About a week ago the conductor noticed the dog following the car and thought it was the property of his passengers. When the car reached the home, the dog did not accompany any of the passengers, but when it started on the next trip, the dog followed, and when the stop was made at the terminal in the city the dog was there. This happened until six round trips had been made, when the dog came exhausted and rested while the car was on its trip, when he again followed until tired. He waited and awaited the return of his favorite. This happened up for several days, when some of the employees of the car company secured the dog and fastened it securely with a rope in the power-house. The teeth of the animal soon cut the rope, and No. 13 came along the chase was again taken up.

The dog does not give any attention to the cars that pass, but is faithful to his first love. No. 13 change three times a day and the dog does not bestow any of his love on any of the other cars. He seems to be infatuated with the car. He runs up his violent exercise and looks like a mad dog. His strange actions and attachment to the car has attracted the attention of all the passengers.—[Marion patch Cincinnati Enquirer.

Dog Can Count Sheep.

IT IS claimed that highly-bred collie dogs are as good as guardians at once knows it. Perhaps that is why Philadelphia jeweler has a collie in his store. The dog, too, jeweler run the risk of having a thief smash a window, snatch a handful of stones and get away with them. The jeweler's store, which is located on Lancaster street, between Thirty-eighth and Thirty-ninth streets, has been so much as possible by placing the dog in the window. The animal watches so quietly that the jeweler in passing get the idea that he is stuffed. The dog ment a pedestrian stops in front of the store, the collie gives signs of life by shaking his head and side and drawing back his lips as if he were growling. From time to time the dog looks out the various articles in the window that he is counting them to see if they are all there.—[Philadelphia North.

His Chum a Wild Cat.

WITH bear, deer, wild cats, wolves and other companions, George Greevy, who two years ago was a prospector in the Klondike, has come to the wilds of British Columbia, where he is now a lone vigil over property belonging to the Klondike Mining Company, of which his brother, J. J. Greevy, Omaha, Neb., is president.

"A wild cat comes to my cabin every night in a letter to his brother, W. J. C. Greevy, of the port. "I used to throw food out to it, but one night I coaxed it into the cabin, where I fed it. Now it comes in every night, and I don't think to eat. Then it goes out, and I don't see it until the next night."—[Philadelphia North.

TAMATE: THE QUEEN-FLOWER OF OUT- LAWRY.

BY ADACHI KINOSUKE.
Author, "Iroka: Tales of Japan,"
[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XLII.

DO YOU still remember Tokukichi—that simple man of Kameyama field, so famous for his honesty?

After the happy conclusion of his mission and—but never a whisper of this to his wife, please—a rather disagreeable experience, he went back to the lyric quietude of his farm to taste thoroughly, at his leisure, how pure and good is the country life and sunshine, full of gossiping sparrows, to be sure, and the silent shrines, and how wicked the life of city which is too crowded with devils for flowers and birds to find any place in it.

Since then, two years sang themselves away over the ever-whitening head of Tokukichi, very lustily with the cicadas in summer and very sadly with kirigirisu under the autumnal moon.

But now, the villagers of Kameyama village found once again their Lord in the City of Yedo. Of course they had to carry their tax gold to him.

Tokukichi, of course—who else pray? Had he not once before performed his mission above the criticism of the gods? Honor, moreover, was a rather tempting thing for the farmer. And then, too, was he not much wiser, now after all the experiences he had had? To add to that, his wife, who had raised her old man very high in her estimation after his triumphant return from his trip to Yedo, would not, if he wished it, let him decline the honor of being the trusted bearer of the taxes to Yedo.

So, after everything was made ready, once again he renewed his acquaintances with the innkeepers along the famous Tokaido.

Everything went very smoothly; and now all was over. He shuddered a little at the recollection of the bridge and the night stream flowing beneath him, black as Fate and Mystery made water. But he had no more serious inconveniences than that.

On the following day—so he decided—he would turn his face toward his rice fields and to the faces he had known all his life.

"Aa, master-of-the-inn, how much is my bill? I am going away tomorrow."

"Hel, honorable guest—you are going away tomorrow? Tomorrow, honorable guest?"

"Yes, tomorrow; that is, after I have another good night's rest in the august Yedo—yes."

"But, honorable guest, that is not quite to the highest interest of the honorable presence. We are to have one of the biggest sights here in the streets of Yedo, tomorrow—the sight that one could hardly see twice in his lifetime."

"El, but is it worth one night's lodging, master-of-the-inn? But is it such a big show? I would love to see a sight—a big one, so that I might take it home—I mean the story of the show—and squash the liver of my wife. She is a clever woman—she is never surprised at anything. Nothing can feaze her in the least."

"But, then, this would."

"But what is it?"

"Well, honorable presence, they are going to show us tomorrow the greatest woman-chief of outlaws you have ever heard of. She is caught and, of course, they are going to chop her head off. But of course the officers take her to her hole by the longest way imaginable. They will show her through the streets of Yedo first on a horse. The things she has done are enough to wilt any liver on the top side of the august Shogun's earth."

"You say, master-of-the-inn, that the officers are going to chop her head off like a chicken?"

"Well, august guest, this honorable robber has killed people like flies—so many that you cannot count them. And they say that she has never saved a single life in all her blessed days. Now doesn't that take your breath away? You may tell me all you want that in this circling, floating world there is no devil. Of all the she-monsters in this sin-many world! They tell me that if she had saved a single life—just one life, mind you—in all the many days of her life, then her life would have been saved this time. But, no sir, there was not a single life that she has saved! How fearful must be Buddha's punishment for such as that! Buddha, and Rakwan! Namu-Amida-Butsu! Namu-Amida-Butsu!"

CHAPTER XLIII.

And the entire story, which seemed to have had everything in it which was most likely to take man's imagination captive of the woman-chief of outlaws—her youth, her beauty and no end of daring crimes and adventures—was told to Tokukichi.

"Ha, ha, ha!"—I am sure I do not know where in all his simple education, Tokukichi learned that the death of a young, beautiful girl was funny—"But what a smooth run of luck I have on this trip! Wouldn't I like to have had my wife with me now? Sharp, master-of-the-inn, whee! why, sir, she can fool a fox any time. Many a night she did it—hundreds of nights. Why, sir, whenever she was through with all her work about the house, she would go out into a pine grove not far from the cottage, and spend a little time in fooling the sharpest fox alive—and that's the fact! Ha, ha! but that was the worst—that night, it was as black as lacquer, honorable presence. And the rain—it did seem as if the god of thunder made a little mistake and let fly one of his ugly kicks at the bottom of the reservoir of his good friend, the god of rain. Well, sir, my wife had been away seeing her mother, and she told me afterward and said: 'Well, you know, old man, my mother and I sit down upon a bit of a mat around a hibachi. And she has more words to say about nothing than any mortal tongue. And, you know, old man, the difference between her and her daughter is that her daughter has a little

quicker way of pumping words out which are pretty nearly as many as her mother's. The queezing up of the whole matter is this, old man—the Honorable Mistress Sun—that is if it be day—suddenly gets into a terrible way of breaking her neck racing at her blazing gait. Well, this time, as you know, it was at night and the sweet Mrs. Stars lost their pretty heads and tried to outrun my tongue, I suppose. Well, I could not finish my 'Fair evening to you' to my mother—of course she interrupted me a little, I think—and if she didn't, it wouldn't be she at all. But, sir, before I finished my salutation—which every decent person must say—what, my man, do you suppose I heard? Well, sir, it was the belfry of Tosen Temple tolling off midnight. 'Oh, it's the evening bell,' says my mother. 'Oh, of course,' say I—nothing, you understand, is like filial piety, and it won't do at all to turn the sharp end of your tongue against your mother. That is at least what the head priest of Tosen Temple said to me, and I mind that, old man, you see? But, just to leave a good taste in my mouth, I grin like the emptiest pumpkin head in the whole world of good Buddha. My mother got into a funny way of thinking—it must have begun in the early days when I was nothing but a baby—she got into a funny way of thinking, I say, that I carry something very loose and soft upon my shoulders. And naturally she has always thought that the best thing she could do for me was to fool me on everything. Well, as I was saying, there it was the midnight bell. Now I ask you, can I bow and say good night to her then and there, before giving her a single chance of speaking? That would be spoiling the whole thing—for that would be impolite, and all the work you have done in being filial goes for nothing. And the blessed thing I did in that night was to give my mother a chance of returning my good evening, in her own way and in her own time. When that was done politely, I bowed myself out and was in no time, in the downpour without the slightest ghost of an umbrella or a stray straw upon my back. I never thought of Mrs. Fox that night—somehow I was busy thinking of something else. But that was before I struck the bamboo grove of the temple. There I had not the smallest trouble in recalling Mrs. Fox. Everything was crow-black that night. As you know, I carried jyu-bako (lacquered boxes made to fit one on top of the other) and before my leaving, mother put some red rice into them. Of course, as I walked I thought of the special taste of Mrs. Fox for red rice."

"And then, my wife went on to tell me all about it—how she fooled Mrs. Fox! A-ha, ha, ha! but she is a wonder! the way she fooled Mrs. Fox that night! It's the neatest thing I have ever heard in all my life!"

"Deign to tell us how the honorable wife of the honorable presence fooled Mrs. Fox. We, of course, know here in Yedo, all about the cleverness of the honorable wife!"

"How did my wife fool Mrs. Fox? Oh, but that was capital—how? Let me see if I remember it. Oh, but it was so clever and no mistake, master-of-the-inn. And that's not all, why, sir, one day I came home from the field and saw a couple of thin shadows standing about my wife and she working her tongue at them with the speed that would dislocate the hip joint of honorable Mr. Lightning, upon my honor, it would, sir! That night I asked her: 'What were those thin shadows you were talking blue streaks to?' 'Why, my man,' she says, 'they are a couple of rather slow-minded Buddha, and they came down to have me tell them a thing or two, so that they might put on a likely face with the rest of their companions on the festival of Bon!' she says. She teaches Buddha—can you beat that in Yedo, master-of-the-inn?"

The shrewd master-of-the-inn was thoroughly convinced of the marvelous brilliancy of the wife of his guest.

"What a pity that the honorable madam is not with you!"

"What a pity!" echoed—and that with the deepest sincerity of his heart—Tokukichi.

Of course Tokukichi was going to stay over night and take in the greatest show of his life—that was settled.

CHAPTER XLIII.

It was a singular procession through the smile of the genial day of the Third Moon. The people, with their sake gourds dangling down their backs, were making the streets musical with their laughter. They were all going to Kameido or perhaps to Mukojima. And the solemn procession looked the more out of place because of the good humor of the day and the people, the sun and the flowers.

A huge wooden placard, borne by a man in an official livery, headed the procession. Upon its white face, the placard told, in large, clear handwriting, the story of the criminal exposed to the eyes of the public.

Following it came the man who walked very slowly, leading a horse. Upon the horse, you could see Tamate—her arms and bosom tightly confined within the network of very coarse straw ropes. As usual, she was pale and her pallor, somehow, in spite of all the scientific negations to the contrary, made you think of the color of vacuum. Her eyes were set, staring at things with that pathetic blindness as if things and people were nothing—not even dense enough for shadows. They looked through them; they looked beyond, very far, far beyond them.

Evidently she meant to stare at the nothingness of life, at the mockings of what the childish call Fate—the utter nothingness beyond a little heap of dust which sums up the most brilliant and the commonest of our lives without difference. All the same she was staring at the Buddha. Meaning all the while to be philosophical, and therefore in the depth of her meditations, she did not know that she, in truth, was praying to the gods.

Running in front of the procession and trailing very thickly behind, the crowd gave the appearance of an ever-gathering avalanche of people through the streets. As the people read the proclamation—heard the comments shouted in suppressed whispers over and over again through the crowd, they opened their eyes wider and wider at Tamate. It was not possible to their way

of thinking, that a mere woman of her be able to carry all those gigantic, venomously successful issues. Of course, distinguished, striking face she did have.

"The greatest outlaw who has ever some voice said. In a second the throwing the sentence back and forth is in the heart of the most prudish, and the very best of us to stick our window when the greatest criminal

The greatest king, the greatest writer, thinker, poet—they are always the world. You must, indeed, be very ingly simple to escape the nauseating famous name and of their homely such a hard time to the caricatured at least a little amusing—bearable in other

It is, however, the rarest thing in the greatest of the outlaws is caught. It reason, that overwhelming interest in Tamate. And then, too, a woman, a frail grace, this criminal who had

able government of the Shogun for so

A sight! I should certainly think

(It is an enterprising age—these new century. With all your boast, however, class circus of this, our day, can afford that could in any way—after your part its queer and unrighteous twistings in ter-day show—what sight, I say, can pared with this sight?)

Tokukichi's inn looked out upon a street. And it was not long before the stentorian announcement of the procession down the narrow street, shouted out of heralds, young, very healthy as to and legs, and who followed the procession asked, without being paid a single sin but from the sheer love of things, from tion of their hearts to the high and pure new.

In his tremendous, quaky ardor of advantageous stand from which to view Tokukichi did not spare his legs. I am know how many times he went up and of the inn. Finally, however, he found the entrance of the inn where there was of stone, which helped him to be a little losing his soul most impartially through mouth, both of which were stretched with compromising wideness.

Behind many pairs of eyes, which upon the pale face upon the horse, people in life and habits of thought and thinking many different things. Most of alike in one respect—they were all not know what it was that made them mother was perhaps thinking of her sister of her sisters. And then, too, these days when the people of Nihon used to on the same height with their gods—(that and away above their life. The death vision was painful to them—much more their own death. And that may explain tears which watered the streets through passed on her horse.

It was for an impressive lesson—to be Yedo see with their own eyes, the end of Tamate was riding on her horse. But think about that. Can you tell me why time a government tries to do something tional good of its people, the people absent-minded and go their way and thing quite at variance with the wisom ment?

Right before their noses was such a death. And they had no power to do anything healthy lesson in ethics, were becoming with their inability. And all that they were doing right there—the offering of and tears was by no means meager.

"But honorable presences, is it possible of that Buddha-face—honorable presence face of hers, giving calm to your heart—let the humble one ask you whether a face could be without good in her heart? Yes, nobody can give a lie to that, stand upon his head and look at her—presences, it is more than beautiful, it, it is good, good—Buddha-good! And let me ask the honorable presences, if out a single good?"

"No doubt, no doubt, honorable have done many a good turn to her I shall stake my life upon that. Be quite sure that there must be a large in her heart where the humble one would than anything else to have a home. But fessions, honorable presence, what can never saved a single life in all her life—kataga-nei!"

"Can't be helped, as the honorable same I would not like to believe her own herself. The humble one does wish that one or two little lives—why, honorable are as common and plentiful as dirt, the people are trying to throw away in when we are not fed from the hands of Buddha like a flock of doves, honorable karma made her overlook so easy a matter a life—a stray beggar from killing him a great pity, upon my word!"

"Oh, it's a shame, a great pity and orable presence! If I had ten daughters every one of them to save the life of woman."

"The humble one would hate much a tioner—upon my honor, how could she be not an incarnation of Benten? is fair enough for it. And the face of Men and women who began by talking

HOLY WEEK IN ROME. CHURCHES AND RELICS TO BE SEEN. FIREWORKS IN THE COLOSSEUM.

From a Special Correspondent.

THE city was crowded, over-crowded. Peasants and royalties were elbowing each other on the narrow streets, or strolling with easy grace the length of the beautiful Via Nazionale. We had spent Palm Sunday in Venice and were now spending the Holy Week in the Holiest of Cities!

I had hardly settled myself that first night, when a rap came upon my door, and the little signora, with her sharp black eyes and little manners, shoved it open, handing me a card. Well, I declare, friends from Chicago! I was out in the little reception room in about two minutes, where, sure enough, I found the professor and his wife! "Come, get on your hat," said the professor, "and accompany us to see the fireworks in the Colosseum!" Shades of my ancestors! they might just as well have invited me to witness the eminently religious ceremony of boiling St. John in a caldron of oil; one would certainly have surprised me about as much as the other.

The Colosseum was dark and gloomy as we entered. The moon rode high, a thin finger nail of light, and we were cautioned to step carefully, for there were many dangerous places. Our driver left us safely at the big entrance and to right and left stretched the huge stalls and partly destroyed stabling for the Emperor's horses. Great black shapes showing dimly, while through the ruined gateway we passed to the arena of the vast amphitheater. All sorts of queer sights flitted across my mental vision. The terrifying tragedy of "Quo Vadis," and the many martyrdoms rose in my memory, and I could almost hear an earnest voice somewhere in the darkness exclaiming, "Ye call me Lord, and ye do well!" I looked about instinctively, half-expecting the ghostly reappearance of the gladiator suggested! Nothing of the kind happened, however. Only the mist rose a bit higher, bringing with it the smell of the damp masonry which showed through the ruined flooring of the arena. The rows and rows of seats, broken and partly destroyed, with windowed outline against the sky, had such a solemn air, I could not believe anything so modern as fireworks would be allowed; but the desecration began, and brilliant blazes of red lighted the immense structure. The ferns below glowed for an instant fresh and green, the lines of old steam pipe, half uncovered, showed their leaden lengths, and the mysterious doors and arches were revealed in clear outline, then resolved themselves into mist and uncertainty again, as the color faded. There were roman candles, which were appropriate enough there, if anywhere, skyrockets and fizzes of all kinds; and we took our way home, when the entertainment was ended, reluctantly.

The next morning early, the signora, with a gentle but determined rap, reminded us of breakfast, and, with a start, I remembered that this was not Chicago, but Rome, and that the bright sunshine flooding the room was the glorious, world-renowned sunshine of Italy! It didn't take me long to get out, I assure you, and what a breakfast for a hungry girl! We had arranged for coffee and rolls, the regular continental breakfast; but the thin, consumptive-looking slices of bread, presented on the prettily-decorated plate, were hardly enough for three, to say nothing of five. The signora was a French woman, and, with true Parisian politeness, could not in any way intimate that we were hungry. We managed it very nicely, however, and left a crust to satisfy her of our innate refinement. All the time we were with her, the breakfast never varied a slice, but we regularly breakfasted with her, drank our coffee, and got a chop around the corner!

A Busy Day.

There are so many things requisite to one's first visit to Rome during holy week, that we were constantly on the go. One of the most important is the visiting of the seven great churches. These seven basilicas, which possess the invaluable privilege of according 6000 years' indulgence to the penitent who shall visit in one day their designated shrines and altars, are St. John Lateran, St. Peter's, Santa Maria Maggiore, St. Paul fuori le Mura (without the walls), Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, San Sebastien and San Lorenzo fuori le Mura.

When one reflects that these seven largest churches in Rome are scattered at great distances, belief in the reasonableness of the indulgence granted for visiting them all in one day and saying appropriate prayers in each increases. The granting of indulgences is so largely a feature of worship in Rome that this small feature of 6000 years from the sum total of Purgatory is almost inconsiderable.

The Santa Scala.

All good Catholics, particularly strangers, ascend the Holy Staircase, during Easter week, for with proper prayers, so many "Patens" and so many "Aves," the ascenders gain 3000 years' indulgence every time of mounting; but what temptation is that in a church where indulgences for 29,000 years may be bought on the festa of the patron saint! One of our party being of the Catholic faith, we all accompanied her to the Lateran Palace, where the staircase is located.

This stairway is claimed to be the actual one which Jesus Christ descended from the judgment seat of Pilate. It is certainly somewhat singular that it should have escaped the total destruction of Jerusalem—but there it is. "These holy steps that pious knees have worn," till they are nearly worn away, are now cased in wood. On Fridays, during Lent, crowds go up, always on their knees, repeating an Ave Maria or Paternoster at each step. There they were, on the day we visited the church, some even prone on their faces, with tears streaming down their cheeks, pressing their lips devoutly to its worn surface. The crowd was made up of young women,

old women, children, men and boys, in various stages of prostration and religious frenzy. By the time they reached the top, where the life-sized figure of Christ lay swathed in flowers and crowned with the cruel thorns, most of the pilgrims were hysterical. Sobs and cries rent the air.

At the top, past the pitiful figure of Christ, the penitent reaches the Sanctum Sanctorum, a little dark-looking square hole with an iron grated window, so holy that no woman is ever permitted to enter. I am told it contains an altar piece painted by St. Luke, with the help of some angels, and is said to be a very poor piece of painting. I have heard that Carlo Maratti used to lament that the evangelist had not been a contemporary of his that he might have given him a few lessons.

Making use of the side stairways for use of Protestants and those descending, for no one descends the Holy Staircase (only Martin Luther had the temerity to do so,) we reached the little chapel.

Beautiful Services.

The daily, almost hourly, services in the different churches are beautiful. Among them I must mention the mass of the "Tenebre," that curious triangular service, in which the lights go out one by one, leaving the altar in total darkness, and are as mysteriously relighted. Ah me! How sweetly the Pope's Angels did sing, and with what impressive majesty the service was concluded by a glimpse of the handkerchief of St. Veronica! As night fell, we huddled closer together, and only the light of the officiating priest twinkled far away on the altar. The music of the organ swelled and disappeared, then rose again, filling the arches with sweetness. The air grew chilly, the music of voices softened and with one accord stopped, as away above us, high on one of the huge pillars, appeared a twinkling light, followed by the gorgeous red robes of a cardinal. The devout ones fell on their faces; but I raised my head, impressed with the skill of the presentation, and watched while the holy handkerchief, with its miraculous picture of the face of Christ indelibly imprinted on the linen, was held up for all to see. It is inclosed in a double-faced glass case, framed in gold, and is carefully upheld by the cardinal or priest who officiates. I could distinctly see in the gathering dusk the outlines of the handkerchief, and, too, the misty portrait, as it appeared in the feeble light. Then the light was withdrawn, the kneeling people arose, the music in weird tones filled the church, and the celebration was over. We all walked quietly down the pillared portico, stepping thoughtfully, filled with the beauty of the service.

Viewing the Holy Relics.

The most holy relics are exhibited in the various churches on Holy Thursday. We all went to Santa Maria Maggiore first. The walk beyond the walls is delightful, and we sauntered comfortably, at last entering the church by raising the huge leathern curtain hanging before the door. The incense already floated on the air. The nave was filled with people, a wide space before the altar was carefully preserved, and, as I looked, edging my way slowly ahead, the chanting of choir boys and priests was heard. A procession entered and escorted an official, who, while we waited, was fully arrayed in the garb of his calling, magnificent red robes. The censors swung, the attendants stood with devoutly-clasped hands, the lights filtered through the high windows, leaving stains of color in the air. Soon, I mean within an hour, and that's soon, you know, the dressing was finished, and the procession moved again. This time the holy cardinal was proceeding to the crypt of the church for an especial service, to procure the holy relics. Noticing several going, we went too. The way was not far, and, as His Eminence was passing us soon, and all were kneeling, my friend, in a stage whisper, asked, "Shall I kneel?" "No," I answered, in a scarcely audible tone. The cardinal's assistant, a delightfully handsome young priest, noticing my pretty friend, placed his hand on her head with a smile, saying: "Kneel, signorita."

Following the procession, we were soon back in the church, and the cardinal ascended the narrow stairway leading to an iron balcony on a side pillar. He waved his hand as we stood, when all good Catholics instantly bowed their heads or prostrated themselves. We did not, but instead, watched intently for the relics, too holy to be seen more than once a year, which are, in fact, not seen at all by the devout ones, whose faces are turned to the floor. His Eminence noticed those standing, peering round the big glass with its gilt frame, and smiled pleasantly.

Some of the relics to be seen in Rome on Holy Thursday are: Half the real Cradle of Christ; a miraculous statue of the Virgin; body of Pope Sixtus V, unchanged since burial and working miracles; half of the true cross (though two-thirds are to be seen in several other places than Rome); all the nails used in the Crucifixion; the crown of thorns and some of the sponge; a phial of the Virgin Mary's tears; a piece of her green petticoat; several drops of the blood of Christ in a phial; and these lighter relics were ballasted by a whole cargo of the holy earth from the sepulchre of Christ. The magnificent Basilica of St. John Lateran has some very holy and marvelous relics, viz.: Busts of St. Peter and St. Paul in silver and set with jewels; a lock of hair from the Virgin Mary; a piece of the stone of the sepulchre on which the angel sat; a piece of the identical porphyry pillar on which the cock perched and crowed when Peter denied Christ; rods of Moses and Aaron; a piece of the real Ark of the Covenant; some towels with which the angels wiped Saint Lorenzo's face while he was being broiled on a gridiron. I'll not attempt to enumerate all the truly true things to be seen during holy week in the city of Rome. At other times, a suitable fee will bring most of these relics to sight, but without the music, lights and beautiful robing, the effect of the miracle-working wonders is less impressive.

It is hard to realize that one is not living a story, or really a part of ancient history, with this delightful nearness to antiquity; but Easter morning comes here, as everywhere else, glorious and bright; renewing one's faith, in spite of the material clogs which hide its simplicity and real significance.

G. HILL.

Rome, Italy.

ended in mounting into the ecstasy of soliloquy. The enthusiasm over the fate of the beautiful woman made them rather forgetful of themselves.

depressed murmurs and wet silence mingled in at the oldest and the most pathetic fashion. Sentences which were bitten in two by sobs were heard every-

and at last, here it came, the procession, in front of the stone pedestal on which Tokukichi was trying his best to be all eyes. It moved with all the thoughtful

of the officers of those goodly days when they were better to do than to be teaching their peo-

The movement of the man who bore aloft over his head the large wooden placard which told the story

of the crime of the criminal made Tokukichi think of the beauty and majestic locomotion of an earthworm.

It was as if it should be. People must not fail to read the story that was large and clear upon the placard.

I have said already, the procession came out of the gates of the Shogun's government just for the amusement of the public. And the horse, too, seemed to

take the full spirit of the occasion, and seems to have taken the full spirit of the occasion of its life

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Among Hostile Yaquis. By Jose de Olivares.

A THRILLING RIDE*

TWENTY LEAGUES' BY MEXICAN DILIGENCIA THROUGH THE SEAT OF WAR.

By a Special Contributor.

GUAYMAS (Mexico.) April 15.—To be roused out of a rosy slumber at 2 o'clock on a moonless morning and started on a twenty-league ride in a vehicle known as a "Mexican diligencia" is, at best, not the most cheerful of traveling propositions. And the further knowledge that the twenty leagues in question lie through the heart of one of the most hostile Indian countries civilization ever grappled with, is in no sense a relief to the situation. However, such were precisely the circumstances under which we set forth—the camera man and myself—from Guaymas to the region where the Yaqui war is in progress. Moreover, unlikely as it may seem, the crew of our diligencia consisted of a trio of the noisiest and withal most questionable-appearing savages this self-same tribe of Yaquis could well produce.

The unique personality of our immediate custodians calls for a word of history concerning the brave old wagon wherein we were proceeding away on our happy-go-lucky assignment of ascertaining how matters stood in this long-waged conflict on the Mexican frontier. The conveyance is owned and operated by a company whose headquarters are somewhere in the heart of the Mexican Sierras, at the further extremity of the road from Guaymas. The specific name of this institution, if it has one, is nowhere in evidence along its line of travel, notwithstanding which it is entitled to pronounced credit for its magnificent nerve in having contracted with the Mexican government to carry the mail to the various army posts located at intervals throughout the hostile country. True, the dangers threatening the leagues of desert highway that must be traversed each trip are, thanks to the rigorously conducted campaign of the Mexican troops, less grave than formerly; which condition, however, does not alter the fact that the service has continued right along throughout the whole progress of the war, and with singular regularity, considering the frequency with which the drivers and their crews at the outstart had to be renewed. The relentless policy of the Yaquis in repeatedly picking off the Mexican drivers, and the consequent dearth of these functionaries, that early developed, impelled the stage company to resort to a desperate expedient. It was reasoned that the Yaquis were in the habit of sending out members of their band, from time to time, to seek employment on the various haciendas with a view to replenishing their ammunition and other supplies essential to the continuance of hostilities. Therefore, why not secure immunity for the government mails by recruiting their stage crews from among these ubiquitous tribesmen? True, such a measure promised no additional safeguard to their passenger service, but then the company had never made any pretensions, to say nothing of contracts with the traveling public, on that score. It was the postal subsidy that must be protected—the passengers could look out for themselves.

At all events there was clearly no other salvation for the company's contract, and the experiment was forthwith put to the test. The innovation worked to perfection—so far as the mails were concerned. True, the belligerent hostiles, from their roadside retreats, continued to make targets of such passengers as were so unwary as to obtrude their personalities from behind the wagon screens, but the vehicle itself, so long as a Yaqui driver was perched on the box, never once failed to get through on schedule time.

Two Weeks Without a Massacre.

However, as previously explained, conditions had improved somewhat at the time we undertook the trip, quite two weeks having elapsed since the last massacre had been enacted on the road we were to traverse. Nevertheless, on the occasion of our visit to Hermosillo, it had occurred to Gen. Torres that we might feel more at ease if accompanied by an armed escort over the most hostile portions of the route, to which end I carried the necessary credentials, entitling us to such protection at any of the military outposts we would pass.

For the first four hours of the journey the darkness of our somewhat spare accommodations was of an intensity that, under ordinary circumstances, must certainly have produced a corresponding degree of monotony. Not so in this case, however. The Yaqui driver and his staff were too industriously occupied with infusing life into the motive power of our equipage to admit of any such tendency to dullness. The power in question consisted of half a dozen diminutive mules, hitched two abreast in the rear and four in the van, after the prevalent custom of the country. The characteristic perversity of this curiously-incorporated string explained the necessity of so large a corps of drivers. Their method was for the chief functionary to hold the lines, while his two lieutenants raced along on either side the unwilling team, which they sought to terrorize into a perpetual scamper, through the agency of long lashed whips of the blacksnake variety. This heroic process the entire trip continuously interspersed with a series of such hair-curling warwhoops as only the Ladian can devise. All of which constituted a most suggestive accompaniment to our silent reflections on the long list of casualties, to which we were aware our chosen route was solely indebted for its fame.

The chief point of interest we passed in the course of this early morning interval, was a sudden swerve in the road, where this same diligencia had been capsized on its last inbound trip, which mishap had resulted in a broken leg to one, besides various bruises sustained by other

of the occupants. The details of this little incident were furnished us by a fellow traveler, who happened to be one of the passengers at the time, and who accounted for its origin as follows:

"You see," he explained, "this is a new crew—just down from the mountains—and the last trip having brought the three into contact with a military canteen for the first time, they naturally filled up on all the fire-water, in the shape of native mescal, that came within their reach. Result—a smash-up of course. But," he added, encouragingly, "that was twenty-four hours ago and no doubt they're sobered up by this time."

May be so. But considering the hideousness of their yells I felt at liberty to doubt the theory. The fortitude of my informant, however, in undertaking another trip with the same outfit, in the face of the experience he had so recently undergone, could not but excite my admiration, and I straightway proceeded to cultivate him. My new acquaintance proved to be a civilian resident of an army post in the heart of the Indian country and, being thoroughly conversant with the territory through which we were passing, his companionship constituted a most enlightening feature of our trip. Added to this, he was something of a philosopher, in his own way, which fact he demonstrated about the time the darkness began to disperse. Observing by the faint light, which sifted in through the drawn curtains, that this denizen of the frontier was to all appearances unarmed—a most unconventional circumstance for these parts—I took occasion to express my surprise at the fact; to which comment he responded, in his somewhat unique vocabulary:

An Entertaining Passenger.

"Oh, I reckon I'd be heeled fast enough anywhere outside this particular wagon. But I've figured it out, that the less valuables you show along this road the better your chances are for getting through with a whole skin. Now, there's nothing a Yaqui Indian will covet quicker'n a good shooting iron—like either of those you an' your partner are sporting, for example. And he'd a heap sooner pick you off for the chance he'd stand of bagging your gun, than he would me if he knew I had a million dollars in my clothes. You see, money's no object whatsoever to the Yaqui, while shooting utensils are both his capital and religion. Besides," he added deprecatingly, "there's no use spoiling your ride by looking for trouble from beginning to end of it. For if the Yaquis happen to spot you anywhere along the line, they'll sure get you, and without giving you a shade of a chance to argue the point with 'em. Is there any record of a live Yaqui ever having been seen from this stage? Not one. But on the other hand, he's spotted no end of travelers in his time—as the dead list will show. There was the American photographing outfit from Hermosillo, for instance; two in the party and the last ones in here before yourselves. Well, they were armed to the eyebrows and undertook to get through to Alamos, at the other end of the route, but the Yaquis got them before they were an hour out of Torin—killed in this same wagon, and on the very seat you're sitting on."

Here was an altogether new version as to the proper conventionalities to observe while en route through the Yaqui domain. During the progress of my interlocutor's theorizing I repeatedly caught myself in the act of casting skeptical glances at my erstwhile trusty Colt, which, to insure convenience, I had switched around on my belt to a position immediately in line with my right eye. And the camera man, meanwhile, was equally distrustful of the policy he had espoused, for he eyed the Winchester that rested athwart his knees in a way that convinced me he heartily wished it were his tripod. There's a deal more of truth than jest in these random details of that brief but singularly impressive discourse on the one-sidedness of Indian bushwhacking ethics. And the character of the country, with its ominous jungles of cactus and chaparral, through which the road at intervals plunged, tended to enhance our respect for the philosophy of our compatriot of the Sonora frontier, in no small measure.

While continuing on our way, the individual in question pointed out to us various spots of historical interest connected with the present war. As we approached an especially dense thicket, he suddenly observed, "I think I said awhile back that a live Yaqui had never been seen by travelers along this route—but there's a dead one over in yonder tree that anyone can look at."

A Growsome Spectacle.

We followed the direction indicated and, sure enough, beheld a bleaching skeleton dangling from the limb of a mesquite tree.

"You'll see others like him at various points along the road," was the uncanny assurance vouchsafed by our friend. "They've been hung up there by the Mexican troops," he explained, "as a warning to the live hostiles. This particular one marks the spot where a whole battalion of Mexicans were wiped out, at the outstart of the war, in a fight with the Indians. You see, the devils decoyed the soldiers into one of their ambushes, and then picked them off one after another from their hiding places in the cactus beds, where nothing that's human could reach them. That's their favorite style of fighting. In fact, a Yaqui will never show fight unless he has the sure drop on his intended victim. Their time for bushwhacking on a large scale, however, like the bloody massacre at this point, is past now, for the Mexicans have cut up what's left of them into small disorganized bands that go skulking about in the chaparral, or lie in wait near the roadside for travelers without escort."

We stopped the diligencia long enough to secure a photograph of the growsome thing in the mesquite tree, and then resumed our journey. A little further on we drove into the village of Las Guasimas, the first military

post of importance in the Yaqui country, consisted of an adobe cuartel, or barracks, by a wretched assortment of thatched huts. We had expected to secure an armed remainder of our journey lay through the bed of the hostile district. But, upon an officer in command, we were informed that the garrison had gone in pursuit of a band only two days before had visited the village and made off to the mountains with fourteen cattle belonging to the post. They posed to have been made by the largest marauding bands, in retaliation for the sustained at the hands of the Mexicans previously. On the occasion in question, he tracked the hostiles to their principal Sierras de la Bacate, and, in the fight, Yaquis were killed, forty women and children and the village destroyed. The captives by the Mexicans in this engagement were confined in the cuartel at this place, permitted to photograph them. When at the post, they were in a pitiable condition, food, and harsh treatment at the hands of the lords and masters. Hence, their insurance them, as it does, plentiful food and section, is in the nature of a boon to them.

The Scene of a Tragedy.

On our way from Las Guasimas to the passed through one of the most desolate ever traversed, its chief danger lying in its proximity to the mountains, from which command a view of the road for miles around the course of the afternoon our train pointed out to us the spot, opposite a bend in the roadside, where two weeks previous the cruelest tragedies of the war had been enacted. A party of travelers, consisting of two men and two little children, were fired upon by who were secreted in the ravine, and all two women killed outright. The woman had a most miraculous escape, her child, her arms, at which she fell fainting among companions in the road. Here, hours before recovering, and meanwhile, thinking their awful work complete, had enabling the bereaved wife and mother to rest post in safety.

At another point we were shown a tree, between two top branches of which a cured. This rude contrivance had been a lookout tower by a company of soldiers in the district. The invention, however, proved a failure, for the first sentry who perched was picked off by a Yaqui sharpshooter had secured so much as a preliminary surrounding country. Thereafter the sentry stand in the mesquite tree was superfluous evil.

Night was far advanced before our into Torin, the chief outpost on the Indian country. Here we were courteously Col. Vega, chief of Gen. Torres's staff, who immediately in command of the 4000 Mexican field. On the following morning we were escorted, consisting of a lieutenant and five men, and, thus equipped, at once proceeded through the Rio Yaqui basin. The tiny crystalline stream of considerable volume its tortuous course through a valley of fertility. It was this region that the latterly allotted by the Mexican government to exclusive domain. There is absolutely no ever, that its rich lands have ever been them, as it is to a great extent densely mesquite trees. In the midst of these Yaquis have dwelt for many years, and their deep-seated hatred of the white man's tendencies. The missionary priests among them in vain, as the more earnest strive for the uplifting of the Yaqui, they were despised by him. And, moreover, perversity, he has been suffered for years to control of this beautiful region—until at a barbarous policy of death and destruction longer endured. And this is the story of the Yaqui came to be expelled from his fathers—and why his heritage is henceforth become the heritage of others. JOSE DE OLIVARES.

*The illustrations on page 17 are from photographs taken by an artist from the Los Angeles.

FIVE-CENT FARE, NEW YORK TO PHILADELPHIA

[New York Herald:] Albert L. Johnson, engaged in a plan for constructing a ground route in London and wants to in New York, says that he will carry in an hour and half from New York for a five-cent fare and make money by promoting the Philadelphia, Trenton & Railroad Company, which is to connect by an electric trolley line.

"Before the snow falls this year," he says, "the electric road will be operating between New York and carrying passengers for fare. Within a year after it is running, it will be reduced to five cents."

Views Caught in the Yaqui Country.



Captive Yaquis and their Mexican Captors



Col. Vega, Commanding Field Forces.



Staging in the Yaqui Country.



Yaqui Camp



A Growsome Warning to the Yaquis.



Captive Yaquis leaving the Mountains.

LONELY TRAPPERS.

THE PURSUIT OF FUR STILL ACTIVE
IN THE NORTHWEST.

From the New York Sun.

SALEM (Or.) Feb. 24.—No white people in these winter days are passing more lonely, primitive lives, beset with hardships and abounding in deeds of daring, than are the fur trappers of the Northwest region. From Central California northward to the Alkali Lakes in British Columbia there are nearly two thousand trappers who are living in huts, tents or log cabins, amid deep snow on the mountain sides, in desolate gulches or along frozen creeks, entirely cut off from intercourse with all mankind by enormous areas of snow and miles of ice. Most trappers have a companion or two to share their lonely seclusion, but some grizzled old fellows live alone for months at a time, from early winter until spring, without hearing the sound of a human voice. Every year the trappers bring in to the trading posts the information that some old trapper has been found dead in his cabin away out in the wilds. Then, too, many a trapper who has gone tramping across the country, over mountains and through cañons, toward his winter quarters, in the fall has never again been heard from by his fellow-trappers. The occasional finding of a human skeleton beside a trap and a gun tells the end of a trapper and of the lonely life he had led.

An industrious trapper may get furry pelts to the value of \$400 and \$500 from autumn till April, but the average winter's earnings are \$250. During the six or seven months of life in camp each man may get a dozen beaver skins, thirty or more marten, a half-dozen beaver, fifty skunks and several hundred pounds of deer skins.

When the trapper goes into camp in the fall he builds a cabin about ten miles down from the summit of the range. Leaving some food and bedding and as many traps as will be needed at this end of the line, he pushes on ten or a dozen miles farther, cutting a trail as he goes to the next place for a camp, where he builds another cabin, and, supplying it as before, he continues on his way to the valley. Having arrived there, he turns the pack animals loose. Then a few days are spent in exploring the cañons opening into the valley, and if exceptionally good trapping "sign" is found, maybe another camp is erected near to it.

When the camp has been made, the trapper or trappers turn their attention to providing for the six or more months' food supply. Late in October the killing of elk and deer for winter food begins. With trappers there is no sport in shooting deer or elk for food. Every day the men go out and hunt like men attending to business, and in a week or ten days there is usually enough meat salted down and dried to last until spring comes.

Everything is now in readiness for the winter's work, and if there are two trappers together on a line, one of them will take one end of it and the other the other. Then they will begin setting traps, each man's string generally extending over a distance of fifty or sixty miles. Generally steel traps are used, but occasionally deadfalls made of heavy logs are built for the capture of a particularly large bear, which would be likely to get away with a common trap; and then there are a few trappers who make use of bent saplings, to which a slipnoose of stout rope is attached which springs up and draws the loop tight around anything that touches the bait. Whatever the method, the trapper generally makes a trip over his line once in three or four days to reset any traps that are sprung and make sure of anything caught. On these trips he takes his gun along, for it is no uncommon thing for him to have trouble with a trapped bear.

Any sort of trapping for a livelihood means a hard, lonely life, but the trapper who is alone lives a life that very few men, unless brought up to it from earliest youth, would want to experience. All day long he must endure hardships and privations. He must tramp through snow for miles every day. He must endure blizzards and windstorms. He must feel the gnawing of hunger for hours without complaining, and at all times his food is coarse and prepared amid crudities in cookery. Every day, or at least every other day, he must visit his traps set miles apart. In the spring and late autumn the swamps, where he gets some of his best furs, are often flooded and he has to wade through water to reach his traps. Beaver traps are often set under water, sometimes two or three feet below the surface. In summer the flies torture him, the mosquitoes, the black flies, and worst of all the tiny sand flies. In winter the snow is sometimes a help and sometimes a great hindrance. If it is very soft and light the best snowshoes will sink into it more or less, while in thawing weather it is likely to ball up on the bottom of the snowshoe until it weighs several pounds. But when there is a hard, icy crust and the snow is deep enough to cover the underbrush, traveling in the swamps is better than at any other season in the year.

When the trapper gets home at night his shanty is cold and dark, and he must make a fire and cook his own supper, not always a very satisfactory one. Venison is enjoyable once in awhile, but it is rather dry meat and one soon tires of it, especially in winter and spring, when the deer have been living on hemlock until the flesh is thoroughly flavored with it. Even partridges are very tiresome as a steady diet. Rabbits are apt to be tough, and bear's meat, which is not often obtainable, is much like coarse beef. When supper is over and the dishes are washed, if he washes them, there is nothing for the trapper to do but smoke his pipe for a little while and then go to bed. Occasionally there is a woodsman who is fond of a book, but usually he cares very little for reading, or has not money to spend on it.

Most people nowadays believe that the value of the peltry industry has shrunk to very small proportions. The value of the raw fur trade of the United States,

exclusive of Alaska, in 1899, was \$3,785,000. The trapping industry of British Columbia annually yields furs to the value of about \$1,200,000, and the raw fur product of the States of Washington, Oregon, Idaho and Montana was upward of \$1,833,000 in 1899. California's mink and beaver-skin product alone during the same year was about \$67,000.

There has been very little diminution in the number of black-bear skins in the last ten years, but grizzly-bear skins, especially silver-tips, have become very much scarcer this side of the Canadian line. Nowadays the trappers of this region derive their greatest income from the sale of buckskins and minkskins. For some reason the number of these fur-bearing animals has increased notably during the present generation.

Skunk, coon and muskrat skins are as abundant as when the old-time trappers roamed this region over for the John Jacob Astor Company. The most valuable animal ever taken in the foothills and cañons of this region is the silver fox, \$100 to \$200 being sometimes paid for a single first-class specimen. The fur consists of a thick coat of short, dark hair, overlaid with much longer but more scattering hairs of glistening silver gray, producing a wonderfully beautiful effect. The beauty and value of an individual skin depend mainly upon the shade of the underlying coat of thick dark hair, for the darker it is the greater will be the contrast between it and the long, silvery hair above.

Strange to say, some very fine silver foxes have been captured near Vancouver, B. C., the last not more than three years ago, although the island has been inhabited for more than seventy years. Probably the explanation of their continued existence there lies in the fact that the silver fox is exceedingly cunning and difficult to catch.

It is difficult to give the value of most furs. There are many dealers in New York, Boston, Chicago and other places, and their circulars are constantly arriving at every postoffice in this region, addressed "To Any Trapper or Dealer in Raw Furs," but their quotations are apt to be indefinite. For instance, a dealer prints at the head of his price list the words, "Quotations are for full-furred, large, No. 1 skins; for lower grades we allow full value to us." Running down the column one finds, "Cross fox, value according to size, general beauty and richness, dark, \$10 and \$20." The dealer always reserves the right to determine the grade of the fur, and the trapper who sends him a fine cross-fox skin, expecting to get \$20 for it, is likely to receive only \$10, or even less. Some trappers prefer to sell to country storekeepers, with whom they can make a bargain before parting with their goods. Taking the highest figures often quoted, the silver fox heads the list, with the bear second at \$40, \$50 and even \$75. Then come the fisher and the cross fox at \$20; the otter, \$18; beaver, \$15; wolverine, \$10; lynx and black raccoon, \$6; wolf and marten, \$5, and so on down through the list of smaller and more common animals, such as mink, skunk, badger, wildcat, red and gray fox and muskrat. The lowest is the rabbit, worth 1 or 2 cents.

For ordinary trapping the deadfall is preferred by trappers to the steel trap. Deadfalls are excellent for mink, skunk, marten, opossum and coon. In fact, almost any kind of fur-bearing animals can be caught in these traps, with the exception of the fox, which is rarely caught in any kind of trap. Mink trapping is considered by most trappers the most difficult part of their vocation, and almost every old-time trapper has some pet theory on the subject. There are few more distrustful creatures on four legs than minks, the usual method of capturing minks is to set a trap along a stream where mink tracks are seen; a shallow hole is dug on the bank of the stream; a bit of chicken or rabbit is used for bait. Great care is exercised to conceal the trap and its chain by grass, leaves and earth, and extra care must be taken lest the concealment of the trap be overdone. The smallest indication that a human being has been in the locality will scare the hungriest mink away from the bait. Some trappers smoke their traps over burning fur and smoke their own boots and hands, to make sure that all scent of a human being is removed from the traps. The best location for a mink trap is where some mountain brook joins a larger stream and where the banks are steep. A mink is almost certain to follow up the branch for a few rods at least when he cuts across to the main stream again. There is as much in knowing where to set a trap as there is in knowing how to set it. There is no pelt that has varied so much in value during the last twenty years as mink. Twenty years ago mink skins sold for \$6 and upward for strictly large No. 1. Eight years ago the same pelts could not be sold for more than 50 cents. Today they are worth about \$4.

Most furs are at their best in March and April, but deer, moose, elk and antelope skins, which are valued mainly for the hides, will bring higher prices if killed later in the summer or early in the fall. These pelts are usually sold by the pound, and vary, according to quality, mode of curing and age, from 20 to 47 cents a pound.

The most valuable pelt got on this continent is the otter. It can never be trapped, and can only be had by shooting as it rolls in among the breakers along the upper Pacific shore. Forty years ago the sea otters were twenty times more numerous than to-day, and there is good reason to believe that a dozen years hence the animal will be well nigh extinct on the shores of Oregon, Washington and British Columbia. A good pelt of a sea otter always brings from \$250 to \$600 in any trading post in this region. The total annual catch of sea otters is now about 4000. It was once more than 12,000. The fur requires no dyeing to fit it for use, like the seal fur, and in its natural state it is worth ten or twenty times the figure the sealskin sells for. It is not usually made into cloaks or sacques because too heavy as well as too expensive to suit the taste of many, and it is so rare that the fur is not often seen, except as trimmings for garments of sealskin.

The manner of securing the sea otters off the coast of Washington is interesting. If it were an easy task to get a sea otter there would no longer be any of them left in those waters, for they have been hunted here for twenty years by white men and a hundred or more by

Indians. The Indians hunt the sea otter in heavy canoes, in which they go out through the breakers and cruising along for a mile or two, shoot the animal as it lies sleeping in the water with its head in sight. Owing to its extreme wariness to approach and difficult to hit after it is seen only after long practice that an Indian, when he is to the use of the canoe, is able to shoot with success at all, for it takes great skill to shoot a floating object in a choppy sea from an open canoe. Very often a hunter remains out a week or more, but it is not the Indians, however, who catch most sea otters. The white man has devised a method of getting the valuable fur without risking his life in a canoe at sea: Along the beach from Grays Point to Point Granville are seven or eight three-legged towers that look at a distance like huge abutments of a bridge with a rude box at the top of each.

Those towers are called sea otter derricks, and are erected as near the breakers as practicable, without danger of being washed away. The beach is level and so nearly level that at a distance of 1000 yards the water is only two or three feet deep, and the top of these derricks the hunters pick up the sea otter, and it is not an unusual thing for a hunter to kill his game at a distance of 1000 yards, though these hunters are excellent riflemen and use the very best, they may shoot a sea otter without killing a single otter, so that in addition to good shots they must possess unusual patience.

The derricks are 40 feet high and at the top are three poles are braced together by cross pieces, the top is built a box nearly as high as the derrick is open at the top and partially open at the sides to the sea. The hunter sits in this wind-proof box and with his rifle resting in front of him watches for the game. Not one sea otter is killed when it is killed by a bullet, and the hunter throws the carcass on the beach. When a hunter is shooting each one marks his tally, so that the owner may be known when the animal is taken.

SEEMED ALIVE THOUGH DEAD.

INSTANCES IN WHICH CORPSES HAVE BEEN FOUND TO HAVE THE SEMBLANCE OF LIFE.

[Chicago Chronicle:] Live persons have frequently been mistaken for corpses, but when the dead seem to have the semblance of life, the spectacle is as gruesome as well be imagined.

Not long ago a Russian cemetery was the scene of a weird wedding as ever has been witnessed. A girl, who had been betrothed, died on the way to marriage and her friends decided that, in spite of the intervening hand of death, her marriage should take place. The wedding ceremony was performed on the side of the grave, and after the marriage the body was returned to the coffin and lowered to its long repose.

It is less than a year ago that a valuable prize was won in a bicycle race in Australia by a man who was dead when he passed the winning post. The place at an "electric light carnival," so-called, was the presence of 10,000 people. In the last lap James Wile, a rider, forged to the front and secured a lead that his victory was assured. When within six yards of the finish he was seen to relax his hold on the handle bar and loose his footing on the pedals, did not fall from the machine, however, and, amid frantic cheers, dashed by the goal, winning the half a wheel. As he passed the finishing post he pitched forward and fell to the ground. When he was picked up he was found to be dead, and, what was more, the doctors declared that death had come to him before he was seen to lose his hold of the handle bar. He was a dead body that had ridden the last few yards of the race.

On a recent voyage the sealing schooner *Albatross*, cruising about two hundred miles off the coast of Columbia, when she sighted a dismantled ship. Arietis bore down upon the derelict, and as she approached a man was seen on board grasping the mast and apparently steering the craft. No other person was seen on the ship. The man at the wheel was but returned no answer—just stood there gazing at the wheel and looking straight ahead. The ship was lowered and the mysterious ship boarded. They came close to the man at the wheel that he was dead and evidently had been so for many days. The ship, which was named *the Lincoln*, had sailed from San Francisco for Alaska, and was clearly being dismantled by a gale and then abandoned by her crew. The captain had refused to leave the ship, and, finding his strength failing, he had taken to the wheel and literally died at his post, steering the craft for hundreds of miles with hands that were as firm as a grip as when alive.

Since the plague has been prevalent in India, and parties go through the villages inspecting the houses, with the idea of seeing that all cases of plague are reported to the authorities. On one of the suspected house one day the inspectors were met by a native playing cards. Something in the manner of one of the players attracted the attention of the inspectors, who placed his hand upon the player's shoulder. To his amazement, the man swung round to the floor. Upon examination, it was found that he had been dead some time, but in order to avoid the house marked as plague-stricken, the other players had concealed the fact of his death.

A BIT OF STRATEGY.

[Chicago Tribune:] (Elder Sister:) Mr. and you were in the parlor a long time last night. I don't suppose you used much gas.

(Younger Sister:) The reason you didn't see me burning, Emily, was because Harold carried his hat on the door knob.

April 21, 1901.]

"AS THE EAGLE FLIETH."

A SHORT PORTO RICAN ROMANCE.

By a Special Contributor.

TWO months after the squad of a dozen troopers rode into the mountain town of Coroxal, far in the high interior of Porto Rico, big Darby was doing his trick at stable-guard. It was that wonderful half hour at the close of a tropical day when the hush of twilight rests upon the mountains, and the dark is closing, silently, steadily up from the valleys and gorges. The troop horses were buried in their noses. Darby sat upon a bale of hay with his carbine lying across his lap. He was at peace with himself, slightly because five weeks had passed since a pay day. A little native girl was venturing shyly toward him. He said good evening in Spanish, and a queer tingle crept up from his boots when he heard how sweet and low her voice was. She reclined daintily upon a bale of hay and rolled cigarettes for the big fellow to smoke. It was the history of military men did a trick of good duty pass so quickly.

The days which followed were strange days for Trooper Darby. Often the señorita watched him from a balcony, or walked past his quarters in the evening. He was always in the plaza when he was. It was in Darby to treat her as he would a little girl; and yet, in his hidden heart somewhere deep forbade.

Since Darby's first enlistment long ago, he had shunned both black women and white. He was a quiet fellow usually, and had more manner and far more mind than was needed for a soldier. He had killed a grown man's ambition with the feeble satisfaction of being a clean, obedient soldier; but he had so much time and energy left over that despair sometimes swept into the moment. Then it was that Trooper Darby went to the camp, in which care he felt short of his single ambition. The stripes of a non-commissioned officer were removed so often from his sleeve, that he finally refused to have them replaced at all. So in spite of intervals of fine soldiering, he remained Private Darby.

The last four months of his enlistment were passing quickly in Coroxal, and passing strangely, too. The days were full of troubled thoughts, and the evenings—the evenings were beautiful. Queer habits, the little Porto Rican maidens. They know nothing of the world, except their own fruit-laden, sun-drenched hills, but they are moved by the hearts of women's art. They drink wine in their joy and rum in their despair. They light a cigarette in their babyhood; it is still lighted in their dying. For breakfast they have coffee and cigarettes; for dinner a fried plantain, with cigarettes before and after; for supper they drink the juice of an orange, followed by an evening of cigarettes and native wines. Hence they are ready to die at the age when a Northern woman is looking for a husband. They adore music; they are taken to the dance—grandmothers at thirty. The romance of romance lives in their land. Marie, who ventured shyly down to the picket line that night, was one of them.

A mile above the town, in the very heights, was a little bamboo shack where Marie and her old mother sat and wove white straw into hats and delicate lace strips into matting. After retreat in the evening, big Darby would be seen striding up this steep hill. It was very beautiful to sit up there beside the hill maidens. Far below the lights of the town shined; and sometimes when the breeze was right the voices of the soldiers could be heard singing dreamily of their native land. All about rose the cliff shadows and on their tops the moon hung a veil of misty gray. And Marie would turn her great dark eyes upon big Darby. Those eyes of hers shone through the dark, for the moonlight was in them. And behind in the doorway of the shack sat the old mother humming Spanish hymns in a quavering voice—like one who had lived her life, and now only bides.

Darby would have liked to take the little girl upon his knee and talk to her, as he might have done to a child of her age and size back in the States. But every time this thought came, the heart within throbbed a warning. Marie was not a child. She was a woman who would have been made happy indeed had the big soldier followed the suggestion of his mind. Darby could not quite understand for a time why he always sought the shack of Marie in the evening.

And there was always another visitor. This was Juan, who drove often all day from the coffee plantations to the town. Juan was not a brother. In the natural course of events he would have married Marie and become master of the little shack in the heights. Juan always smiled when the soldier came. It is the way the poor Porto Rican peon had been taught—to smile in the presence of a white man, even though one's heart be breaking. The fathers of Juan had learned this lesson many years ago when the Spaniard came.

For a long time big Darby did not understand about Juan, since the latter gave not the slightest hint that he would be a rival. And Marie never noticed her native lover after the white soldier had reached the top of the trail. Her ardent heart could contain no subtlety, nor was it large enough for more than one romance.

One night when the soldier and Marie were talking softly together, poor Juan forgot the outer world, forgot everything but the pain in his heart and the hopelessness of his life. When Marie had only been a wee child, toddling about in the sun, clad in a single garment, he had searched the hills for hours to find the loveliest, choicest oranges for her. Long before the white man came, he had saved pennies until they grew into pounds—each one the price of many days of toil from dawn till dark on the hot trails—saved them for her.

He did not hate the white man, but the wound in his heart hurt desperately, and for a moment the law and the lessons of his fathers were forgotten. His face became the mirror of his heart. Agony, not rebellion, was reflected there.

It was a strange moment for big Darby. The perfume, the starlight, the sweet torrid air had put a spell of romance in his brain. Is years had long been bitter and lonely. He saw nothing ahead except more such years and then a Soldier's Home in which to brood and wither and die—unless! Here was a young girl who had made him her hero, her king. There was no one yearning for him back in the Northland, no one who cared for him—not even an old mother to bless him. Long ago he had killed all ambition. He need never again go North. His enlistment would be finished in a month, and then he would have money. He might live in these beautiful hills until the sun had burned him black like the others; and his far-off dream of a home and a woman would be a dream no longer; and the wander spirit within him would give way to perfect rest, and his brooding heart to peace.

Big Darby was breathing hard. The eyes of the hill maiden, Marie, were straining toward him. Now he knew that she was a woman—not a little girl. His thoughts had laid this fact bare. He need only lean over and touch his lips to hers, and the great change would be wrought in an instant. The years had been long and lonely since a woman had turned her face toward him. Big Darby's eyes were dry; an aching lump filled his throat. A kiss that moment would have destroyed the monotony of the years; it would have fixed a bright vision in what had been a desolate future; it would have been the corner stone upon which Nature could build a great white castle of romance.

That moment big Darby saw the face of Juan, the ox-driver. It was turned toward the low southeast where a great pale moon was rising; and upon that face of Juan, the ox-driver, big Darby saw the tragedy of a breaking heart. The seal was not affixed. The trooper arose to his feet, shook himself like a great beast that has slept under the weight of an ugly dream, and moved slowly down the trail. Juan started to his feet quickly, but he did not understand. Señorita Marie would have followed but the trooper spoke:

"No, no—mañana!"

The manner of his words was convincing. Big Darby turned on a big cross trail and walked and walked. At length he came to a river—the tiny Coroxal which was tinkling noisily over the stones and down the mountain to the bosom of its parent, the Rio Grande. Darby sat down upon a rock at the river's edge. He had done no wrong. The face of Juan had sent the crushing truths home in time. His dream of a life in these fruit-laden hills with Marie was beautiful, but not according to the law. In the memory of the troop he had drank when the mood was upon him. The thirst was burning him now. He would always drink, and like an old cavalry horse, if parted from his troop, he will crave for it. Besides he had not hurt Marie deeply yet. He would show her the right way. But there—there—no—lights—ahead!

That night big Darby did not return at "taps." The troopers smiled and told each other that he had come down the pole. They wondered where he got the price. They were very wrong. Darby was not drunk. He was out in the dark fighting a splendid fight—at the edge of a mountain stream.

To some men life is a continual nagging skirmish; to others it is a single decisive engagement won or lost; to still others, and these are legion, life is a long, drowsy summer camp. The men who deserve the medals of honor are the hard and haggard fellows on the skirmish line who have to fight to live, who get their training under fire, who keep the small of their backs to the fields they have won, and who make the history for the campers to read. The second class have moral forces superior to their infirmities. They surround their natural enemies in the beginning and slaughter them once and for all. These men are to be praised. They are also to be envied for the admirable balance of brain and sinew which their fathers gave them. They are the successful, the happy, the admired men—but the evil insurrection within them was never whole-hearted nor unkillable.

But you want a hero? Go pick one from the lean, panting, worried fellows who are forever on the skirmish line, whose foes are themselves. These have mighty virtues, but their weaknesses are mighty, too. These know no peace. They fall, are bruised; they rise again. Their foes are as stubborn as the incoming tide, as virile as poison, as relentless as granite. A man indeed, is he who systematically starves a host of ugly passions.

In the last month big Darby made many trips up the trail to the shack of Marie and her mother; and Juan, the poor Porto Rican peon, clutched at the belief with all his simple mind that the white man was an angel from heaven, and because it was the right way, because he had made up his mind, Trooper Darby had strength to lead Marie into the right way. When he journeyed to San Juan to get his fangs cashed, all the American soldiers in the capital city were talking about a new war in China. Big Darby took no drink, though there was much money in his pocket. On the way back to Coroxal he wondered if the war in China would mean much action.

It was evening when he walked up the trail, and by his side was the old priest of the district. Silently they walked together upward, upward toward the heights. Marie was there; Juan was there, and in the doorway the old mother sat in the deepening twilight, mumbling the old refrains.

The moon beamed down upon the mountain tops, while the priest uttered softly the words of the old, old story. And the moon played in the depths of the running rivers, and whitened the great cliffs—and the soul of one of Uncle Sam's cavalymen. When it was all over, big Darby paid the priest and placed a roll in the trembling

hands of Juan, the poor ox-driver—a fortune away up in the mountains of Porto Rico, where pennies are dollars. Then big Darby kissed Marie, the bride (for the first time;) held her fast in his arms an instant, because she was sobbing a little. Then he hastened down the trail to the town (for the last time.) And at the canteen he bought a round of drinks for the boys, and told them he would start for the States in a couple of days to take on in one of the new cavalry regiments which were being equipped for Chinese service.

WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT.

SEA-URCHIN FISHING.
PECULIAR INDUSTRY OF THE BLUE MEDITERRANEAN.

By a Special Contributor.

ON THE coast of the Mediterranean quite an extensive fishery for sea urchins is carried on. The inhabitants of these seaport towns, following the example of the ancient Romans, with whom the echinus used to be a favorite article of food, eat largely of these excellent "hérisson de mer."

In the streets of Cannes and Nice, the little booths like popcorn stalls, at the corners of the roads and under the palms on the boulevards, do a brisk trade in sea urchins. Here, at the lunch hour, come a picturesque and motley crowd. Italian workmen, in their bright blue corduroys, braced up with scarlet sashes, gilt earrings glittering in their ears, stroll along with indolent grace as if to them time were of no importance. Pretty girls, with dark hair and melting eyes, gay kerchiefs on their heads, all colors of the rainbow happily blended in their dress, stop, and, with basket on one shoulder, chaff with the stall-keeper and taste his wares. Old wrinkled women, carrying heavy burdens, shop boys with errands all undone, stay, and, amid chatter and laughter and the clinking of spoons, make their cheap lunch off urchins eaten raw like oysters, with plenty of red pepper and salt.

Being curious to know the method employed in fishing for the echinus, I gladly availed myself of the invitation extended to me by one of the Cannes fishermen to accompany him on his next expedition across the bay.

Pierre, Marie, Jean, an amiable old villain with a child-like smile, who had the reputation of being very handy with his knife, and who looked as if he had just stepped off the stage, helped me politely into his crazy old flat-bottomed punt.

"There are all the rods or nets we shall use," he said, in answer to a query of mine as to tackle we would be likely to require. Pointing to a long pole with an iron hook at the end of it, a bottle of oil and a greasy white feather, he chuckled at my surprise. "Monsieur will see presently how it is done," he muttered, and with slow, strong strokes, he steered the boat toward the islands of the Lérin, which lay sleeping in the sunlight, like fairy castles on the blue of the sea.

As we drew closer to St. Maguerite's rocky shore, looking over the side of the boat, through the clear, transparent water, you could see right down to the ocean bed, where crabs were scuttling about, seaweed waved, and through the pale green translucence gleamed the mother-of-pearl from broken abalone shells. It is a peculiarity of the Mediterranean that on a calm day the waters are very clear and the bottom is visible at a great depth. But now the mistral began to blow, and little white crests rose on the waves. "Tiens," said PierreJean, "we must make haste with the fishing, before it gets any rougher. There is an 'hérisson.' He pointed downward, and faintly through the ripples my unaccustomed eyes could see something crawling on a patch of rock.

Pierre took the bottle, dipped the feather in it, and with practiced hand scattered the drops in a circle. They spread and made a complete ring on the surface of the water, and inside that charmed circle it was as smooth as glass and you could watch every movement in that submarine garden. He thrust the long pole down, scattering shoals of silver fish, and after one or two trials hooked up the urchin on the end of it. Then we floated a little further and repeated the process, till our path was marked with little rings of calm, and the ever-useful oil bottle was nearly empty. This looked so simple and easy that I felt moved to try my hand at it. But the pole was long and heavy and exceedingly awkward to manage. It seemed to have a will of its own and be very independent in its actions, and after nearly capsizing the boat by tripping over the end of it, and hitting Pierre on the head, I decided that urchin fishing was not my vocation in life and gave it up in disgust. The fisherman laughed good naturedly. "Monsieur only wants a little practice to do it to perfection," he exclaimed, with ready flattery.

Soon the bottom of the boat was full of urchins, still glittering wet with the salt water. The colors showed in all their beauty—soft mauves, brilliant scarlets, and melting greens. They lay in rich confusion and feebly waved their spikes in mute protest as the punt rocked to and fro upon the tide. I grieved for their untimely end—that anything so beautiful should die; and Pierre, seeing me eyeing them, said with a meditative air: "There, now, is a supper for a King. Twelve of those 'hérissons de mer,' with a glass of good wine—what could you have better? It is true the aristocracy prefer snails with butter and parsley sauce. They are more high-toned; but for my part give me sea urchins. M. H.

ANOTHER SIMILARITY IN THEIR PROFESSION.

[Indianapolis Press:] "Were you ever taken for a minister?" asked the soubrette.

"No," said the leading man with the spiritual face, "but I have been treated like one."

"Eh?"

"I have sometimes been compelled to wait six or seven months for my salary."

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

By Kate Greenleaf Locke.

A Stiff-looking Parlor.

T. R. A., LOS ANGELES, writes as follows: "We have a parlor, 12x14, with three doors and two windows. We have just had it repapered light green, and used gold molding; have purchased carpet to match, with large red roses. We have a black piano with dark green, that is, a dark shade of olive green, scarf. A bamboo music stand, three mahogany chairs and a settee. All of these pieces are covered in the old-style red cloth, with green flowered stripes running through center. We thought with the new paper and carpet the old-style chairs would look rather stylish, as we had new Irish point curtains. But everything seems so stiff. Will you kindly inform me what kind of ornaments to use on piano? Would you get some small tables or a tabourette? If so, what kind of wood, and what shall I use on them? A growing plant? What kind of jardiniere would you use, and what sort of rug? I would also like to ask you about our dining-room. We have a sitting-room next the parlor, then a dining-room, this latter room being joined to the kitchen by folding doors. In the kitchen we have matting on the floor. Would you use linoleum, matting, or a large rug and matting edge on dining-room floor? What color must this be? The paper is a grayish blue, woodwork gray. We have a mahogany table and chiffonier and oak chairs. Will you also tell me how, and what color to drape the screen doors opening from sitting-room and hall into dining-room?"

I am sorry that you have used a gilt molding in your parlor, as it cheapens the look of a room very much. If you can afford to do so, change it, and have one corresponding with your woodwork put up. I am also afraid that the olive green of your piano cover does not match the shade of your light green walls and the carpet you bought to go with them. One strong bit of olive in a cold green room can throw out the whole coloring. Here again it may only strengthen and deepen the other greens. Of course, I cannot tell this unless I know the exact shades. You will have to look at this critically and judge for yourself. Your room probably looks stiff to you because you have not brought it together by the use of wicker furniture. Your upholstered pieces will look much richer and more appropriate to the room if you introduce a few graceful pieces of lighter make, such as East Indian chairs. I know these are difficult to procure, and I often hesitate to recommend them on this account, but there is nothing in modern make which really imparts the same little foreign air of lightness and comfort. Now get a pretty wicker tea table and, using an embroidered tea cloth, set it with pretty cups and saucers, a bowl or vase of roses, etc., near the fireplace, or a window. You ask my advice about what to use for ornaments on your piano. I like rather a large jar at one end of an upright piano. You can have a plant growing in this or use it to hold branches of fruit blossoms or any handsome foliage plant. The Japanese arrangement of these things, that is, sticking in a few beautiful branches and letting them flare out, is very effective on a piano. A photograph or two in a little holder and a small, low Indian basket also look well for piano decoration. As for rugs, I should not think you would need them with your new carpet, unless you choose to throw one of black fur in front of your fireplace or doorway. You ask about covering for your dining-room floor. I never advise the use of linoleum for artistic purposes, although its usefulness I cannot deny. It makes an excellent covering (when a quiet pattern) for a kitchen floor. I would use matting and a large rug for my dining-room. This rug should be old blue, some shades darker than your walls. The best way really is to cover the whole floor first with matting, very carefully and neatly laid, then over this stretch tightly your rug beneath the table socketting it at the corners. You can then remove it when you wish to sweep thoroughly. You could get a pretty and cheerful effect in here by curtaining your windows freshly with white muslin and straight scarfs of silk or denim in a cold green. Drab paint is not cheerful, but I think the green would make it look so. You could make curtains for your doorway in this way: Use a handsome quality of denim in old blue, and embroider it at intervals of one foot each way, with disks in heavy white rope-floss; from the center of each disk hang a white floss tassel, suspending it by a two-inch cord. One foot from the bottom of curtain put a row of these disks, setting them close together. The tassels hanging thus in line will form an artistic-looking fringe against the curtain. Hang one, or two, of these curtains, as the width of doorway seems to require.

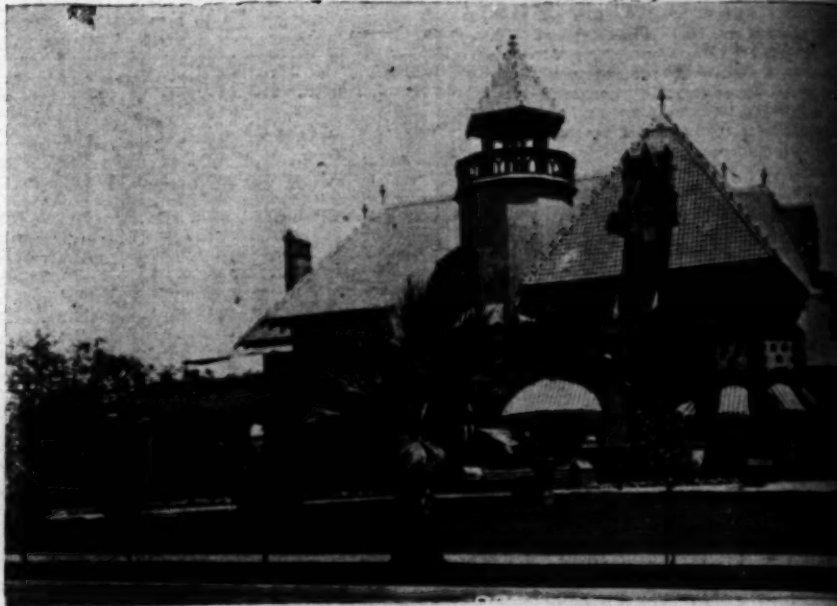
The Transformation of a House.

G. P. M., Los Angeles, writes: "I see you help some other people who seem to know as little about how to fix their rooms as I do. I do want my husband to feel his home is pretty and homelike. My house has a little hall and on one side is the parlor, with a square arch leading into the dining-room. On the other side of the hall are two bedrooms. I have, for the parlor, an old-fashioned marble-top center table, with rosewood legs; two oak rockers, a little divan like the table, two pretty colored pictures of 'Good-night' and 'Good-morning,' and an engraving of 'Good-by, Sweetheart,' two stuffed white birds and a bead mat to set lamp on. I wish I had not bought my carpet, but I have. It is good Brussels, but is a kind of yellow ground, with figures of brown and blue. What color shall I get for the walls? I also have several paintings on velvet, hung as bannerettes. For my dining-room I have no carpet as yet. Would you advise matting? I have a very plain table and four chairs in a sort of varnished pine. How could I rig up a side-board cheap? The walls in this room are tinted a right

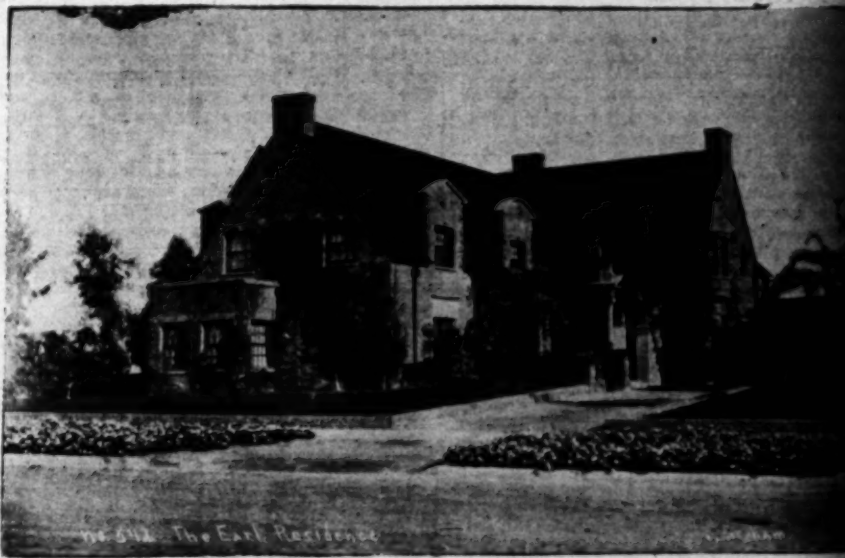
pretty yellow, but the paint on woodwork is so bad it must be done over. What color shall I paint it? I have \$50 to spend for the two bedrooms, and I already have one low, old-fashioned, light wood bed, with mattresses, and a couch; also two rather scratched light wood chairs, and one rattan rocker. One of the floors is covered with matting which is good, and there is a grayish blue art square I could use. Everything else I must buy. There is a bath between, so there is no need of washstands. I forgot to say that I have for parlor some bookshelves that stand upon legs a little way from the floor. They are about five feet in length and have a shelf at top."

I would, in the first place, do away entirely with the painted velvet bannerettes. Burn them up or give them to your maid to decorate her room with. Relegate the pictures of 'Good-night' and 'Good-morning' to your bedroom, where you must recognize they would be most appropriate. If your bead mat is Indian work suspend it from the corner of a bric-a-brac shelf as a curio, but do not use it under the lamp. Your stuffed birds would look well on the dining-room mantelpiece. Now you have cleared your parlor out pretty well, but have left a Brussels carpet of brown, yellow and blue, and a few pieces of furniture. I would suggest that you do your

walls, will be most effective. At your windows hang white muslin curtains against the glass and at front edge of these crepe curtains sew straight scarfs at intervals of six or eight inches. Hang East Indian tassels and will form a pretty finishing finish for your curtains. Your dining room yellow walls, black paint and a matting on the floor should be very attractive if you paint your furniture also black. Make flat cushions of brown corduroy, just fitted to the seat of each chair, tie them firmly at the back with brown cord. Hang cream-colored net curtains at the windows over them use straight scarfs of this brown cord, these latter midway of the window, hang brown silk cords and tassels. Your table should have a large cover to come well over the sides, of a pattern you will find that white flowers will look well on your table. The furnishings I have suggested are well calculated to bring out the beauty of your room. Have a set of plain shelves, made of pine wood, and paint them black. Have this set use the top shelf as a buffet. Behind this set put a picture and on a line with the top, tack a Samoan mat. One of those grass-woven things in soft yellows and browns. You will see that you finish your little buffet charmingly. Against the



RESIDENCE OF O. P. POSEY, CHESTER PLACE, LOS ANGELES.



RESIDENCE OF E. T. EARL, WILSHIRE BOULEVARD, LOS ANGELES.

parlor in yellow and dark blue, and your dining-room with its yellow walls, in yellow and golden brown. Have yellow walls in both rooms. As it seems that you have to paper the parlor, use cartridge paper in a plain strong yellow a little deeper in tone than the color on dining-room walls. Be very sure that this is a shade of yellow which matches that in carpet. Paint the woodwork in both rooms black. Now you will find that you have a clean, pretty little parlor and doing the walls of these two rooms alike will give an effect of much more space than you had formerly. Make a table cover of a dark shade of dull blue silk in the way I have often advised, putting handsome tassels at the corners. This will cover the marble top of your table. Do not neglect to use the layer of cotton flannel under the silk. If you have a few handsomely-bound books dispose them tastefully on this table and use your lamp here without a mat. Your lamp should have a fresh, pretty-made shade of yellow silk or crepe paper. Be very sure that this yellow also harmonizes with the other. Put your rattan rocker in the parlor and use one of the oak rockers in the bedroom. Buy two of those pretty straight-backed chairs that may be had for \$3 apiece and use in parlor. You will then have the three pieces of wicker or rattan to offset the heavier furniture. Buy some good modern prints of fine old paintings and have them framed in flat, dark wood. These, hung against your plain yellow

your plates or silver, curtaining the front of the bed with strips of Madagascar matting, in stripes of red and yellow. I know you can find this matting for I have a friend whose den is hung with it bought it in Los Angeles. In the bedroom hang the rug of grayish blue, paint your woodwork furniture white and use blue and white china, tonne, or flowered cotton. Ruffle curtains of the windows, using white muslin sash curtains. Make a white muslin-draped dressing table of box, such as I have often described. Use a soft old blue or a lighter shade, called pastel, for your accessories of the toilette. Cushion the chair with the flowered stuff. For the other chair you can buy a single bed, in iron, with mattress. You have not told me the color of the walls in the parlor. I cannot suggest a color scheme to you. I will keep the whole thing a fresh, pretty green. A white iron bed with white dimity ruffled curtains at window, you could make a little room very attractive. It would cost you as much to have your floor well painted a pale yellow as to buy a good quality of matting for the whole floor, and on the painted floor you would lay a rug or two, which would be an advantage. A small Brussels rug of the color your walls would not cost much and would look well on matting floor in front of dressing table. Use in this room, covering it with denim and cushions on it.

Graphic Pen Pictures Sketched Far a-Field.

Scientific Burglary.

SCIENTIFIC burglary appears to be the latest phase of our civilization. A month ago the postoffice in Ferry street, Tottenham Court Road, was invaded during the night and £350 worth of postal orders and other valuables were abstracted from the safe. Now this was done was a mystery until a foreman from an oxygen-making company gave evidence at the Northborough Street Police Court that a portion of the safe had been burned away by a jet of oxyhydrogen flame. Whether the two men charged with the crime were the skilled operators remains, of course, to be seen and must not be prejudged, but whoever the criminals, the method showed a distinct application of science to burglary which may rank among the advances of the twentieth century. It is suggested that the cracksmen had first bought compressed oxygen; then, having obtained access through the skylight, they turned on the supply of carburetted hydrogen, which, with more or less brilliancy, still illuminates most of our dwellings, and passing these gases through a suitable burner they produced an intense blue flame, yielding 4000 deg. Fahr. Thus, deposed the experts about an hour or hour and a half they had blown away so much of the safe that the lock fell out. —London Telegraph.

A Strange Family.

ATTENDEN FRASTER is dead at his home at New Gap, in Grant county. Although 55 years old, he has never seen a railroad train, steamboat or steam engine. He had never heard a voice over the telephone, and had never been further than nine miles away from his home.

He was the father of a large family, but his children are so shy that even the closest neighbors do not know their number.

They are apparently afraid of human beings, and even the wild animals at the approach of strangers.

His home is a small hut in the mountains, where he has spent all the years of his life. —[Parkersburg (W. Va.) Correspondence Atlanta News.]

In Cells Exposed.

UNIQUE headstone, in the shape of a large tree, marks the burial place of George Alcorn, who was killed by falling poplar in the Brown county hills, four miles east of Nashville, Ind., in the year 1835. This was the year in which the county was being settled, and the people were in the habit of assembling on one another's farms and holding a "log-rolling"—cutting all the timber, rolling it into huge piles and burning it—the object being to clear the land. In one of these Alcorn was handling a large poplar tree, when it fell over him, crushing his life out. There was no undertaker within thirty miles, so the dead man's friends used their own resources to bury him. The log was split and the two pieces hollowed out like a coffin. The remains were placed inside and the pieces fitted together again. This improvised coffin was buried into the ground. The wood happened to be green and a sprout soon sprang up at the head of the tree. This was not molested, and today it is a tree 30 feet high, 30 feet across and has a diameter of 30 inches. —[Unidentified.]

Queen Villa's Wonderful Bed of Violets.

One of the most characteristic sights of Rome, and one comparatively little known to tourists, is now the sight of its perfection—the violets at Hadrian's villa. On ascending the long avenue one is conscious of a perfume of violets which permeates the air. At the end of the whole length and breadth of the villa, is spread a perfumed carpet of this little flower—not monotonous purple in hue, but of many shades from the faintest red mauve, to almost ashy white, down to the richest purple, and so quickly scattered that it is impossible to avoid stepping upon them. Besides this the villa are beautiful in the loveliest way by the tiny blossoms; wherever is a cranny there will be one or more violets, until one can think of no simile more appropriate than a huge bouquet. Some idea can be gained of how many violets there are when it is considered that the visitors at the villa at this time-of-the-year average from twenty-five to thirty daily, and that each person carries off a large basketful, this profusion picking making not the least impression on the millions provided by prodigal nature. It is a sight worth any trouble to see. —[Unidentified.]

Found His Watch for Dinner.

ANY of our well-known millionaires have a habit of going about New York with only a few cents of change in their pockets, and perhaps none carries less of the coin of the realm than Henry Clews. Not long ago he and Mrs. Clews dined at a place where the waiter-broker-author was unknown, and where the rule was strictly cash down. Knowing that his good wife generally had sufficient money in her purse to defray any ordinary expense, he whispered when the finger bowl was brought: "My dear, will you lend me enough to pay for the dinner? I forgot to bring any money." But Mrs. Clews, too, had forgotten to bring any money, and there sat this delectable couple with millions at home but not a cent for hotel tribute! The waiter's explanation to the waiter was not regarded as satisfactory, neither did the house understand. The proprietor, a fellow without discernment or tact, was so inclined to be incredulous that Mr. Clews, disdaining

a controversy, quietly deposited his gold watch as a pledge that the bill should be paid as soon as he could send a messenger from his home. In getting into this scrape Mr. Clews is not singular. Other millionaires have had similar difficulties. There is a well-told story that John D. Rockefeller, happening to find his pockets empty, once permitted a stranger to pay his fare on the elevated road. —[New York Press.]

Found a Diamond in a Soda Cracker.

PENSACOLA, Fla.—Mrs. M. W. Latham, wife of a Louisville and Nashville telegraph operator, found a small diamond a few days ago in a most singular manner. She was eating a soda cracker at a regular meal when the brilliant stone fell in the plate before her. At first she thought it fell from a ring she wore, but upon scrutiny this was found untrue and the diamond must have been buried in the cracker. The article of food had been purchased from a near-by grocery store and was being served from the original package, so that it is evident the stone had been buried in the cracker, it having probably been dropped in the mixture before the baker assumed charge. The diamond was examined and found genuine. —[Atlanta Journal.]

Wall Paper of Clippings.

PAPERING his walls with clippings is the newspaper man's idea of decoration, and has its own charm and interest. A wall covered with cartoons is also interesting, but merely slapped on with a dash of paste they are done for. They cannot be moved, and newspaper and artist folk are not conspicuous for "topographical fixity of center." The sub-editor of a magazine, remarkable chiefly for its pretty poster covers, fancied pasting a row of these across the white wall of her den. Each cover corner has its square of cardboard attached, which might rip away the paste in moving, but would leave the cover intact. —[Woman's Home Companion.]

Love and Science.

LOVE laughs at locksmiths, obdurate parents and brothers when the science of electricity is applied," says Frank M. Weaver, electrician for a local telephone company, who is spending his honeymoon here. Mr. Weaver's ingenuity won for him a wife, a sweet-faced young woman just 16 years of age. She was Miss Tot Kell, of Latrobe, and on account of her tender years her parents objected to her receiving the attentions of Weaver. Miss Kell was so closely watched that she could not talk to Weaver. This proved no obstacle to their love-making. At the back of the Kell residence there is a paling fence. Here one night Weaver put up a letter box. From the box a wire was strung to his room two blocks away. In the room a small incandescent globe was attached to the wall.

When a letter was dropped in the box a connection was made and light gave signal that a message was in the box. The last letter received from Miss Kell stated that her parents threatened to send her to a convent. This was enough for the young man. The couple arranged details for an elopement and they left Latrobe. The girl's brother learned of their intentions and followed them to Irwin. They eluded him and went to Steubenville, Ohio, and were married.

Mr. and Mrs. Weaver are now in Irwin, and in a few days the bride will go home for parental forgiveness. —[Irwin (Pa.) Dispatch Philadelphia North American.]

A Tandem Cow Team in Paris.

BEAUTIFUL 16-year-old girl, Laura Rienzo, who comes from Bahia, and is said to be the greatest heiress in Brazil, has for the last three days been driving through the fashionable thoroughfares two fast-trotting cows harnessed tandem to a pretty cart. The animals are small, black and fiery, but obey the reins perfectly. The police at first were puzzled to know whether or not the law would permit the driving of such animals. An inspector called upon Miss Rienzo at her residence, where he was assured that the trotting cows were perfectly gentle and had been trained in Rio Janeiro by order of Rienzo especially for his daughter's amusement. The team reached France a week ago yesterday. The owner of the Nouveau Cirque offered \$10,000 for the team, but the offer was declined. —[Paris Correspondence Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

Two Brothers Married to the Same Girl.

CURIOUS incident is reported from the town of Sandoralsva, in Hungary. Gonerich and his brother Franz were engaged to be married to two sisters, Katiza and Marie. The two couples were properly and legally united according to the requirements of the State before the registrar, and Gonerich proceeded proudly to church with his Katiza and Franz with his Marie. Whether, through the negligence of the sacristan, the nervousness of the bridal couples and their relatives, or the awkwardness or artfulness of the priest nobody can explain, but the fact remained that the benediction of the church was pronounced over the union of Gonerich and Marie and Franz was espoused to his brother's legal wife. The words of the church declared that the respective couples were united before God by a bond that no man dare sever, and the mistake was only discovered when they got into the sacristy and paid the fees. The father of the two brides played the procrastinator. He is a man fond of good living, and an excellent wedding breakfast was awaiting the consumption of the guests at home, so he declared that they should all enjoy their meal first. When, however, the feast was over and all

had freely quaffed the flowing bowl, the hitherto prevailing harmony was roughly and cruelly disturbed. The newly wedded couples were about to make their departure when the father-in-law stepped up to the two bridegrooms and informed them that his head was not clear enough at that moment to pronounce a suitable opinion as to which of the two weddings was legal, so that they would have to leave the house and abide the decision of the law court, while the two newly married brides would meanwhile remain without their husbands under the paternal roof. Remonstrance proved of no avail—not even the tears of the brides, who averred that they would accept any decision and would leave the selection of the husband to their father if only he would let each of them depart, either with Gonerich or Franz. —[London Telegraph.]

Slot Machines That Sell Railway Tickets.

AUTOMATIC machines for the delivery of railway tickets are a prominent feature of all railway stations in Berlin and the suburbs. Their employment is facilitated by the fact that the zone tariff system is in force on the Stadt and Ring railways, which run through and around Berlin, and on the chief suburban lines. A ten pfennig (about two cents) ticket can be used by a passenger for a third-class journey from any station on the line to any up to the fifth station from the point of departure.

For all stations after the fifth double fare is charged. Second-class single fares under the same conditions are fifteen and thirty pfennigs respectively. A fifteen pfennig ticket can also be obtained from the automatic machines; two "nickels" have to be put in the slot in that case, whereupon the machine delivers the ticket with a five-pfennig piece as change. This system saves the passenger much time and certainly saves the railway company at least one window at each ticket office. In all Berlin railway stations no one is allowed on the platform unless he is going by train or purchases a platform ticket. This ticket costs ten pfennigs, and is also supplied by automatic machines. It may be mentioned that by the sale of these platform tickets the State, which owns the railways, nets over half a million dollars a year. During 1900 thirty million tickets were supplied to the public by automatic machines at Berlin city and suburban stations. Few cases of fraud are heard of for the "nickel" is small and light, and it is difficult to find a substitute for it. —[Chicago Tribune.]

A Forty-story Building.

PLANS are being drawn by Architect Koch for a forty-story building to be erected by John A. Butler. The building which will be located at the northeast corner of Third street and Grand avenue, will cost in the neighborhood of \$5,000,000 and will surpass in beauty and size any sky-scraper in the city. The material will be iron and marble, it being Mr. Butler's intention to secure beauty and substantiality regardless of expense, which he asserts will be quite a secondary consideration. The floors will be of tile and mosaic work, and the walls will be handsomely frescoed. Work will begin without delay and it is expected the structure will be completed in about three years. Since the news of the proposed structure became known, Mr. Butler has been besieged with applications of prospective tenants for space and when once the moving begins most of the other office blocks of the city will become vacant because of the rush for the Butler block. The first twenty stories of the proposed block will be devoted exclusively to offices, eight floors will be divided into apartments for families, while the top ten floors will be built for hotel purposes. A theater will occupy a Mezzanine floor suspended from the room and the whole structure will be topped off with a summer garden—if the building is built. —[Milwaukee Sentinel.]

A Shower of Sparklers at Tiffany's.

NEGRO in livery and silk hat stepped out of a hansom in front of Tiffany's Union square, one afternoon last week and told the driver to wait. When he came out of the store a few minutes later he carried a red plush box under one arm and a flat package wrapped in tissue paper under the other. As he was about to re-enter the cab a man jostled him, sending the box flying out of his hand. A shower of sparkling stones rattled on the pavement.

"Diamonds, diamonds!" some one yelled.

Almost instantly the sidewalk was hidden under a tangle of diving newsboys, hustling bargain hunters, swearing cabbies, all eagerly struggling for a handful or so of the sparklers. From time to time one of them would shoot out of the crowd and make for a secluded doorway, where he would examine his treasure in safety.

When it was all over less than half of the stones were strewn about the sidewalk. The negro, who had fallen, picked himself up and placed a silver tray, which was the tissue paper package, in the hansom. Then he took off his silk hat, and sweeping most of the stones on the sidewalk into it, clapped it on his head, jumped in the hansom and drove to the Morton house.

Policeman Hoffman found a few of the sparklers still on the sidewalk. He gathered them up and went into Tiffany's to make an investigation. They said in the store that the negro had called for a tray that had been left for repairing. The gems they knew nothing about. After a superficial examination of those the cop had, Tiffany's man said he was really undecided as to whether they were very poor rhinestones or rather good glass. "Gee!" said the cop. "I wonder what this coon's advertisin'?" —[New York Sun.]

Fresh Literature. Reviews by the Times Reviewer

FICTION.

The Netherlands of Long Ago.

THE author of "King Solomon's Mines," "Allen Quartermain" and other marvelous tales, which the public have found entertaining, has written a more serious and noble work than any of these. While the new novel is not wanting in imagination, the theme has the attraction of probability and moreover it will enlist historic interest in the struggles of religious faith.

The setting of the novel is in the time of William, the Silent, and Philip II, who was called "the Demon of the South."

While no special historical figures are selected for exploitation, the period which places the two men in the vista must be one of tragic significance and mystery. For William Prince of Orange, who is called the Washington of the Netherlands, was most intensely hated by Philip, and was unmoved by his flatteries and deceptions.

One has only to read of the death of Montigny, of Don John, of Escovedo, and Don Carlos, and of the imprisonment of the Princess Eboli to see the mystery which surrounds Philip's dark reign.

The novel describes the time when the monarch willed that the highest as the lowest should bend under a red hot despotism, which in the end, gave Philip the execution of the world and the Escorial as a monument which has been called the capitol of the inquisition.

Rider Haggard has written the history of a burgher family, its adventures and sorrows. Lysbeth, the heroine, having unfortunately won the admiration of one of the supposed patricians of the inquisitions Juan-de-Montalvo succeeded in saving the life of a protestant woman by defending her against her accusers. Lysbeth also secured the safety of her lover, Dick von Goorl, by giving her hand to Montalvo.

The sacrifice of her happiness having been accomplished Montalvo made way with Lysbeth's fortune. An opportune arrest, however, and evidence of his bigamy sent Montalvo to prison and gave Lysbeth an amnesty from this adverse relation. In her hour of mortal need she was befriended by the woman whose life she had saved and found a retreat with this Martha in her hermitage. Later Lysbeth rewarded the devotion of her early lover by becoming his wife.

Lysbeth's way led through ways of inclemency and despotism. When Montalvo was released from prison new perils awaited Lysbeth. Montalvo's son had the father's nature and became one of her factors and unhappiness. Dick von Goorl, her husband, came into the power of Montalvo, and as the inquisition was certain for him, Lysbeth, who had been exposed to the plague, went to his prison and in the supreme hour of their united desolation, embraced each other and hoped they might die together.

There follow chapters in which the secret of the buried treasures of the Christians brings its guardians to their death.

The two sons of Lysbeth, Adrian, the son of Montalvo, and Foy, the son of Dick von Goorl, were each ranged on opposite sides in the strife. They each loved the same maid, Elsie. This led to the abduction of the maid by Montalvo, who forced her into a mock marriage with Adrian.

The climax of this portion of the story is reached with the bursting of the great dyke, where the waters ran from the fertile marshes to the North Sea. This description is one of the most vivid and ominous chapters of a book in which the moods and throes of Nature are not forgotten in the shaping of destiny.

Tragic events follow, but toward the close of Adrian's career his mother's nature dominates the young man's heart, making it heroic. He rescued his friends, and though loving Elsie resigned her to follow her heart and died in the arms of his mother. Martha, whom Lysbeth saved from the inquisition and whose opportune appearance is one of the blessings of her friends, is the means of rescue in a great emergency. It was she who stoic through the shadows of the rushes under the enemy's boat, which she scuttled in defense of her friends, and the buried treasure of the Christians.

"Red Martin" and the sword "Silence" in whose hilt were concealed the cipher keys and maps of the treasure is another Roland with the sword of Durandel.

Rider Haggard states in his brief preface that he has striven to set before the people something of the life of famine, pestilence and the scaffold which is the period of the most fearful tyranny which the Western world has known. He thinks the present generation should more value its religious freedom and personal security, and give grateful remembrance to those who sacrificed their lives to win these advantages. The book is dedicated to the memory of "one of the greatest and most noble hearted of beings whom the world has known; the immortal William, called the Silent, of Nassau."

This novel is among the most important contributions to recent fiction. The book is one of glowing interest and it cannot fail to win both literary and philosophic taste. The book has unity of design and is fortified by knowledge of the history, literature and atmosphere of the era. The novel is illustrated.

[Lysbeth. A Tale of the Dutch. By H. Rider Haggard. Longmans, Green & Co., New York, London, Bombay. Price, \$1.50.]

A Maid of Crete.

Mr. Horton has undoubtedly had a favorable training for the writing of a Greek romance. At the University of Michigan he won special honors in Greek, and added to this he resided several years in Greece as the U. S. Consul. In journalism Mr. Horton had been engaged

as the literary editor of the Chicago Times-Herald. His collections of publications include "Songs of the Lowly," "In Unknown Seas," and two novels which were published in London, called "Constantine" and "A Fair Brigand."

The time of this novel is that of the Mohammedan massacre of four years ago, when the beautiful island of Greece was the center of undreamed-of atrocities and barbarisms. The boat which one day sailed from Piraeus to Crete bearing arms and ammunition to the Christians carried John Curtis, a young Harvard graduate. For the first time he then met Lieut. Lindstrom, a soldier of fortune, who is the hero of the tale. The young men formed a comradeship, and in one of the succeeding adventures met the daughter of the village priest. When the Swedish lieutenant saw the beautiful Cretan maid his gallantry did not forsake him. He bowed low and lifted her hand to his lips. John Curtis, who was somewhat burdened with Harvard Greek, had also a stock of Yankee caution, but he decided not to delay a serious and colloquial study of the language.

When the Turks came through the defile, led by a traitor, seeking the young Christian maid for the harem of their captain, Kostakes Effendi, the young men immediately joined the Cretan forces and went to her defense.

The episodes which follow Panayota's abduction by the Turks tell of the love of the two men who were each pledged to the maid's rescue.

The devout spirit of Panayota, the desperate situations in which she was placed, will remind the reader not so much of "another Helen" as of the Rebecca of "Ivanhoe" and the importunities of Brian-de-Bols Gilbert, in Scott's romance. Panayota's courage, her de-



FREDERIC HARRISON, WHO IS NOW ON A VISIT TO THIS COUNTRY
[From the Bookman.]

votion to the cross, and her faith in prayer, were her weapons of defense against the Turk.

The bravery of the young Harvard man who twice returned to the rescue of the maid from abduction by the Turks shows the author of this book a craftsman in the holding of popular interest. There are pages which tell of the struggles of the Christians and the Mohammedans, and give glimpses into stirring episodes of capture and release which have something of Homeric suggestion. The author has shown felicitous control of color in the landscape pictures.

There was one song that the two men often heard sung, the grand war hymn of Salamis, which the author says is "one of the songs that march down the years, fighting like a thousand men for liberty."

"I know thee by the lightning
Of thy terrible swift brand,
I know thee by the brightening
When thy proud eyes sweep the land.
From the blood of the Greeks upspringing
Who died that we might be free,
And the strength of thy strong youth bringing—
Hall, Liberty, hall to thee."

A sunset as seen from the sea is proof of Mr. Horton's keen appreciation of beauty.

"The sun stood on the tiptop of Salamis, saying good-night to the world. Athens was a pillar of purple dust, shot through and through with lances of flame. The stately columns of the Parthenon were of liquid amber. The church on the summit of Mount Lycabettus caught fire and blazed. The mountain itself was hidden in a column of dust and the church floated in midair. Then suddenly, as if by a stroke of some grand, celestial magic, the glow died from everything as the blood faded from a frightened face. The Parthenon was a pale, stately white, the ghost of the temple of a moment ago; the church on the hill had turned gray—ashes in place of fire. The sun had dropped behind Salamis. But now came a greater wonder; Hymettus

and all the hills that surround the lovely bay took on a deep, quivering, unearthly glow. This light was delicate, fluffy, spiritual. The air was fragrant; you imagined that all the flowers of a hundred worlds had been poured sea deep over the hills."

The setting of the story in a locality of tradition and natural beauty has not led to the borrow Icarus wings. The tale is told in a way which cannot fail to win popularity, and the book will be an incentive to students of history and thought.

[Like Another Helen. By George Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. Price, \$1.50.]

No Rent Roll.

The scene of this story introduces a man in a lonely cañon, who had survived a volcanic eruption. They climbed to the peak, and reached the summit. All around them was desolation and a wailing sound of human life. They found a house, enough in the animal life and agricultural to build a future home. On this basis they, who in the most brilliant centers of civilization, how human beings might return to simple contentment. The man and woman on the characters of the story, and the problem is whether civilized sensibility could be an aboriginal source of pleasure and find in the verities of existence. The writer has considered the social and labor problems of the book is a bright glimpse into the early drama.

[The Master Knot of Human Fate. By Little, Brown & Co., Boston.]

A Theologic Protest.

This story is an attack on the Pauline theory of the author upholds the historic accuracy of the gospels, he accuses Paul of being mentally deranged. There is a mysterious romance of modern times with the theological disquisition. The theory is that Paul's view of marriage illustrated hisConsidering the distance of time, and what concerning the circumstances which surrounded the teachings of the apostle, there seems a morbidity in the attraction which the author.

The invincible courage of St. Paul, the genius and his spirit of patience would have inquiry as to his sanity, however his views may be with the spirit and teaching of the time he lived.

[To Nazareth or Tarsus. By the Author of Calvary. J. L. Ogilvie Publishing Company, Price, \$1.]

BIOGRAPHY.

Frederic Harrison.

Frederic Harrison, who is visiting this best known to Americans as a critic of poets and writers. It will be remembered that he gave the most indorsement to Mr. Hewlett's "Richard May."

Mr. Harrison is the leading exponent of positivism which he told in the March North American Review. The system is that of ethical culture rather than of metaphysical creed. The doctrine was given by the French philosopher Auguste Comte, the "Positive Philosophy" which was translated by Martineau. John Fiske in his credit to "Positivism" in a lengthy study of his work that Comte passes over the history of metaphysics and while admitting the fact of the sympathy of social feelings at the expense of selfish and yet fails to take character into account as the present factor in social changes, and always social ameliorations were the product of a series of speculative beliefs. Instead of recognizing the framework of society is based ultimately upon matter, he regards it as based ultimately upon the forgets that man is a complex phenomenon, opinion and character are facts inextricably together. The whole structure of Comte's philosophy was founded on the belief that society can be organized by philosophy, and no count is made of which is formed by countless influences of religious training. Comte hoped to inaugurate philosophy and institute a new religion, which tersely described as "Catholicism minus Christ."

In which Comte was to be the sovereign. In his wildest dreams of absolutism, it is imagined such explicit rule as that of the law of humanity. The dicta of this cult was to be the religious impulse one to serve humanity, questioned authority was to decide the age should marry, the profession he should choose he might withdraw from labor. A new cult was to be revered, beginning with the French Revolution of 1789, and in place of the saints the worthy poets, philosophers, inventors and should take their place. In place of the virgin an antitype was to be chosen, which was represented by "a woman of thirty with a sword and arms." Many other arbitrary rules followed.

The cerebral excitement induced by Comte's mitting labors brought on acute mania. The notion of moral sentiment was apparent in the periods of Comte's life, according to Mr. Fiske though he pays respect to the speculative philosophy of lonely thinker.

This is the leader whose teachings Positivism promulgates, while not denying spirit, imagination

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April 21, 1901.]

They, their place is taught to be incidental subordinate to the larger self of Humanity.

The recent officiation of Mr. Harrison in the Chicago Auditorium at a ceremony of "presenting to Humanity" a two-year-old child has attracted much attention. It was called by Postivists "The First Sacrament," and the Postivists analog for the Christian baptism. "Mr. Harrison read the presentation hymn, composed by Judge Lushington of London, and addressed a prayer to Humanity," says the Outlook (March 9.) Both prayer and discourse take the form of high resolve. After parents and sponsors had made their formal promises, they signed a register, which will be deposited at the headquarters of the Postivist Society in London.

POPULAR SOVEREIGNTY.

History and Biography.

An important work has been accomplished for the State in this publication which not only comprehends the judicial history of the State but the biographies of many remarkable men, which gives a store of humorous and satirical recollections and accounts of important legislation and extraordinary cases. If one glances over the vast extent of the labor of such a work the lawyer may find it of interest to remember that the supreme power as vested in human authority consists of two sciences, jurisprudence and legislation. Jurisprudence in its primary signification means the law which has been enacted and may denote the entire collection of existing legal rules which prevail in any State. General jurisprudence is engaged in the elucidation of the principles and methods which are the component parts of existing legal systems. It concerns itself with the similarities of the varied laws of different countries. Particular jurisprudence is concerned with the existing law of a special country, which has been determined by legislation. The formation of these laws represent that sovereign fraternity, which has a specific organization within the province of the State. Jurisprudence is the exposition of the laws which have been enacted, while legislation is aware not only of the laws which have been enacted, but must strive to demonstrate what law is and how brought to the perfect standard of divine rule. Human laws are defined by constituted lawgivers as intended to impose duties and bring about ultimate rules of right. The State must be ready to seek the highest progress of humanity in all its complex life as one of the sisterhood of States.

The freedom of the community may not be jeopardized by the unhindered choice of one, since that power is the keynote of anarchy, which means the absence of public freedom. All true law must have its law of life. The rule of the State must be framed on the highest standard of national civilization. That public choice should be ethically right requires that legislation should be controlled by men of character.

A book which is the history of jurisprudence, of legislation and also the biographical history of the men who have enacted the laws of this State, it will thus be seen, is a vast chronicle. The book is the history of the Supreme Court, of the military and civil government and the birth of the commonwealth. Among the names who have contributed editorials of popular interest are Henry W. Reid, Samuel W. Holladay, Rockwell B. Hunt, John Currey, John T. Doyle, John H. Hunt, John D. Works, Gustav Guteck, John G. Jury, John F. Davis, Marshall E. Woodworth, and John E. Smith. The book also includes reminiscences of names pioneers of graphic interest.

The book throughout is a study of the Pacific Slope in various periods of development and is a thrilling chronicle of adventure and sacrifice with strong side-light on the character of the heroic people of the State. The biographies include the names of many who in their past labors contributed to the moral development of the century. The editor has presented many sketches of men of glowing minds and critical judgment who are the present leading exponents of the law. The book contains a reverent memorial to the memory of the late Senator Stephen M. White.

The work cannot fail to be one of the greatest services to the State and the collaboration is one of obvious interest to any one who realizes in how few repositories are treasured those links which connect the present with the past history of the State. The value of this work is enhanced by many portraits. The print and the quality of the publication reflect great credit on the publishers.

[History of the Bench and Bar of California. By Oscar T. Shack. Commercial Printing Company. Los Angeles.]

HISTORY.

The Middle Kingdom.

The third edition of this investigation of life in the Orient has been revised and considerably enlarged in order to meet present conditions. The first edition was issued in 1897. In 1894 a new edition was required by the war in progress between China and Japan. The author called attention to the changes which might result from the struggle in Asia. Gen. Wilson was in command of the department of Matanzas and China when the Boxer troubles began in China. He immediately cabled to the War Department offering his services, and they were promptly accepted. He was dispatched to China as second in command to Gen. Chaffin and reached Peking soon after the relief of the legations. Gen. Wilson, in this new edition, has given a complete account of the Boxer troubles and the state of affairs in China. The general arrived in San Francisco in December last. Gen. Wilson found Li Hung Chang showing the feebleness of increased years, but still he showed desire to act with candor and to have the nation deal fairly with the wrong done the Americans as far as restitution lay in their power. In the chambers of the court, Li Hung Chang was about all the sign of government there was left.

The popularity of Gen. Wilson's book is shown by the

fact that the first edition was translated into Japanese, and particularly directed the military powers of Japan to the lack of preparation of the Chinese for war.

The present edition has a good map of China, a map of the city of Peking and a portrait of Gen. Wilson.

Among the numerous descriptions of interest in this work is the account of the visit to the tomb of Confucius of which Gen. Wilson's party took photographs. Some of the vases around the tablet were alleged to be very old, dating from 1100 to 2300 years before Christ. The work is one of the standard authorities and has not a page lacking interest.

[China. Travels and Investigations in the Middle Kingdom. By James Harrison Wilson. D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$1.75. For sale by C. C. Parker.]

LINGUISTIC.

Flaws in Construction.

The author of this book has written three important manuals, "The Orthoepist," a pronouncing manual; "The Verbalist," a manual devoted to the discussion of right and wrong use of words, and "The Mentor," a book for the guidance of men and boys, who wish to appear to advantage in society of the better sort, and learn social observances.

The author is evidently a close student of the structure of language and able to analyze and see careful distinctions in the leading characteristics of the King's English. This book will prove a service to the English language in giving examples of incorrect expression.

[Some Ill-Used Words. By Harrison Grey Fiske. D. Appleton & Co. For sale by C. C. Parker.]

NEW MAGAZINES.

Justin McCarthy in his contribution to the Independent (April 4) calls attention to a new novel by Miss Julia M. Crotte, "The Lost Land," which he says the most influential critics call a remarkable novel. The manuscript was lost on two successive occasions when sent to a publisher. The novelist wrote out her novel three times. The authoress has chosen the time of the Irish rebellion of '98 as the epoch of her theme. The gloom of the hopeless struggle for national freedom is said to hang over the story. Mr. McCarthy says that in his opinion it is the best Irish novel which has appeared for many years.

One of the most picturesque and sympathetic contributions of the April magazines is that of A. E. Alsop, on "The Missions of California." The writer tells of the perennial mildness of the California climate, and writes of the enchantment of the midnight of the old year in the missions. The illustrated vistas are of peculiar charm.

The Engineering News (April 4) is a number of more than ordinary value. The supplement contains Herbert M. Wilson's "Primary Triangulation and Precise Levels of the United States Government Surveys," which is illustrated with a sketch map. Julian Kendrick writes of "The Birmingham Tornado of March 25." "The Water Supply of Paris" and several contributions concerning systems of tunneling add to the interest of the paper. This issue contains the most complete set of drawings relating to blast-furnace construction which has ever been published.

The current number of the Quiver has on its list of contributors the Rev. Hugh McMillan, Rev. W. Crosswell Doane, Rev. Herbert B. Freeman, and Elizabeth L. Banks, who talks about the societies for the Protection of Animals and makes a strong plea for "God's Defenseless Ones."

Harper's Bazar for April is devoted to bridal gowns and silken toilettes, to house furnishing, and home-keeping. This number calls attention to the present fashion of needle-work garniture of ladies' gowns.

Cassell's Magazine in the current number contains F. M. Holme's "Stories of Special Trains," and Henry W. Taunt's "The Tideway Course." "The Trains of the World," by A. Wallis Myers, is also one of the three illustrated sketches. The stories include Rudyard Kipling's "Kim" and Max Pemberton's "A Giant's Gate," the important serials of the number.

The Magazine of Art contains a reproduction in colors of Marienne Stokes's "St. Elizabeth of Hungary Spinning Wool for the Poor." Alice Meynell writes of the life and artistic success of Mrs. Adrain Stokes. William White in an illustrated article tells of "A National Tribute to Prof. Ruskin." "Decorative Art in Belgium," by Octave Maus and "Decorative Work at the New Station of the Paris-Lyons Railway," by Helen Trants, are among the contributions of the number which exhibit fine illustrations.

"Old World Themes," by Henry F. Keenan in the current Literary Era, is an important contribution. The author tells how the cultivated people of Poland esteem the genius of her children of light. The whole Polish nation joined in a "Sienkiewicz Jubilee." The Polish nation demonstrated their faith in characteristic ceremonials, that battalions cannot destroy nationality so long as the heritage of genius represents the glory of one's race. The castle which the Polish people presented Sienkiewicz is on a vast plateau. The splendor and comfort of the mansion represented the gifts of the masses. The day was inaugurated with a mass in the cathedral and a chorus of 260 voices sang music composed for the jubilee. The Archbishop of Wawaw delivered a speech, and a prelate placed the deeds of the estate in the hands of Sienkiewicz. No such demonstration in the history of literature is on recent record. Sarah G. Stevenson writes of "The Oxyrhynchus Papyri," published by the Egyptian Exploring Fund. The other contributions are of marked interest and represent the thought of numerous popular authors.

The April American Illustrated Methodist Magazine continues "The History of Methodism." Among the sketches of an interesting number are "Balzac's Fiftieth Birthday," and "The Council of Constance," by Herbert B. Workman.

With the issue of April 18, the Youth's Companion entered upon its seventy-fifth year. To celebrate this

event, the Companion of that date issued a double seventy-fifth birthday number, containing contributions by Theodore Roosevelt, Mary E. Wilkins and Sarah Barnwell Elliot. To further commemorate this anniversary, the publishers have issued a souvenir illustrating the growth of the nation since the Youth's Companion was founded in 1827, by Nathaniel Willis, who said "Our children are born to higher destinies than their fathers in a far-advanced period of the church and the world. Let their characters be formed for the scenes and duties of a brighter day."

F. G. Affalos's "Australian Memories" is one of the important contributions of the April number of Blackwood. One of the most stirring chronicles of this issue is the Rev. W. H. Fitchett's "Tale of the Great Mutiny and the Tragedy of the Siege of Cawnpore." "The Gift of the Mahatma," by Horace G. Hutchinson, will interest students of the occult.

PEOPLE AND THINGS LITERARY.

The Macmillan Company announces Edward A. Ross's "Social Control."

The Baker and Taylor Company announces "First Years in Handicraft" by Walter J. Kenyon of the State Normal School, San Francisco.

The translations from the Swedish of the novels of Miss Selena Lagerlof are having a large sale. The latest story announced by the Literary Outlook is "From a Swedish Homestead."

Miss Price, tale of Old Anjou. "The Heiress of the Forest," is said to be meeting with popular success.

DeLestry's Western Magazine announces a new serial from the pen of the popular Minnesota novelist, W. F. McMillan, author of "Zelda," and a number of works of fiction.

The Bowen-Merrill Company calls attention to misrepresentations that have been made concerning the last novel of Maurice Thompson. It is stated that various publishers secured some of Mr. Thompson's immature work of twenty years ago and advertised it as the author's latest fiction. They emphatically state that "Alice of Old Vincennes" was Mr. Thompson's latest novel.

The Macmillan Company is soon to introduce to the public a new writer of fiction, Owen Johnson of New York, whose first novel, "Arrows of the Almighty," is to appear under the auspices of that house in April, being published simultaneously in New York and London. Mr. Johnson is the son of Robert Underwood Johnson, associate editor of the Century.

"The Octopus; a Story of California," by Frank Norris (Doubleday, Page & Co.) is said to furnish the first of a trilogy. Mr. Norris proposes to write a prose "Epic of the Wheat."

"The Penitentes," by Louis How (Bowen-Merrill Company), is the subject of favorable mention by the Brooklyn Eagle.

The Macmillan Company has just issued the third volume of Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart's "American History Told by Contemporaries."

"Making a Life," by Rev. Cortland Myers, is indorsed by the Churchman as a book full of illustration and inspiration. (The Baker & Taylor Company.)

Silver, Burdett & Co. have published the books of Charles G. D. Roberts, which include "The Heart of the Ancient Wood," "The Forge in the Forest," "A Sister of Evangeline," and "By the Marshes of Minas." Mr. Roberts's contributions to poetry have placed him among the front ranks of Canadian authors.

"Squirrels and Other Fur Browsers," by John Burroughs, and "Saints and Friendly Beasts," by Miss Abbie Farwell Brown, are on the memorandum list of the attractive announcements of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Charles Scribner's Sons announce "My Autobiography," by F. Max Müller, and "The Historical Novel," by Brander Mathews.

Among D. Appleton's spring publications are "Nature Books," by F. Schuyler Mathews, and "Bird Life," by Frank M. Chapman.

Henry Holt & Co. announce among the new books Gessing's "A Man With a Future," Marnan's "Daughters of the Veldt," Dowdon's "Puritan and Anglican," are on the list of this popular publishing house.

George Barrie & Son announce a sumptuously-illustrated edition in the French, of Honoré de Balzac's "La Comédie Humaine," which will contain about two hundred sketches. The etchings will be printed on Japan paper. These publishers announce an authoritative memoir of Poe, which will give the true facts of the life of the man whom Tennyson considered the greatest American author.

Among the new books of fiction of Herbert S. Stone are "The Love of an Uncrowned Queen," by W. H. Wilkins. "Extra Caine," by Joseph W. Sharts, and "Euphrosyne and Her Golden Book," by Ellsworth Lawson.

Among Dodd, Mead & Co.'s spring announcements are included the first volume of George Saintsbury's "History of Criticism," Marie Corelli's "The Passing of the Great Queen," "Masters of Music," by Anna Alice Chapin, and numerous other publications of popular interest.

"The Life and Times of William Lowndes," by Harriet H. Ravenel, is said to be a good picture of society in North Carolina three generations ago.

Owens Johnson's "Arrows of the Almighty" is one of the April publications of the Macmillans. The hero is an officer of the commissary department of Baltimore during the Civil War.

The Macmillans announce for immediate publication "The Relation Between Politics and Moral Law," by the late Chancellor Gustave Ruemelin of the University of Tübingen, Germany.

Prof. Wells's "Modern German Literature" is among the recent important publications of Little, Brown & Co. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, are to publish this spring M. Leon H. Vincent's "Brief Studies in French Society" and "Letters of the Seventeenth Century." In "The French Academy" the author presents a faithful view of the founders of the academy. The books are bibelots printed in old French style.

W. W. Rockhill, who has practically succeeded Mr. Conger as American Minister to China, is the author of "His Land of the Lamas," which is said to be an addition to the literature of travel.

The Development of the Great Southwest.

Power Plant for Riverside.

ARTICLES of incorporation have been filed of the Riverside Power Company. The life of the corporation is fixed at fifty years and the number of directors at five, namely, C. W. Rogers, J. H. Barbour, of Los Angeles; I. D. Rogers of San Diego, and Myron Aguirre and W. D. Clements of Riverside. The amount of the capital stock of the incorporation is \$250,000, and the number of shares 2500, of a par value of \$100 each. The amount actually subscribed is \$500; \$100 by each of the directors named above.

Manufacturing at Santa Ana.

IN THE course of a review of the resources of the Santa Ana Valley, the Orange County Herald says: "While, as has already been stated, Santa Ana is not now a manufacturing city, yet there are several important industries here which form a nucleus which in a few years promises to reach an important collection of producing institutions. An immense cannery is located here, which in the heavy fruit season employs as high as 400 people. There is a well-equipped foundry, numerous machine shops, two planing mills, two lumber yards, and, in fact, nearly everything along the line of building manufacture needed by our home people. The inducements which Santa Ana offers to manufacturers are not excelled in the State. No city has more complete transportation facilities, it being on both the great transcontinental lines of railroad, with an additional spur to Newport Beach, where connection with ocean shipping is obtained. Aside from this, every important point in Southern California is easily reached by direct lines of railroad. The immense quantities of crude oil now being produced by Orange county wells solves the question of cheap fuel, and the electric power system wired throughout the city, whose current is generated eighty-five miles away on a perpetual mountain stream in the San Bernardino Mountains, furnishes an ideal driving force for all kinds of machinery."

Water on the Desert.

ARTESIAN water is doing wonders for the desert section about Indio. The Southern Pacific Company recently sent down a twelve-inch rotary drill 360 feet in the desert sand in forty-eight hours. The San Diego Union says:

"Two to six-inch wells are flowing from three to twenty-five inches of water. One hundred and ninety acres of cantaloupes have been contracted for this season. It is estimated that this will furnish a baggage car a day for twenty-five days, 360 crates being packed in a car. The season will begin June 15, and last until August 1. Fruit and vegetables of all kinds are phenomenally early. All the grapes will be gone by July. All kinds of vegetables are now being shipped to Los Angeles markets, and have been for several weeks. Of one crate of cabbage, weighing 161 pounds, the lightest head weighed seven pounds."

A few years ago the idea that one would ever see a steamship running on the Colorado Desert would have appeared absurd, yet this development will soon be realized. The San Diego Union says:

"Driving of piles for the headgate of the Imperial canal, six miles below Yuma, was begun last Monday, says the Yuma Sun. Between two big dams in the canal and near the river, an immense pool was dug with the company's hydraulic dredger, the water pumped out, and there the gate will be put in. When completed, the Colorado will be turned into the canal to the full capacity of the big waterway, and will run without hindrance to Cameron Lake, a distance of sixty miles. Since Thursday, the 21st inst., a partial head has been running in the canal for a distance of twelve miles, being admitted by means of a slough which parallels the canal for a mile or so near its heading at the river."

"A gasoline launch is now being built for use on the canal. The hull, forty feet in length, with nine-foot beam, has already been constructed, and the machinery is on the road from the manufacturers. A large boat, to ply on the river, is also contemplated. The facilities thus afforded for carrying freight will be of inestimable benefit, as well in the carrying of produce to the market or railroad and supplies to the ranchers of the section watered by the canal, as in the transportation of supplies by the company for its own use, while the mammoth irrigation enterprise is being developed."

Silk Culture in San Diego County.

THE people of San Diego are still making an earnest effort to establish silk culture on a commercial scale. The San Diego Union has the following in regard to recent development:

"At a meeting of the San Diego Silk Culture Association in the Chamber of Commerce rooms yesterday afternoon, the offer of Louis B. Magid of Milford, Mass., to locate a spun silk mill in San Diego was discussed at some length. It was the unanimous opinion that the offer should by all means be accepted, not only because such a mill would furnish employment for several hundred persons, but also on account of the impetus it would give to the silk industry in this section. Nothing that could be done would arouse more interest in the culture, some thought, and the opportunity should not be passed by. The advantages of such a mill were pointed out and the fact that waste silk is admitted free of duty was used as an argument of the undoubted success of such an enterprise."

"It was the opinion that the merchants and people of San Diego in general did not realize the importance of the offer, and that if a better knowledge were had of it no time would be lost in taking action. The mill would furnish an excellent market for cocoons, it was shown."

It was decided to call a meeting of the directors of the Silk Association to confer with the directors of the Chamber of Commerce for the purpose of taking some action toward accepting the offer of Mr. Magid. A meeting will probably be held in a few days.

"It was reported that a large number of mulberry trees were being set out throughout the county. An estimate of the recent plantings placed the number of trees at about twenty thousand. It was stated that there is a good market for the mulberry leaves and that money can be made by growing the trees. Mrs. T. J. Swayne of Paradise Valley reported that she had been forced to feed some of her silk worms to the chickens on account of her inability to secure sufficient leaves. It was decided to stir up as much interest as possible in mulberry tree planting."

"Mrs. T. J. Swayne offered to teach anyone interested in silk culture the art of reeling and to give any information regarding the industry which she has learned in her experience. This offer, she said, would apply to everyone, whether members of the association or not. Mrs. Swayne is perhaps the best informed person in the county on silk culture, with the exception of Mrs. Carrie Williams. Mrs. Swayne said that reeling are not as expensive as most people imagine. One made of wood like that used at the county fair would cost not more than \$5, she said. Those made of steel cost about \$100, but the wooden ones suit the purpose just as well."

"Adjournment was taken to the first Wednesday in May."

Around Death Valley.

COL. EWING, president of the Southwest Miners' Association, returned to Los Angeles recently from a trip through the northern portion of San Bernardino county, Cal., and Lincoln county, Nev. To a representative of the Los Angeles Mining Review, Col. Ewing gave the following account of his trip, which contains much that is important to those interested in the development of that portion of this southwestern mining region, is now being brought so prominently before the public through the contemplated building of the Los Angeles-Salt Lake Railway, as also through the possible extension of the Oregon Short Line road to this city, and the extending northward of the California and Eastern Railway from Marvel to the present terminus of the latter road. Following is, in substance, what Col. Ewing said:

"Of the work on the latter road (California and Eastern), which is now being graded down the cañon via Vanderbilt and over to the valley below, but little can be said that is encouraging. It looks more like a bluff by somebody as against the Clark proposed system than a rapid improvement to develop a great mining district or bring early relief to those engaged in mining in and around Sandy. The work is progressing at the rate of a lifetime job. If some energetic man had hold of it the road to the State line could be built in about four months; as at present, it will take four years."

"In the Vanderbilt district about the same amount of energy in opening the mines or in working them is displayed as in building the railroad. Those owning the properties here which are valuable, seem to be holding them for some tenderfoot to come along and buy at big prices. The old workings are in a dilapidated state of decay, the timbers and ladders rotting, the machinery rusting, and altogether they are man-traps. In the district there are some very promising properties, new as well as old, but they will have to pass into new hands before anything but 'coyote' diggings can be expected. Some of these mines have yielded large amounts of money in the past. With the greatly improved method of treatment of the class of ores found here, these properties could be made very profitable. It is unfortunate that nearly all of the promising property of the district is in the hands of men who will not go ahead with the work or sell to those who would work the mines at a fair price. On up the line of the proposed extension of the road, the 'bluff feeling' begins to dawn upon the minds of those owning prospects. There is not that confident feeling about the building of the railroad that there was a few weeks since. Still, there is quite an amount of prospecting going on, and some development work is being done by those owning claims in the Yellow Pine district, yet not near so much work is being done as if confidence in the rapid construction of the road had not been shattered by this slow work."

"The district is one of great value, and at some future day will be a great producer. In this district there are, unfortunately, many claims owned by people who do not care to work them, and yet the properties are among the most promising. There is still another feature against the rapid development of the district. The owners of some of the very best property have been foolish enough to give options or bonds on their property to men who had no idea of working them under the bond, but of holding them for the purpose of catching the would-be purchaser of the property and making him pay a good price for a small amount of ineffectual 'wind.' Owners of prospects and mines should never bond mines to anybody but men who will work them during the life of the bond in a first-class, workmanlike manner, and if the party holding the bond should fail to work for a period of a few days he should forfeit all claims under the bond. By some such system this retarding of development of valuable property by those who only prey on others would be stopped; the district would be more rapidly developed were it not for these long, inactive options."

"One hears much talk in and around Sandy and Goode Springs of the building of smelters. If everybody that is credited with doing so should build a smelter, there would be a smelter for every mine and no ore to run them with."

"I think the Dokes of St. Louis, Mo., will build a large smelting and refining plant near the State line

pass. These gentlemen seem to be in earnest, live and responsible men. They have had some successful experience in the business in the past of their own State. This would be a great success for a prospector and mine owners of this part of the country, and beyond a question, a great success for the gentlemen who engage in the enterprise."

"I passed over the mountain south of Krameria into the valley of the Amargoso, where the river and the Mohave River form a junction, and the sands of the desert, forming the head of the Death Valley. The Amargoso mine at Salt Lake, as well as the mill, was shut down by the owners about a month ago. Not even a watchman is left there, the story of the closing down. This is a pity, and, like most gold properties on the desert, is no doubt, like the mine, would be spotted, rich rock and placer ground was found, but not out. South of Coyote Wells, twenty-one miles there, a rich silver find was made. I saw one of the ore going to Vanderbilt to be shipped by sample. At once I recognized it as being the chloride of silver, worth at least 800 ounces to the ton. This took me back to the palmy days when mining."

"I visited several rich gold prospects in the northern portion of San Bernardino county, then turned northward into Nevada again, crossing Death Valley at Saratoga Springs, where a very large flow of springs out of the foot of the mountains, on the west of the valley. Could this water be utilized in any ample for large works. Like all the springs of the country, the water is warm."

"A wrong impression of that section has been given people generally believing that nothing was to be had in Southern Nevada, but lizards, horned toads and snakes; that Death Valley is absolutely a barren place, all things that go down there. On the contrary, are in the surrounding mountains, farms and ranches of great value. Take, for instance, the China Lake Amargoso Valley, near the borax works of Pahrump, the 'borax king,' now owned by the Pacific Coast Company; the Pahrump ranch of the valley of the White's ranch, six miles to the north; the Vegas Wilson's ranch, and others. At each of these places springs of water flow from the side of the mountains spring up in the valley, affording ample water for irrigating hundreds of acres of the very best land in the valley, in all cases, comes out at about 75 degrees, but when cooled is splendid drinking water. In these places there are prosperous farms and ranches, and the carrying on. Hundreds of acres of alfalfa are produced fine crops every year. Large orchards of peaches, pears and apples; acres of vineyards, wine is manufactured that just suits the taste of the Puente Indian who is employed generally on these places. This wine inspires the Indian and his family to hold high carnival over the passing away of the seasons. It is to be hoped that it may aid in the disappearance of the entire race. The ranches are able, owing to the demand for all they produce, line of feed and vegetables of every kind by the people in the surrounding country. The yield of alfalfa is very large."

"Should the Salt Lake road pass through this valley via the sink of the Mohave River, the head of the valley, where the nitrate beds are, up the Amargoso, Pahrump valleys, and on to the Vegas, it would be a great mining country. In that district silver, copper ores predominate. And these are what men want, as they make tonnage. Resting in the district will produce hundreds of tons daily. On the mountains one can see the Panamint range to the Telescope Peak being the highest point. This range is covered with deep snow at this time. To the west have the great timber mountains, Charleston like the Panamint Mountains, it is covered with cedar that will furnish the railroads with ties, and with timber and the smelters with a rapid charcoal for years, thus cheapening mining and the production of ores very much."

"When these roads are built, or when they are made to move on in that direction, this will be the most prominent countries in the great West."

A Pomona Foundry.

IT IS quite possible that before long Pomona will become a manufacturing town, on a small scale. The Pomona Times has the following in regard to an iron enterprise there:

"The new manufacturing plant and foundry moved here from Azusa and now located on the street, is a surprise to all who have seen the works. The buildings are now nearly completed and cover a space of 70x120 feet. At the end of the building is a cupola or furnace with a capacity of 2000 lbs. of iron at each casting. It will require only two men for each charge, so that the capacity of the foundry will be seen to be very great, and about this section, which has heretofore been a farming country, should be held here to encourage the people. Next to the furnace is the moulding and blacksmith shops. The shops are for making anything only and will be supplied with the forges, cranes, trip-hammers and other appliances of a first-class shop. Next to that is the machine shop, a large thirty-foot lathe and three smaller lathes, four drills, from a jumbo down. A planer, work, power punch and shears, three bolt cutters, a number of others. Forward of that is a place where are band saws, jig saws, buzz saws and other appliances for wood working. About ten men are employed on the regular list first, which it is hoped will be increased to thirty in time."

CARE OF THE BODY.

VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIRING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

Compiled for The Times.

X-Rays for Cancer.

A RECENT special dispatch from San Francisco to The Times announced that an Oakland physician, after two years' experience, declares his entire confidence that cancer may be cured by the X-rays. This is one of those items of news which belong to the "important if true" order. One reads so many stories of new and wonderful cures nowadays that the average citizen is inclined to wait for further information before placing much faith in them. The dispatch referred to contained the following particulars:

"He first experimented successfully on himself, and cured a skin cancer. Then he operated on a number of patients, several of whom were cured after comparatively brief treatment, but it was not until he removed all signs of cancer from the face of Joseph Cairn Simpson, the horseman and turf writer, that Dr. Selfridge felt fully convinced of the healing power of the mysterious light."

"Simpson had a malignant form of cancer of the skin on the nose, the result of a wild cat bite years ago. Many doctors treated him, but it grew steadily worse. Three months ago Dr. Selfridge began treating him with the X-rays, and today every sign of the disease is gone. The doctor placed a lead mask over the face of the patient, leaving only the cancer exposed to the mysterious ray. Simpson fully confirms the story."

Life and Death.

AN article published in the Philadelphia Press, Dr. Thomas H. Andrews of that city, who is said to have conducted over four thousand post-mortem examinations, and to have seen at least half as many human beings die, discusses the question of the fear of death. He is quoted as saying that he never yet saw a case in which there was any notable fear of death, as the critical moment approached. In concluding his remarks, Dr. Andrews said:

"The one great unsolved problem, before which science thus far has stood dumb, is the secret and the mystery of the origin of life. Side by side with it I may say is the mystery of death. I have never seen, and I have never heard of any authentic evidence from the deathbed of anyone, which could be accepted as scientific proof of the existence of a life beyond."

This is all very well. We cannot, perhaps, expect physicians to give us a certainty of immortality, but is it too little to expect that they shall be able to furnish a conclusive proof whether a person is alive or dead before he is buried?

Hot-air Bath.

THE hot-air bath has become deservedly popular of late as a remedial measure. The fact is becoming more and more recognized that one of the most sensible methods of eliminating poisonous matter from the system is to sweat it out through the pores. The idea is not new one, but has been proposed for thousands of years. Since the discovery of America, the native Indians have periodically use of their sweat-houses, located near the banks of rivers. Recently, simple appliances for the administration of such baths at home have been placed on the market, and may be procured at the drug stores, or elsewhere, at a moderate price. A writer in the Ledger Monthly describes as follows how such a bath may be taken without any special apparatus:

"Tie together a wooden chair with a cane or perforated seat, four blankets, an alcohol lamp, small tin pan, a foot tub or deep basin, a small towel and two large ones, a good supply of hot and cold water, a paper of strong pine, and something hot for your patient to drink, as hot lemonade, saffron tea, hot water, etc. If in addition to these things, you can procure a large piece of oleoth (take the cover of the kitchen table) or a sackcloth, it will be an advantage."

"Get every one of these things placed to your hand and see that your lamp is full before you begin."

"Remove all the patient's clothing. Pin a blanket around her and place her in the chair, allowing the blanket to fall over the back of the chair. Put her feet in the small tub in which you have about a foot of water as hot as she can bear it."

"Now pin the oleoth round the chair and up over the knees, letting it come well to the ground and reaching up as high as it will. Light your lamp, put it in the tin pan and so place it under the chair."

"Put on the other three blankets, the first one in front, covering the foot tub and knees, the second one from the back to meet this, and the third one over the chest and shoulders round outside the back of the chair."

"Get your small towel in cold water and put it on the head turban-fashion, bringing it well down on the forehead. Give your patient the hot drink, of course not allowing her to get a hand from under cover to help herself. The bath is now established, but if you are not a person who can move very quickly, you should now have an assistant, for you require to keep changing the cold bread-towel quite often, assisting the patient with her hot drinks (three or four glasses of which she ought to take during a bath,) and every few moments adding hot water to the foot bath to keep it just as hot as the patient can bear, and also to keep moving the lamp about, as there is danger of scorching the skin if the flame is continually directed on one spot."

"Your assistant can fill and put in the bed two hot water bottles, one for the feet and one to place at the small of the back. Also arrange the bed so as to have the patient between blankets. Let her accomplish this

as soon as she can, so as to have the bed thoroughly warm when the patient returns to it."

"Twenty or thirty minutes is usually long enough to keep a patient in this bath, and less time than this if she gets at all exhausted."

"When ready to leave the bath, remove the lamp and begin drying at the face and neck, then arms, chest and back and so on down, taking care to expose the surface as little as possible, and rubbing vigorously. During this drying process it is an advantage to have two people. When you have got as far as the waist dry, put on the undervest and gown, and pin a blanket around the shoulders. When all dry, get her into bed as soon as you can and let her rest, taking care that she is well covered up with extra covers, and removing these by degrees as she cools off."

Whooping Cough.

WHOOPING cough is a troublesome affliction, to which young children are very liable. One complication of whooping cough is pneumonia, and it is this which makes the disease so dangerous in infants. This complication occurs most frequently during the winter months; while in summer diarrhoea is the more serious complication. A writer in Harper's Bazar says:

"It is doubtful if medicine is of much value in whooping cough. There are one or two drugs which are occasionally given to control the spasm when it is unusually severe, but they must be given only under the direction of the physician. As a rule, expectorants and medicine do more harm than good; they upset the stomach, especially that of an infant, and the stomach, above all, should be kept in good condition, as it is upon the strength derived from its nourishment that the baby has to rely to carry it through the siege. The thing which has been found to give the most relief in whooping cough is the inhalation of plain or medicated steam; this can be accomplished by an ordinary inhaler or a kettle which is kept boiling in the room at certain intervals, the child thus inhaling the moisture-laden air. A piece of absorbent cotton or sponge may be placed in the spout of the kettle, on which has been placed the medication; the steam passing through the cotton or sponge permeates the room with medicated vapor. Creosote and eucalyptus are considered the best substances to use for this purpose, a solution of either placed in a dish and vaporized over an alcohol lamp making a good substitute for the croup kettle; cloths wrung out in one of these solutions and hung up in the room are often helpful."

Science of Diet.

ACCORDING to the London Mail, of the 1,160,000 persons born in England in a year, one-fourth die before their fifth birthday, one-half reach the age of 50, and barely a quarter live the natural span of the three-score and ten. Thus, three out of four people in one of the healthiest countries of the world die before their time. Moralizing upon this abnormal condition of affairs, the Mail makes the following sensible remarks on the subject of diet:

"This is a very remarkable state of things for the twentieth century. And it is more remarkable when we consider that much of this extraordinary shortening of life is due to the food we eat."

"Some time, no doubt, we will have a real science of diet. When that day comes life will probably be prolonged to 150 or 200 years, and centenarians will think nothing of playing polo, breaking a cycle record, or performing on the tight-rope or in the prize ring."

"There is absolutely no physiological reason why people who escape disease and accident should die at all. Those who gradually wear out and die of old age succumb to a long course of food which was not exactly what their body required. Comparison of the human body with any machine serves to prove this statement. Both the body and a saw, for example, wear out by their daily work. No art can replace the particles removed from the saw, and so a time arrives when it is completely worn out. But in the body, the moment a particle of brain, nerve or muscle is worn out, it is replaced by a perfectly new particle. As a rule, this new particle is exactly similar to and quite as good as the old one. If this were so in every case, then our bodies would be immortal. But it is not so in every case. Now and again a defective brick replaces a sound one in the human edifice till, at length, so many defective bricks are intercalated that the whole edifice collapses."

"But the bricks are made of material derived from the food we put into our stomachs."

"Hard water, for instance, has in it precisely those elements which most of all bring about death from old age. If a bottle be filled with London water, in a few days it will have become almost opaque from a dirty white coating over the inside. The coating is composed of lime salts—carbonate and sulphate of calcium. Now, what mostly causes death in old people is the deposit of these very lime salts in the walls of their arteries and veins. A healthy blood vessel is very elastic and allows the blood to flow freely through it. But in old age the vessels become hard and unyielding, their bore is diminished, and the blood stream is lessened. This results from the presence in their walls of lime, and the consequence is that neither brain nor muscles, liver nor lungs, receive sufficient nourishment, and life goes out like the light of a lamp without oil."

"The calcification of the arteries occurs very slowly, for the blood has the power of absorbing the pure water only and rejecting the lime. But now and again it lets a small quantity in by accident, and a gradual accumulation occurs in all the tissues of the body."

"Any kind of food that throws too much work on the bodily organs must necessarily shorten life."

"Among meats and vegetables there are many things which shorten peoples' days upon earth. Roast pork, for instance, throws an enormous amount of labor on the stomach and pancreas. So do roast duck, salmon, mackerel, and other things. The stomach gets its extra energy from the brain, and it also draws on the blood for digestive material. This overdraught must be supplied

from food, or otherwise the rest of the body will have to go short. But unless a man is very healthy he cannot assimilate enough of food to make good the increased loss. In most people, therefore, these indigestible foods inevitably shorten life."

"Many city people make their lunch off some bread and cheese and beer. Most of them would undoubtedly live longer if they took more suitable food. Cheese is packed with nutriment. But the digestive organs have such hard work extracting this nutriment that it is doubtful whether there is not a loss in the transaction."

"Cabbage—the British vegetable—is another shortener of life in a great many cases. Cabbage consists mainly of cellulose, but the human stomach can make nothing of it. It often decays in the inside and gives rise to poisonous gases."

"Of course, excess of any kind of stimulant hurries us on to the grave. Beef tea, for example, increases the pace of life and overindulgence in it would cause the body to wear itself out quickly. The same holds good with coffee or tea."

"The question whether vegetable food or animal food shortens life most is not yet solved. Vegetable food makes the blood vessels hard and stony, deposits tartar on the teeth and makes them fall out. It increases the fat of the body, and tends to cause fatty degeneration of the heart, liver and brain."

"But meat gives gout. Possibly it is the cause of rheumatism. It produces trichinosis, tapeworm disease, erysipelas and other things. Some people think that the blood of meat produces consumption and cancer. And it is certainly a fact that the Jewish people, who remove all blood from their meat, are exceptionally free from these two diseases."

A Mother's Influence.

IT IS a kind provision of nature that the mother may exercise such a control over her child's organization that her forethought can shield it to a large extent from the effect of its father's physical defects, as well as from her own. Writing on this subject in the Woman's Home Companion, Florence Hull Winterburn says:

"A mother should therefore keep her own feelings in such a healthful condition that their strength shall not degenerate. She should cultivate hope and aspiration, courage and cheerfulness; avoiding those feverish ambitions and anxieties which waste nerve substance rapidly. Steady and cheerful application to duty, the practice of temperance, kindness and generosity are the bright flame in the mother-soul which shall give heat and light to the better nature of her unborn child. Should she not attach herself to what is beautiful and good when the beliefs and wishes of a single day in her life may echo down the ages? This is simply an imperative duty that she owes to herself, to her child and to society. Some day, let us hope, the world will understand this matter, and then mothers will realize the premature duty they owe to their unborn children, for whose chances in life they are responsible."

Sleep and Nourishment for Children.

A WRITER in the Ledger Monthly has the following to say on this subject:

"Little children need plenty of sleep. They should retire early, not later than 8 o'clock, and should not be disturbed in the morning, but left to waken naturally. The noon nap should be continued until the child is at least 5 years of age. Even if the child does not sleep, the quiet rest is beneficial, and for a nervous, restless child, is necessary."

"After the rest, nourishment is needed, so this is the best time for the afternoon lunch. The lunch should be light, not to interfere with the evening meal. Bread and milk, or bread and jam, or fruit are the best to give."

"Plenty of plain nourishing food is absolutely necessary for growing children. The lunch between breakfast and noon, as well as the one between noon and dinner should never be neglected."

"It is best to have the children's dinner not later than 5:30. If it can be managed, a noon dinner is much better. Where children are permitted to dine with the family, they should be taught not to expect everything that is on the table. It is poor judgment to deprive the older members of the family of certain dishes, because they are not wholesome for the children. Rich sauces, cakes and pickles, salads, and all made dishes should never be given to children; plain cake, plain desserts, good pure candy and chocolate in moderation will do no harm. Fruit is always good, but be sure it is perfect and ripe; green and over-ripe fruits are dangerous."

Unleavened Bread.

WRITING in the Phrenological Magazine, Dr. E. P. Miller takes strong ground against the use of leavened or fermented bread. In the course of his article he says:

"The use of yeast as a ferment in making bread converts nearly one-quarter of the sugar and a portion of the starch into alcohol and carbon dioxide gas, and putrefies nearly 4 per cent. of the protein into substances that are not used by the digestive organs to supply nutriment to the tissue of the body. The gas that is produced diffuses itself through the dough and makes the bread light, and porous, but adds nothing to its sweetness, and so to the nutrition of the body. But what becomes of the gas and alcohol and the yeast germs after the bread is made light by their use? In baking the bread the heat of the oven expels the gas and alcohol from the bread loaf, and the high temperature kills the yeast germs, but their dead carcasses are taken into the blood, where they furnish a seed-bed for the generation or breeding of nearly all forms of diseases that ruin health and destroy life."

"Fermentation is a rotting process from beginning to end, and if not interfered with, terminates in putrefaction. The odor from the yeast, and the dough impregnated with it, is disgusting to the nostrils of a natural healthy person."

It is perfectly true that in the fermenting of bread a percentage of alcohol is generated, and it has frequently been claimed that the use of such bread in youth leads to a taste for alcoholic beverages. If this is so, the W.C.T.U. should begin to agitate against the use of fermented bread.

The Youths' Own Page—Our Boys and Girls.

INSECT IDIOSYNCRASIES.

WONDERFUL STORIES OF THE BUTTERFLY—MOURNING CLOAK AND THE PHYLLOXERA.

By a Special Contributor.

THE insect world is in many parts a true realm of topsy-turvy. That is to say, if insects were human beings, very many things about them would be set under the distinguished name of idiosyncrasies. Butterflies, for example. In the popular mouth and mind a butterfly existence is the proper expression of an idly ornamental span. But Mme. Butterfly and Monsieur, her husband, are, after their sort, often hard-worked, fore-thoughted, and as predatory as their human prototypes.

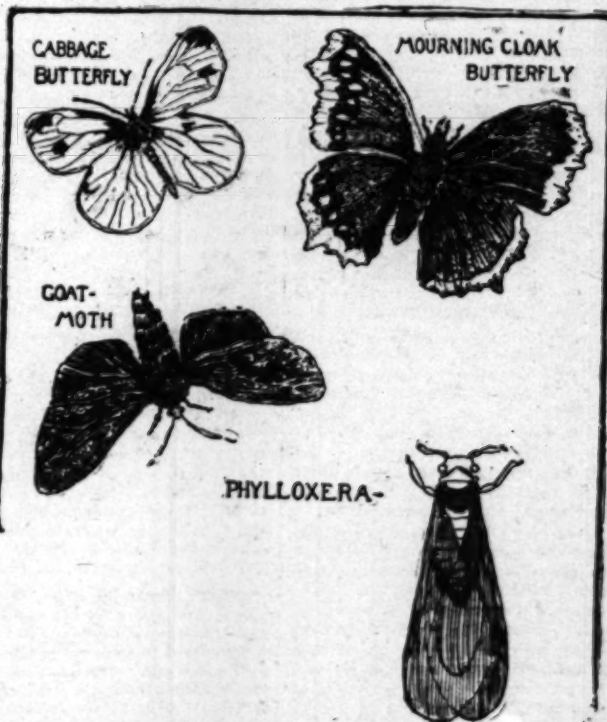
They have need to be to keep up their species. In the most part of butterflies, eggs winter-kill. Thus to perpetuate itself, either the perfect insect must hibernate, or the eggs hatch, live through the caterpillar stage, and change to the pupae one. The well-known Mourning Cloak butterfly hibernates, sheltering itself as best it can under eaves, in hollow trees where the sun shines in, or in warm crannies of rock and house walls, clustering sometimes in hundreds, but oftener by twos and threes. Thence it steals out in the earliest spring sunshine to suck the honey of plum and peach and pear blossoms. It is rusty and unkempt, and of weak and wavering flight, a mere tattered ghost of the glossy skimming insect that will haunt the flowers of May. These May butterflies hatch from the eggs of the hibernating insects, and themselves in turn give rise to a July brood, whose children, hatching late in September, or early in October, fold their wings and sleep away the winter.

Stranger still is the grewsome goat moth, which lives

of its processes. The wings of all butterflies are threaded with stout veins. These veins are hollow like the frame-work of a bicycle. When the wings come up, wet and clogged, from the pupae-case, the butterfly in some fashion forces air into the veins, thus stiffening and expanding the wings so that flight is possible in from ten minutes to an hour. Flight, by the way, is no haphazard process. A butterfly knows where he is going, and also why. Clouds of the insects often follow the declining sun rays up a mountain side. Following by sight should be easy—a perfect butterfly's eye has above three thousand facets. Yet the wise men say sun-following is more a matter of feeling. The insects love warmth even more than light, and shrink from cold.

Gall-insects, which are said to be "the ichneumons of the vegetable world," are astonishing creatures throughout. Commonly only the females are discoverable—most males are so small they escape capture and observation. One gall-insect, the Mayfly, is truly ephemeral. It takes but ten seconds to get out of the pupae-case, which curls away from it as though on springs. The perfect insect flies away, and dies after a day or two—unless meantime it has fallen victim to a bird of the air, or a fish of the water, both of which are given to devouring it.

None among the gall-insects is more amazing than the phylloxera—the root-louse, so much the pest of vineyards. It is of American origin, and in ravages may fairly even up the account against the gypsy moth and the cabbage butterfly. It haunts wild grape vines, and seldom does them harm, since upon them it rarely assumes the root-feeding form. It is this variation in its way of having its being which makes it so noteworthy, along with the further fact that only one generation in ten or twenty is sexed.



two or three years in the caterpillar state, to exist as many weeks as a moth. The splendid Fire Tails are the cuckoos among butterflies, laying their eggs whenever possible in nests of the mason bee. Milk-weed butterflies migrate in swarms, and are sometimes found at sea, five hundred miles out. Whether or no they have flown so far, or been blown there, is as yet undetermined. Butterflies are, however, strong on the wing, and capable of sustained flight. Witness the cabbage butterfly, *Pieris Rapae*, which was accidentally introduced into this country from Germany about 1861, and in less than twenty years spread all over the United States.

Several species of butterflies have scent-scales. They are developed most strongly in the male. Generally the odor is not unpleasant, but one, known colloquially as the pole-cat butterfly, is nearly as ill-smelling as that odorous animal. In several of the species the males guard the females while they lay eggs. Butterfly eggs, by the way, are among the most beautiful of minute things. Sometimes they are laid in clusters, as many as a hundred in a place. More generally there are from three to a dozen, laid in parallel rows upon the under sides of leaves. Some are bright golden-yellow, others pea-green, still others of delicate blue, or translucent, or opalescent, or shining white, or daintily clouded. Each hatches out a different sort of caterpillar, but the caterpillars have much in common. They pretty generally build themselves leaf-houses as soon as they are strong enough, by drawing the leaf-edge over themselves and fastening it down with silk of their own spinning. Then many of them carpet the little house with thicker silken threads, and are careful never to foul it, throwing all waste out over the edge of the leaf.

From these houses, after various moults, the caterpillars go out to spin the cocoon wherein they are transformed. The transformation itself is sufficiently wonderful, but made still more so by understanding one

The cycle of generations varies greatly in length. It may be accomplished in one year, or protracted through three or four years. In the beginning of an egg laid late in the fall upon the old wood of a grape vine, hatches in spring into an active-small louse, which at once seeks a young grape leaf, fastens upon the under side of it and sucks continuously until the leaf develops a gall all around and over its tormentor. In a fortnight the young louse grows to a plump orange yellow, wingless female, which fills up the gall with small, very yellow eggs, and promptly dies. These eggs hatch in eight days, or thereabouts, into more young lice, all female, which form other galls, lay eggs and die. This keeps up all summer—sometimes half the leaves on a vine have galls all over their under sides. When frost threatens the latest generation crawls down into the earth and fastens upon the vine-roots, but remains dormant until the sap rises next spring. Then it becomes active with a vengeance. Crop after crop of wingless females succeeds, each ready to suck, and set up a bunch of decay wherever it fastens its beak. Then it is that the phylloxera really destroys the vine. As a leaf feeder it is annoying, but as a root-sucker deadly. Toward the end of the second summer, here or there an egg hatches out a winged creature. The wings, of course, are useless underground, so their possessor crawls up through a convenient earth-crack and disports herself in the light; but not for long. She is a female with a mission. It is to lay two eggs, or four, in some cranny of the vine bark. When they are laid she dies. The eggs are of two sizes. The smaller ones hatch out male insects, the larger ones female. These, the only sexed generation in twenty, or even thirty, never feed. They cannot—they have only rudimentary mouths. Both are very small, and the female larva-shaped. She produces a single egg—one nearly as big as her whole body. It is laid in three to four days

after hatching, and is the winter egg, to hatch next spring.

MARTHA McCULLOUGH

IN SOLOMON'S TANK.

WONDERFUL EXPLOIT IN CAPTURING DIAMONDS AND AN ARABIAN LION.

By a Special Contributor.

One morning in a quiet corner of the Arabian desert, Chalmers affirmed that on the previous day he had been hunting baboons in the hills he had suddenly seen a lion. His rifle was empty, and as he was about to tumble down a precipice, where the animal was about to follow, was all that saved him.

His looks were certainly corroborative, for a patch was visible on his forehead.

"Where did you say you put him up?" asked subaltern.

"This side of the far tank, among the hills," was the reply. "You fellows are welcome to try to catch him, if you like. Thank goodness, I'm off to land next week, on a six months' leave."

Just then, Col. Holford, the political resident, came into the room.

"You are too venturesome, Chalmers," he said to the secretary. "As for the presence of a lion in the desert, I think that can be explained. One recently saw a village seventy miles to the north, where he was brought by the natives from the Khali Desert. He has easily have made his way down here."

"There you are!" exclaimed Chalmers, who had been listening attentively.

Matthew Quin had been listening attentively.

"I should like to take the animal alive," said Quin.

"Arabian lions command a stiff price at present," said the resident. "The resident having disappeared, a diamond necklace, three months previously, stolen from her dressing-room one evening, had never been discovered. The town was ransacked from end to end."

"I've always suspected that Portuguese was the cause," said Chalmers, as he picked up an illustrative picture.

Later in the day, in the Hôtel de l'Union, Quin received a visit from Vane Chalmers. The handsome, polished young gentleman of the town came out from England with a record for his courage and extravagance.

"About that lion, Mr. Quin," he began, "I know enough story, of course. But I knew the lion was right in your line, so I kept those other diamonds dark, so far as the spot was concerned. I saw the brute at the upper end of Solomon's Tank, one, you know."

"I'm exceedingly obliged to you," said Quin, who had put a few questions to his visitor. "As for it's in my line—"

"Then you'll have a try for the lion?" asked, with covert eagerness.

"Yes, I think I'll look him up tomorrow, if I can get a day or two."

"Good! You'll have to shoot the brute—"

question to take him alive. I'll see you on your way. Early the next morning, before the first of the rain, Quin with his Somali guide soon reached the tank, where the tanks for catching rainfall, some enormous labor by King Solomon and his sons, said—sometime prior to the year B. C. 1000.

But where was the lion? It was nowhere to be seen, for such cover as there was—clumps of low grass at the foot of the hills—could not be seen.

"The beast must come down to drink—"

other water," said Quin. "Ah, that looks like it."

He did not finish the sentence, but started off by the side of the tank, his rifle in both hands, and his Somali at his heels. At the farther end of the tank, a few yards up a stony incline, a cliff rose sheer to a height of seventy or eighty feet. At the top of this was the black hole that had attracted attention. He climbed to it cautiously, the lion beneath the overhanging rock, he heard within and stood erect. A few yellowish lions sticking to the roughened wall, and Quin knew they came there. He called the Somali to him.

"We are going up," he said. "It will not be difficult. Keep close behind me, and do not let me see you won't fall."

Jubar disliked the project, but he dared not disobey his Master and man mounted steadily. At one of the places where he had to use both his hands, Quin saw his rifle, which slipped by his companion and fell to the bottom.

"We go back for it?" asked the Somali.

"No; we are almost to the top now," Quin said.

Another ten feet or so, and they emerged at the top of the cliff. Before them stretched a plateau, thickly strewn with loose boulders of small size. They advanced warily, Quin sniffing the air every few steps. Jubar hung back a little, but he was a pallor on his dusky face.

At the same instant from half a dozen places of them, leaped up the lion, a true Arabian lion, they had invaded. He yawned prodigiously, showing his cavernous red mouth, and then he looked at Quin, and then he looked at Jubar.

"The rifle, quick!" demanded Quin.

He was answered by a yell of dismay and a look of terror. The cowardly Jubar had fled in panic, leaving his weapon with him. Quin, unarmed and alone, was faced with his peril. But he did not lose his nerve.

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his eyes on his savage foe, he moved slowly backward, step by step. The lion followed, somewhat surprised by these tactics. It uttered a terrific roar that echoed far among the hills. Quin stopped and shouted with all the force of his lungs. With a sullen growl the lion stopped also.

Then, a boulder interposing between the two, Quin turned and ran for his life. He gained the top of the chimney and slid into it, his heart thumping like a trip-hammer. He lowered himself at reckless speed, but nearly reached the bottom, with torn clothing and bleeding hands, and staggered into the open air. Jubar had emerged a few seconds before, and he cowered abjectly under the rain of abuse that his master visited upon him. Then, having recovered his bent and battered rifle, Quin looked up the chimney. The top was darkened, and a scratching, scraping noise could be heard.

"Fetch grass, quick!" shouted Quin. "Heaps of it—all you can carry."

A patch of it grew near, at the base of the cliff, and as he spoke he grabbed an armful of it. He thrust it into the mouth of the shaft and applied a match. A bright, flaming flame shot up.

The Somali hurried back, laden with the dried herb, and Quin helped him to pile it on top of the blaze, which was instantly smothered. For a second or two there was a dull red glow, and then thick, yellowish-brown clouds of smoke filled the recess and went rapidly up the chimney in a solid column. An instant later, with a suddenness that took both men off their guard, they heard a thumping crash and out from the mouth of the shaft rolled the kicking, half-suffocated lion. An angry leap moved the Somali. Quin was bowled over like a stone, and sliding on all fours down the sloping face of the cliff, he plunged headlong over the narrow rim of granite into the deep waters of Solomon's Tank, where the lion had preceded him.

Quin, coming to the surface after his immersion, found himself within a foot of the bloodshot eyes of the lion, who had been revived by the bath and was swimming like a dog.

Quin grasped the situation and dived, barely escaping a snap from the jaws of the animal, who splashed after him as he rose and swam on. He easily gained on his pursuer, and as he reached the side of the tank and along there for an instant, his hands beneath the water, he touched a short iron spike to which a chain was attached. Then Jubar gave him a lift and drew him up to the masonry.

The lion sheered off, swimming toward the opposite side of the pool, and Quin temporarily gave his attention to the significant discovery he had just made. With a curious smile hovering about his lips, he knelt down, reached into the water, and began to haul up yards of rusty chain, until a small brass box was brought to view. He opened this with a pocketknife, and behold, a superb string of diamonds flashed their myriad points of light at him. The Somali screamed with childish pleasure and amazement.

"By Jove, I've struck it rich!" said Quin. "And I know I know where to find the man who stole them."

The lion pulled itself out of the tank by means of a crumbling gap in the masonry, and crawled slowly and with an effort—it seemed to be in a very weak condition—to a rock-cleft at the base of the sloping hillside nearby. Having guardedly approached the spot, and making sure that the hole had no outlet, Quin and Jubar sealed the mouth of it with large stones.

These served their purpose, but how the animal was kept alive, and brought safely to Aden, is a separate story.

The following morning, Quin sought a private interview with the Resident's secretary, and put a paper before him.

"I will sign this confession, Mr. Chalmers," he said, "that I know all. You stole Mrs. Holford's diamonds, and hid them in Solomon's Tank. When you want to get them, in order to take them to England with you, the lion compelled you to return empty-handed. Wanting to be rid of that dangerous obstacle before making a second attempt, you cunningly enlisted my aid. Well, I have the lion—and I have the jewels."

Chalmers blustered, threatened and begged. But in the end, on the condition that no proceedings should be taken against him, and that no one but Col. Holford should see the written statement of his crime, he put his name to the document. He sailed for home two days later—earlier than he had intended!—and the Arabian lion was shipped to Hamrach & Co. by the same steamer.

W. MURRAY GRAYDON.

his wife in their work, and who married, and actually fell in love with his wife, made an attempt to treat her in the way that the missionary treated his wife. The two men went into the country on a tour, and finding that they were to be several days in a certain village, decided to send back to Fusan for their wives. The latter made preparations for the journey, and when they were ready to start, the father-in-law of the young Korean bride asked why they were going. "To see our husbands," was the reply. Thereupon he forbade his daughter-in-law to go. He declared that to go for such a purpose would create a scandal, and would never do. He could not allow his son to lay himself open to the ridicule which would inevitably follow, so the missionary's wife journeyed alone to meet her husband. On another occasion, while this Korean husband was away, he wrote a letter to his wife, but the father was ashamed to give it to her, and said that it was a violation of all Korean custom. In this country no husband ever thinks of sitting with his wife, or any way making a companion of her. If he did so he would be chaffed unmercifully by his friends.

ANNA NORTHEED BENJAMIN.

CUP DEFENDERS.

A NEW GAME THAT REQUIRES GOOD JUDGMENT. AND YET IS AMUSING.

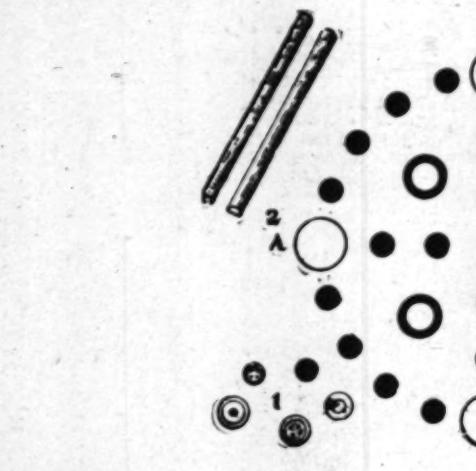
By a Special Contributor.

Who shall have the honor of defending the cup? Every American boy may enter his boats on the course shown in the diagram. A little clever work with a penknife will make four or five miniature boats; but this is considered too much trouble. Buttons such as shown in figure 1, will answer very well.

Figure 2 shows the four little fates which contend in the life of every yachtsman. They are wind, tide, fog and rocks. These fates are nothing more than four bits of some branch of a tree, which has been split down the center. They should be about five inches long and from one-half to three-quarters of an inch wide.

Hold them in the hand, as shown in figure 3, and then toss them upon the table.

The count runs as follows:
Four white (fair wind and tide,) 4.



Four black (a gale,) 5.
Three white (good wind,) 3.
Two white (light breeze,) 2.
One white drifting,) 1.

Whenever a gale is thrown it entitles the player to a second chance.

It is part of the duties of a captain, during a yacht race, to hunt for his wind.

The air never moves alike on all parts of a course. Let each young navigator, then, see what fortune his four fates have in store for him.

A preliminary toss decides who shall play first. The yachts, four or five of which are entered by each player, enter the course at the disc, just above the open circle marked A, and travel on around the circle toward the open circle, B.

Each player must state before he makes a throw which yacht shall be benefited, or otherwise, by the play, and he cannot change his mind after the play has been made.

The open circle B is the first turning point in the race. If your throw allows a boat to just land on this circle, the captain may, if he choose, turn into center of the course and reach the finish by following the short course, that is, toward D, to the center, and then straight in to A, the finish. To do this, however, he must risk the rocks, the four circles with heavy black boundaries.

If a gale, four blacks, be thrown for any boat within the circle of black discs the unfortunate craft is immediately blown upon the rocks and can only be liberated when a fair wind and tide is thrown for the same boat. When a vessel is liberated from the rocks she must begin the course anew.

At the open circle, C, a yacht has the opportunity, if the throw allows, of turning into the course and clearing straight away for home. If, however, she overthrows the circle, C, she must continue on around. If a boat is so unfortunate as to land on the circle, D, she must turn into the course, risk the rocks and take the longer way in.

If a yacht lands on a disc occupied by a rival the latter is said to be blanketed and cannot be moved until the last arrival pushes on. If a third boat lands on the same disc, it blankets both the others, and so on; the last boat to arrive always holding the rest in check.

There is really more of an opportunity offered for good judgment in this game than the first glance would lead one to believe. Try it and be satisfied of this fact.

RESTORING ST. MARK'S.

RUSKIN'S APPEAL THAT THE MOSAICS AND CARVINGS BE PRESERVED IS HEEDLED.

[Venice Correspondence, London Globe:] I think no better proof of the progress Italy has made during the last twenty years in true artistic taste and sentiment is needed than the fact that, whereas not so very long ago Ruskin appealed to England for a fund to enable copies to be made of the invaluable mosaics and carvings in St. Mark's Church, Venice, before they fell into complete ruin, it is now the Italian government itself that has taken in hand their saving and their restoration, and England has now only to look on with approval. Ruskin, in his later days, was apt to imagine that he had preached in the desert, but were he alive now he would see that here in Venice his teaching has not been thrown away. The Ministry of Public Works has realized that to restore means to restore, and that to destroy an ancient thing and to replace it by a modern one is not to restore it. Before the new order of things, when anything was considered unsightly, it was pulled down, often thrown away, and common work of the period set up in its stead, with the result that the thing "restored" was not ancient, nor valuable, nor beautiful, nor durable—not even a good copy, since the workers then had neither artistic eye nor taste. Now, however, this is all changed, and the government, by the appointment of the right men for the work, has insured that St. Mark's should be preserved and restored as nearly perfectly as is humanly possible.

Any one who sees St. Mark's after an absence of a few months will at once be struck by the manner in which the old "Opus Alexandrinum" mosaic work, with which the church was originally paved, and of which so little remained, has spread itself out over the flooring. All round the great white slabs under the central dome, in the two transepts, and down the right aisle, all is rich in subdued color. The disfigurements of the last two centuries have disappeared. The hundreds of bits of common, rubbishy Verona, Breecia and Carrara, with which the original valuable tesserae had been replaced, have been emptied into the yard behind the church, and the lovely tesserae of porphyry and verd antique, jasper and malachite once more occupy their rightful place—priceless material lately excavated from the ruins at Aquileia, Concordia and Cyradio. It is not so much, however, the beauty of the material that is so striking as the masterly manner in which the work is done. It is really hard to believe that the inequalities of the pavement and the worn appearance of the tesserae is not the work of time and of the treadings of many feet, instead of being the result of ingenious and anxious study. I learn that the architect, before undoing any part of the pavement, takes a plaster cast of it, numbering the position of each of the ancient tesserae, and from this he forms his restoration, having each separate bit hand cut and ground to the exact size and shape of the one it is to replace. Where a pattern is half old and half new, it is impossible to tell where the one begins and the other ends. It is really what some one has called "The Philosophy of Restoration." If any one wishes to see in what a disgraceful condition the whole pavement was in up to very lately, he has only to look at any portion not yet restored, such as the left aisle, which was cobbled by a local factory in the ignoble days of thirty years ago, or in front of the altar of the Virgin, where one sees a few bits of antique marbles lost in a wide stretch of common Verona and Carrara tesserae, a crooked square stone filling one blank, and great blotches of plaster the others, making the whole look for all the world like a beggar's coat. Forming a striking contrast to this particular blot upon the harmony of the church is one of the finest bits of restoration that have been done. It is a huge rose of geometrical pattern formed of the richest porphyries and verd antique, radiating from a center; and this center, an offering, I believe, of the architect himself, is a thick slice of an exquisite amethyst, over three inches in diameter. If the unrestored part I spoke of above is like a beggar's coat, this one can only be likened to a king's robe of state.

Other improvements are giving back its richness to the church. A splendid slab of verd antique, found in the rubbish heaps with which the various recesses of the church were found to be filled, has been sliced in two, and now one-half forms the front of the altar of St. Peter, and the other the center of a panel in the Zeus Chapel. The passages leading to the sacristy and to other chambers have all been lined either with marble or with gold mosaic. The great cupolas have now been given back to their original splendor, the decayed and blackened plaster, in which their mosaics were imbedded, and which had dimmed their luster, has been scraped away, and each tesserae secured by good cement, so that now the old colors shine out once more to full advantage. Much other work has been done, but I have said enough, I think, to show that government and architect are doing credit to themselves and to St. Mark's Church.

Woman and Home—Our Wives and Daughters.

ON THE BARGAIN COUNTERS.

READY-MADE TAILOR GOWNS NOW COMPETE WITH WORK OF PRIVATE DRESSMAKERS.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, April 15.—The wise woman who goes forth to shop these days does not miscalculate the daring and danger of the enterprise. For this reason she takes the precaution to wear heavy rib pads, a stout elastic on her hat, a strong check rein on her temper, and carefully trains her elbows to move like piston-rods as an offensive and defensive weapon. The woman of the future will doubtless go a-purchasing armored like a South African railway train or a college football player—that is, if bargain counters continue to multiply at their present rate of increase.

At the bargain counters of yore only damaged goods, spotted gloves, dingy ribbons, etc., used to be sold, but today every other counter displays such perfectly amazing and irresistible temptations in flawless lace boleros, bolts of peau de sole, trimmed hats, imitation jewelry, etc., that throughout April and May the women who have their wits about them breakfast early, and even carriage customers are among the first to feverishly and gloatingly select and buy.

Last week there was a famous bargain day in handkerchiefs that proved the continued vitality of the Napoleon craze. Small, very fine and soft handkerchiefs, edged with a delicately narrow hem and double hem-stitch, and embroidered in one corner with a Napoleonic device, were first in the taste of the shoppers. The most attractive devices were a tiny tuft of violets, and Old

tan-colored silk batiste and the girdle and collar were of sky-blue taffeta.

Somewhat the same effect is reached by the adaptive designers on this side by draping flowered and ornamented robes over two or three skirts of varying tints. One, shown at a spring opening and which had many adorers at its draped dry-goods box shrine, was a string gray batiste, having the upper half of its skirts tucked by hand with black silk. The lower half of the pipe was killed and annexed to the top by a broad wreath of black empire lace. The foundation for this was a vivid apricot silk with one veil of green chiffon, of the exact tint of the middle skirt as it is showed through the gray batiste, formed by the body of the waist, that had bolero fronts and sleeve tops of tucked batiste, a girdle and collar and cuff of black lace. So prevailing, indeed, is this fancy for contrasting the colors that none of the simpler flowered muslins are built on foundations that match.

When June's sun is bright and strong enough for garden parties, we will see adorable frocks of very thin pastel colored crepe de chine and batiste tucked in sunburst effects. The center of every sunburst will be a flower of lace applied flat, and the waists of many very delicate evenings gowns for the summer will be trimmed with garlands of exquisite picayune rose made wholly of chiffon. An integral part of every fête champetre gown will be the harmonious parasol of white silk, speckled in embroidered dots of red, blue, or green, or sometimes three colors commingled. This is called the bird's egg pattern and its nearest rival is the sunshade of striped louisine silk lined with a color to match the lining of the owner's gown.

in the season be viewed in reality through the sea window.

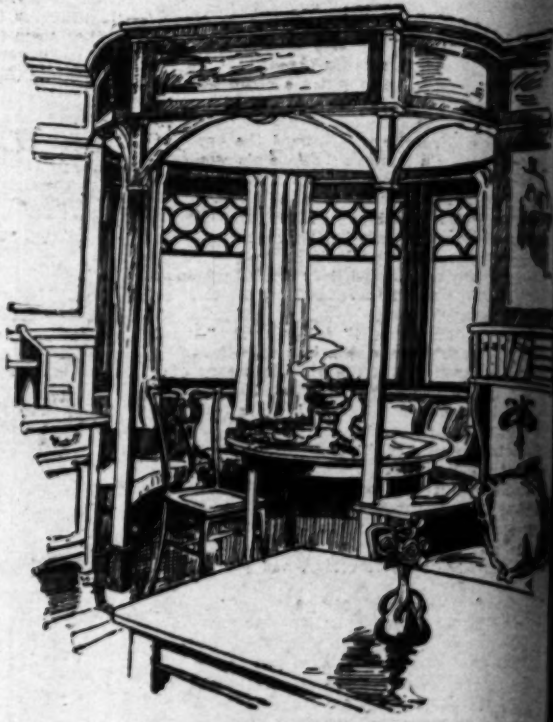
In a small country house where there is no opportunity nor the income to justify the expense of a great side of glass, much can be made of it by giving it a special usefulness and character. One of the prevailing fancies, for instance, is to inclose a dining or drawing-room window in a frame work of draperies and convert it into a room or pretty private little area where the breakfast with the smile of the morning is served in the bright glass and silver.

One thrifty property owner has had such a room into his seaside cottages, he says, on the coast. Those windows alone, he has let every newly married couple. The snugness and coziness of the window breakfast rooms always attracts the gain with the nesting pair, whatever may be coming elsewhere of the small establishment.

Into some of the city houses there are French conservatory windows that are a decorative ingenuity. A conservatory window of heavy dull green glass and shaped into a very large niche for a statue. As a rule it is in some drawing-room or library window that is ten opened. The broad crescent-shaped window is a glass basin in which a tiny fish plays and gold fish swim about. All the inside wall of the window is arranged with shelves on which sit pots of varying shades of opalescent green glass filled with ferns and plants and in the dome of the window is shaded electric light.



A TUDOR WINDOW.



TEN-CORNER WINDOW IN THE DINING-ROOM.

Guard eagle, or a honey bee. Persons who were lucky enough to possess names in which the letters N or B or J M I. fitted appropriately purchased white mouchoirs with these initials and the imperial crown above them. The letters stood for those belonging in the names of the Emperor himself or in those of his two wives. Another immediately popular handkerchief bore a tiny embroidered eagle in one corner with the Duke of Reigshat's cipher beneath.

From the counters where small luxuries and necessities are reft like the proverbial hot cakes, the bargain spirit rises clean up to the ready-made suit department. In this department, because of the ever-improving cut and fit, the free-lance dressmakers and tailors have felt this spring the cruellest competition. It was a very short time ago that any one, with a good eye for line or color and the quality of goods, could tell a woman dressed from the ready-made department all the way down the street, separating her from her specially tailored or couturiered sister as easily as one distinguished the goat from the sheep. That is the day of the past, however.

So long has gray and gray only ruled as the one light cloth for such costumes that it is a very positive relief to see the cloth-clad women reflecting every color of the flower garden. Bold reds and grassy greens are not used save as the waists worn with passion flower purple, larkspur blue, heliotrope and leaf green suitings.

If the tailor gowns are cheerful in tone the light silks, grenadines, transparent woollens and muslins are distinctly reckless and assertive in their color combinations. The Parisian designers have returned to their old love and are draping one transparent and contrasting goods over another, in order to arrive at strange opalescent effects. In this wise was it done in the case of a \$300 gown. The foundation was a daring salmon pink taffeta; over this fell a robe of brilliant butter-yellow chiffon; over this again dropped the top robe of

BEAUTIFUL WINDOWS.

CHARMING CORNERS TO BE MADE IN DINING AND SITTING ROOMS.

By a Special Contributor.

By its windows and the treatment they have received, may you know the newly done-over country or city house. Interior decorators and architects have come at last to realize that the more you make of its windows the more interesting and attractive a room will be, and for summer cottages the cozy corner once located by the chimney has been transferred to the window side with the most happy results. There are handsome houses now in process of alteration, where the whole end or side of every living room is being torn to make place for elaborate decoration in solid glass, following the fashion of Elizabethan and Jacobin days, when such houses as Hardwick Hall, Haddon Hall, etc., were erected, and one-half their walls were of glass.

As a rule in the very big houses the new windows extend from ceiling to floor, the most exquisite metal work is lavished on the knobs and latches of the long glass doors and sashes, but the rule now is against anything like a lavish use of stained glass. Now and then artistic bits of painted glass are introduced in imitation of the antique fashion of introducing the householder's coat of arms, but the sensible preference is for clear light and untinted sunshine, instead of the inappropriate ecclesiastical suggestion that heavy stained glass in domestic architecture always conveyed.

In one Newport house, where the whole end of the owner's library is a great Tudor window fronting seaward, a series of the most exquisite little ships are painted by a famous artist directly on the glass. The procession of vessels begins with a miniature copy of the Mayflower and ends with a view of one of the great white yachts and a superb warship that can any day

Hall windows are made much of by means of the immediately surrounding wall space, being so arranged that by touching half of the window in the woodwork, little doors slide back and forth, revealing the most interesting individual elements in the room, such as bookshelves, and coats, besides drawers for glass, etc.

In long city houses where there is no room for the main hall from the outside, the door now introduces at the end of the main hall the side wall a fine handsome square or rectangle of golden or warm ruby glass. Behind the glass or dead window a series of electric lights are placed, and shining through the glass the light is very shiny and very natural looking light in the dark corridor. So skillfully is this now done that a casual visitor carries away the impression that the window looks out into true daylight that has been filtered by tinted glass.

MILICENT ALBION

THE KITCHEN SINK.

VARIOUS CONVENIENCES IN THE KITCHEN FOR DISH AND POT WASHING.

By a Special Contributor.

Any sink—always excepting the wooden sink—is better than none. It should be built into the wall with the plaster coming so snugly around it that the most enterprising and venturesome water can find no place to hide. It should stand level and not slope very slightly toward the drain. The space beneath open to light and air, the sink back fasten to the wall a narrow wooden or metal, with a perforated bottom as long as the sink is broad. In this tray put scouring soap, a nail brush, a vegetable brush, etc. In the middle, at either end, set a

hanging wash cloths. They must neither touch the towels, nor drip on them. In passing, it may be said that wash cloths or a dishcloth should be kept as spotless as one's reputation. When either begins to fray, burn it at once.

Well above the tray have a wall closet, six inches deep, and a little broader than the sink. Keep in it every sort of cleaning stuff—ammonia, soap powder, dry washing soda, pearlyash, whitening powder, kerosene and linen rubbing cloths, chamolins and polishing leather. Bath brick, also, along with lime water, floor wax, and furniture polish. It is well to have the upper shelf divided into bigish compartments, each plainly marked with the name of the thing it holds. Those in daily use should go upon the handy lowest shelf. Doors to such a closet are out of the question—in swinging they strike a grown person either in the temple, on the forehead or beside the head. Either leave your closet open—which is not all desirable—or close it with a roller door, or curtains running on draw strings.

The very best door is one of the rolling wire gauze screen. If the closet is made to order, get the screen first and have the closet dimensions fitted to it. Fix the screen across the top and pull it down with a chord. Pulling that, try a curtain of any stout, washable stuff, with a flat at the bottom, and tacked across the top to a shade roller, working in shade fixture made fast to the closet's upper edge. A regular window shade may be used, shortening it, of course, and wiping it off in and out forthrightly. But something more open is much more desirable. A curtain of lawn or cheese cloth, with drawing strings down each side, is not at all bad. The strings should have long ends, working over a rod across the top. A single pull at them draws the curtain clean up out of the way. The ends

BUNCHES OF LUCK

CLUSTERS OF CHARMS AND TRINKETS DANGLE FROM GOLD OR SILVER BRACELETS.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, April 15.—Women are just now putting money aside to buy themselves fibulas, as are called the new and fascinating pins, which are worn to hold their fichus, bits of drapery and neckties together. So few comparatively of them have as yet been seen that it may not be amiss to describe a fibula. Out of gold wire, a scroll similar to large S is made, or, it may perhaps be better described, as similar to the sign of the treble which is placed at the beginning of a bar of music. At its back is a very long and firm pin, which after it has passed horizontally through the material on which it is worn, comes out again and goes over the bottom part of the scroll before finally hiding its point in the gown. Now the greatest point in favor of this new pin is that after it has been so fastened it cannot be jerked out by any extraneous force. In fact, to get it out at all a little manipulation is necessary. The S, as it may be called for convenience, has to be turned upward so as to unfasten itself from the pin which has passed over it, and not until this is done can the long part be drawn out.

This idea, a most excellent one, is now really new. Long ago the Romans devised fibulas to hold their togas together, slippery, sliding garments which made some such contrivance of importance. In style there is a vast difference in these pins, some of them being very simple and others representing almost a king's ransom. Those made of gold wire without further ornamentation are very pretty and useful, and are to be had for

rhyme. The story of the House that Jack Built affords an excellent opportunity to be worked out in charms. It is fortunately long and well supplied with interesting characters. At one end of the bracelet is hung first of all, the rat, then the bag of malt, the cat, the dog, the cow with crumpled horn, the maiden all folorn, the man all tattered and torn, the priest all shaven and shorn, the cock that crowed in the morn, and last of all Jack and his famous house. A simpler bracelet is made up of the dramatis personae of the old rhyme of the three blind mice, and in which instance even the carving knife is of importance.

It seems rather pleasant for children to have some meaning attached to their trinkets, and besides, these bracelets with charms illustrative of some story seem to tickle their fancy immensely.

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

From the earliest times the office of the Sheriff of Maricopa county has been the lodge-room of the Amalgamated Association of Frevaricators until an honorary membership and an ability to shine in it came to be regarded as a necessary qualification for Sheriff only, a little less important than the ability to get enough votes at the convention and the polls. Sheriffs have usually been represented by proxy in the meeting of the association and the proxy has always been some deputy, generally Charlie Slankard, who, as a prevaricator, has always successfully held his own against all comers.

There was some apprehension that Sheriff Stout would not fill the bill. He was supposed to be too matter of fact. Billy Moer and Billy Williams were not believed to be any more able liars than the Sheriff, and Capt. H. McDonald, as an outside deputy, could not be expected to attend meetings of the association. Still in a pinch there was the ever-reliable Slankard to fall back upon. But Sheriff Stout yesterday proved that he didn't need any deputy prevaricator.

An old settler who had lived in the valley longer than anybody, was telling at the Sheriff's office yesterday of the driest season the valley had ever experienced. There had been nothing like it before and nothing since. None of his hearers had ever seen anything so dry. He couldn't tell them how dry it was so they would comprehend.

Sheriff Stout was reminded of one very dry summer within his residence in the valley. He had just embarked in the cattle business and had a herd of yearling calves. There was a little water on his ranch, but no food within ten miles. Every morning he used to turn the calves out so they could go to the nearest range where there was some grass, but no water. He accordingly hung a canteen filled with water around the neck of each calf. One day he went out to the range to see the condition of the grass, which, he thought, must be getting short. When he got there the calves were feeding quietly on the bank of a dry water course. All at once they were stampeded and wildly scattered in every direction, bellowing with fear. The Sheriff went to see what was the cause of the commotion and found it to be a huge cat-fish which had climbed up the bank and got into a fight with the calves over the water in the canteens.—[Arizona Republican.]

THE PRAYING KNEE.

A Capuchin monk in Detroit has incurred a serious disease of the knee from continued kneeling at prayer. The case is an aggravated one, and it is feared it will be necessary to amputate the leg. The sufferer is Father Paschal, an inmate of the Capuchin Monastery, on Mt. Elliot avenue.

In America at least this peculiar disease of occupation is almost unknown. Few people know anything of the disease or its remedies. Father Paschal has spent many hours regularly each day during his long life upon his knees.

In Italy this attitude of devotion, continued for generations, causes deformity of the knees in a large number of people. In the case of Italian women especially the knees are often ugly. This fact is recognized among Italian artists, who rarely employ Italian models in painting the lower limbs. In painting pictures it is customary to employ Italian women as models for the face and French models for the lower limbs.—[New York World.]

PUSSY'S RIGHTS BEFORE THE LAW.

[New York Post:] As most families possess either a dog or a cat, there is general interest in a recent court decision in Bridgeport, Ct., regarding some of the rights of these animals and the rights of their owners. The case, which was brought to the attention of Judge Curtis, concerned the shooting of a dog by the owner of a cat which was harassed by the dog. It was undisputed that the dog, a St. Bernard, escaped in the street from the care of a child, ran after a cat, chased it upon the stoop of the house where the cat was domiciled, and injured it. Screams of the woman who owned the cat attracted the attention of her husband, who was returning home, and he promptly shot and killed the dog. For this the owner of the dog wanted \$250 in damages. Although it appeared that the cat was out of reach of the dog before the latter was shot, the judge decided that the dog was doing mischief and that its killing was justifiable. There is no law against the keeping of dogs, but there is plenty of law, it appears, against incursions by dogs that worry the family cat.



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IDEAL ARRANGEMENT OF THE KITCHEN.

could be joined together and passed over a hook in the bottom of the closet, well toward the back, so as to hold the curtain up.

Along a roller towel of generous proportion close behind the sink, and see that the towel proper is changed every day. For dish towels provide a finger rack, made out of the casing of the sunniest window. Thus the towels get full benefit of light and air, the best of all disinfectants. The cheap fingered racks are commonly fragile, and the stout ones too costly for kitchen use, but any carpenter or man handy with tools can make an excellent one at the cost of a few cents. All that is needed is square inch stuff, sawed into two-foot lengths, the corners and one end slightly rounded, with half-inch holes bored in the rounded ends, so the fingers may be slipped upon either a wooden peg or an iron bolt, between two wooden brackets, nailed fast to the window. Such a contrivance may have as many arms as you desire. Five is a good number. In use they spread out like a fan. Out of use they rest peacefully flat against the wall or window.

A draining board is a great help in dish-washing. If it is lacking a big tray with a soft folded cloth, an old table cloth, laid over it, is an excellent substitute. The cloth minimizes danger of breakage as well as takes up the drainage. It should be rung out whenever it shows itself sopping wet. A right-hand draining-board is most convenient, but it should never be divorced from the kitchen table, or the pantry window. It saves a world of work, and miles of walking to have a sliding panel window betwixt kitchen and dining-room. Have the panel big enough to reach the whole arm through—with a table underneath the whole, the problem of putting things away is mightily simplified.

[Chicago Tribune:] "But you have no standing in this kitchen," argued Japan.

"You think I am a Sitting Bear, do you?" responded the American, with a fine play of original—not to say aboriginal—humor.

about three dollars, the lowest round of the ladder. Again they are seen with one semiprecious stone set at the end of the coil. These are hardly more costly, the medium-sized ones averaging about four or five dollars. The truly pretty ones, however, have a little bunch of irregular pearls, turquoises, moon stones or even diamonds dangling from the larger part of the S. Each one of these stones is suspended by a little gold chain and the whole bunch measures not over an inch and a half long. Many prefer, also, to have these bunches of assorted stones which they themselves collect. It is very noticeable the sparkle they make when worn on a soft evening bodice, or they are equally attractive when attached to some smart, severe gown which needs an orderly, compact look.

At present the school girls are having great times collecting "bunches of luck," as they call the little trifles they group together and hang on their chains or bracelets, and which many still insist upon calling doo-daddles. There has perhaps never been a time when such exquisite charms were to be found, and naturally they tempt the lure out of their pockets. Miniature gold fishes are seen which are flexible and hardly half an inch long; then there is the ubiquitous pig with the irresistible curl in his tail and which no good bunch should be without. Among the newer things are tiny envelopes of gold with an enameled stamp in the corner, and the owner's name engraved on the face. They open in quite the regular way, and have within a little thin card of gold which can be taken out when desired. Should such a little thing be presented as a gift it is customary to have engraved on the card, "From Emily," or "Anne," or whatever the donor's name may be. Occasionally one sees a wonderful little album, a lizard, a hansom cab, in fact every sort of small trinket. And every bunch of luck should have a heathen god, a gargoyle, or a queer old fellow, that looks like Quillip; in short, a monstrosity of some sort.

Trinkets for such bracelets are not costly, being usually made of pressed silver and so follow in succession on the bracelet as to illustrate some nursery

JACK'S OPAL.

A STORY OF STUDENT LIFE AT POMONA COLLEGE.

By a Special Contributor.

THE afternoon sun was slowly sinking in the west, drawing after it the short twilight that proverbially marks the evenings of Southern California, and brought to a close one of June's brightest Sundays.

Jack Lane, a jovial sophomore at Pomona College, sat musing in his room. Impelled by a sense of loneliness, he was wandering about in the world of dreams, thinking of nothing and yet thinking of everything. At length his eyes turned from the sunset scene to the memento-covered walls of his cheery room. His thoughts followed his eyes and, as he gazed at the trophies, his whole college life presented itself. Looking at it from this central station, he thus soliloquized:

"Here I've been for two years, and what have I accomplished? Two years are still before me; I wonder what they have in store? There's my freshman cane, for which we fought a royal scrap in the good old days before cane rushes were abolished at Pomona; here's the mortar-board that I have worn this year; yonder are half a dozen badges, representing athletic prizes; over there are \$5 worth of books—another prize. But these achievements, together with my book learning, are not all that I have gained; I count the friendships and associations, the social and moral culture, of far more value."

Arising at this point he sauntered out for a stroll. He took the path that leads from Sumner Hall, the girls' dormitory, to the "Wash," and thence past numerous sycamores, with their naked, sprawling branches and under green, thrifty live oaks to that spot, dear and cherished in the mind of many a student, known as "Little Mesa." Here he turned to his left and, straying at random through the trees and bushes, took a general northerly direction.

"Happy the day," he went on thinking to himself, "that turned my face toward Pomona. I have found here what I could not find at my country home—so many pure-minded, noble fellows, whom I can call friends. The constituency that an honest, sincere fellow wins for himself in two years at college has an inestimable value. Three of every four whom I meet in the class-room, or on the campus are Christian men—men whom the world is destined to trust and honor in spite of itself."

By this time he had skirted the little college town of Claremont on the east and was half a mile north of its limits. Turning again to the left he passed for a few rods along the north side of a solitary row of pepper trees where, just at his right, stood the weird remains of an old house. The building had been constructed part of wood and part of stone; only the stone portion remained, and this, from the poor mortar used in its construction, was badly falling. The desolation of the spot was somewhat relieved, however, by two sickly pines that grew in front of the ruin and several dead and dying eucalyptus trees close beside it, seemingly endeavoring to guard against its further demolition. If one half-circled the pile, he found at the rear a great breach in the wall, where probably a door had once been. Climbing over the irregular debris, he stood in a room with walls some ten feet high, inclosing it on all sides save the one. In a corner almost opposite the breach the base of the wall had been built a foot or more broader than the wall itself, and, as this projection was about the height of a chair, it furnished a charming place to sit on a warm afternoon or a moonlight night and view the mountains. On inspecting this corner closely the ground would have betrayed the frequent presence of visitors, and the mortar in the wall was quite worn in places, while even the stones were cleaner and smoother here than elsewhere. Although this place had many solitary visitors, it was generally sought by couples. Not a few found it pleasant and enchanting to while away in this secluded bower an hour now and then, but it was a strange and often-mentioned fact that each visitor seemed to think he had a monopoly of it, that he alone knew its charms. The seat was completely in the shadow, and the thick high wall on three sides of it rendered it delightfully cool. When the warm sun of midday played on the indifferent mass of stone, the gray ground squirrels scampered across the turf before the opening, and at times they would even steal up to the top of the wall where, with bodies erect, they would probably whistle to their friends below. From the crannies and chinks of the wall the crickets and beetles mingled their feeble noises with the whistling of the squirrels and the notes of occasional birds, while the dead leaves on the eucalyptus trees discourteously rasped against the hard stones, intent on drowning all other sound. Beneath one's feet the ground, where fragments of the wall did not hide it, was covered with a bright green carpet of delicate moss, across which the slimy tracks of snails were plainly visible, and the placid things themselves could here and there be seen aimlessly and leisurely creeping about or dozing under the shadow of a rock.

The moon had begun to mark its presence by pale shadows, when Jack seated himself in this secluded, lonely corner of the old ruin. Alone and far from every one, he allowed his thoughts to come forth in these half-audible words: "How different are the friendships and associations formed in college from those of our public and high school days! Instead of the social basis of fun and jollity, such as the latter rested upon, these are built on a foundation intellectual and spiritual. In contrast to the way I used to look on friendships between boys and girls in those days, I now take much pleasure in those that exist among my classmates. In fact, can there be a more fitting time or place than college for a young man to choose from among his girl friends and win the one he loves? This question naturally reverts to myself, 'Joshed' as I am because of my cosmopolitan attitude toward the ladies. Well, it's just like this, I've been here two years now, and, although I

find among them many whom I greatly admire, I find none whom I care to cherish as more than a friend. One is bright, another is tender and sympathetic, another fascinates me with her beauty, another is so humorous and witty that while in her company I can imagine that only pleasure is worth living for. Even several of these qualities are present in some of them, yet not one complements my own nature, not one is truly responsive to the affections and needs of my heart. Hope is vain, they say, but nevertheless something tells me that sometime such a maiden will appear.

"Perhaps it's a foolish dream, but I have never been able to tear it from my memory, how, when a wee youngster, I strayed from mother's watchful eye and found my way to a neighbor's. In this house a little girl had just been born. Her proud papa needs must introduce me—myself a baby, too—and jokingly asked me what I would like to name her. It could never be explained where I had heard the name that instant y came to my lips, more especially because so rare. This name was Opal. My ready answer and the pretty name won the mother's heart, and so the child received it. Shortly afterward they moved away and we lost track of them. However, a rumor once reached us that the father, Mr. Gale, had died, but we never knew. When I was 15, or thereabout, I conceived the dream of which I spoke—that some day I would meet this girl and love her."

Suddenly aroused from his musing by the strokes of the distant bell, announcing the hour for retiring, Jack stepped out into the bright moonshine and was soon in his room.

The long days of summer were rapidly giving place to the lengthening nights of fall; September was within a few days of her annual departure. The college days had been thrown open and already the students were arriving. Jack returned with the rest. As is always the case among the old students, there was great excitement over the new ones, both as to what sort of folks they were and how they were to classify. Of all the classes an accession to the junior class is perhaps the great boon. "Have you heard of any new juniors?" interrogated Jack of a classmate, shortly after his arrival. "Yes, of a possible two, one from the East, and one from somewhere here in the West, both girls, I understand." This proved true.

At the opening reception to the new students, there are always some whose reticence handicaps them so greatly that unless someone makes a special effort on their behalf, they fail to get this close touch with the social life of the college, and thereby lose a great deal of congeniality, which it takes long to recover. Such was one of these new juniors, Clara Hawkins by name. Jack took it upon himself to see that she should have a pleasant evening and make the acquaintance of all the old students. Finding her excellent company, and evidently one whose friendship was worth possessing, Jack took further occasion to interest her and to tell her about the college and its many laurels, together with the stories that cluster around numerous buildings and spots about the campus. When the laboratory work in the physiology class was allotted they chose to be partners. Even the repulsive dissection of cats and calves grew interesting and enjoyable to her, working with such an honest, sincere fellow as Jack.

When the warm days of spring began to fill the air with bees, and butterflies, and the beetles were emerging from their seclusion into the sunshine, the time had come for the study of insects. It is the one enviable privilege of juniors to roam through the fields and the "wash," and over the mountains in search of entomological specimens. It expedites matters considerably to go two by two, so that one may hold the sign to the other the other chases the butterfly; this readily resolves it into a problem of a young man and a young woman.

Jack and Miss Hawkins were again thrown together in this way and thus spent many an afternoon. They had rested in the shade of nearly every tree that grows in the "wash," again and again they had traversed the region of the San José Hills, near Pomona city; the cañons along the mountains were as familiar to them as the campers; Indian Hill, a low eminence about a mile north of the college grounds and shrouded in a charming Indian romance, was private property; they had even climbed half way to Old Lady's summit; but there was one place whither Jack had not yet ventured in her company—the old stone ruin.

As every year in college must, so this one also drew toward its close. The junior students were making the final additions to their collections of insects. It was evening and Jack and Miss Hawkins were meandering slowly home from a tramp up San Antonio Cañon. Taking a trail through the brush which Miss Hawkins had not traversed heretofore, Jack was leading the way close by the ruin. Her eagerness to investigate it, when he casually remarked that it was a very dear spot to him, could not be suppressed. She begged him to tell her why it was so dear to him, and yet he had never mentioned it. "You see," said he, "this is the place where I always come when I'm lonely, but at no other time."

"Then you must be lonely today, or you would not have come to it," was the gentle rebuke.

"Pardon the confession, Miss Hawkins, but I am. If you will take a seat with me in yonder corner, where the moss is so green, I'll tell you all about it. We led her over the mass of broken wall and across to the stone seat. "First, I am lonely today because the year is so near an end, because the last butterflies that we shall catch together lie dead in your bottle, because the happy days of junior life are so nearly spent, because we must so soon be parted, perhaps never to meet again. If you persist in your intention of going over to England to live with your uncle, Clara—don't mind if I address you thus—I shall always be lonely after you go. There is a fond little dream that never fails to follow me when I seek this desolate ruin. Since I saw you I had hoped that you had come as a good fairy to make it real. Often times have I sat here in this shadow and dreamed that dream; before you came it was of an unknown someone such as you are, since you came it has been of you. Must I now, after these years of hope and love, let you go? Must I hereafter shrink from this spot, or if I do come to it, do so only to grieve and sorrow over the once happy past?"

"Jack, is this why you are lonely, is this why the ruin is so dear to you? Then you aren't lonely, for I'll not leave you, and the shattered old masonry is as dear to me as it is to you, and we shall sit here together and think of each other."

Jack broke forth in these words, "At last, at last, I have found my Opal."

"How did you know my name was Opal, dear Jack?"

"That was merely the name I had given you in my dreams before you really appeared."

"But when my uncle adopted me my real name was Opal—Opal Gale."

Jack's heart was too full to trust his thoughts to words.

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A MAY BASKET AND THE SURPRISE IT BROUGHT TO MISS MEHITABLE.

By a Special Contributor.

MISS MEHITABLE sat on her doorstep in the gathering dusk of a sweet April day. The delicious spring scents were everywhere. From the newly-turned earth which Miss Mehitable had been preparing for her pansy bed came the fresh, wholesome smell which carries with it sweet hints of spring and coming summer.

From her prim borders of daffodils which edged the front walk came yellow gleams and a certain faint fragrance, and from a neighboring bonfire there was wafted to her the pleasant pungent odor of burning leaves. Miss Mehitable was happy as she sat on her front doorstep. Her middle-aged face looked almost pretty as she rested from her labors to enjoy the dusky twilight. Her work in the pansy bed had brought a faint pink color to her thin cheeks and moist little wisps of brown hair curled youthfully around her face and her neck.

Miss Mehitable was an old maid—a dear, sunny-souled little body, whom everyone in the village liked. She it was who was sent for to dress for the first time the new-laid village babies, and to her sympathetic hands was trusted the task of making the last toilet for the dead. People came to her in trouble, sure of her sympathy; she came to her with their little love affairs, smiling and laughing when everything ran smoothly, tearful and complaining when a lovers' quarrel had turned the whole world to sudden darkness. Miss Mehitable had a ready word for everybody—a smile, a handclasp, a ready pat for some discouraged shoulder, a tear for widows of others, and a heart full of love for the whole world.

Early Miss Mehitable remained an old maid people began to tell. Proposals of marriage she had plenty. The minister had asked her to be a mother to his five small children, and she had gently declined. The doctor had offered her his good right hand and his manly heart, but though she had told him that their common-sense, matter-of-fact friendship had been the same as ever. Deacon Smith had made no secret of his admiration for her, but, like the minister and the doctor, he had been dismissed so kindly that no shade of resentment toward her lingered in his heart. To be sure, these three suitors had later consoled themselves with others and had made excellent husbands and good fathers, but Miss Mehitable kept the sweet, even tone of her way, and appeared content with all things.

The maples were budding out in rosy glory. Robins called cheerily to one another among the half-bare branches, and young girls with straw hats swinging from their hands, and arms around each other's waists, sauntered slowly down the quiet village street. As they passed the little gate each and all called out a blithe greeting to the solitary figure on the steps, and Miss Mehitable responded in her bright way, as she always did. The girls drifted down the street, talking of their little pleasures. There was not much to enliven the dull little town, but what there was they made the most of. "Tomorrow's the first of May," said Lucy Fairbanks. "Let's hang Miss Mehitable a May basket!"

"The other girls laughed. "Dear me, Lucy!" said Ruth Somers, "you speak as if that was nothing new. Haven't we hung a May basket on her front door for years and years?"

"We have," she said, "ever since we were little girls. But let's make a lovely one, this year. Let's fill it with moss—that pretty, green, shaggy kind from Turley's woods—and trim it with flowers. Rob and the other boys will club together, I guess, and buy a box of candy, and we'll put that in."

The other girls agreed, and presently they went their ways homeward through the dusky, sweet-smelling woods, under the budding maples.

The next evening Miss Mehitable took her customary walk down the street to the postoffice. She rarely received a letter and not often even a paper, but it was a custom with her to go down after the evening mail had come in, and, in Miss Mehitable's methodical life a habit that was not easily departed from. So she pinned on her straw hat and threw over her slender shoulders a little fleecy coat. She did not remove her neat white apron. No one in the village saw aught amiss in appearing on the street in home attire. Her neat, sprigged calico dress was freshly starched and ironed, and rustled pleasantly as she walked along. A tender smile clung round her

lips. It was just such a night as this—just such a sweet spring night—how long ago was it? Fifteen years—could it be fifteen years—that Harvey Barlow stood at her little gate and held her hand in farewell? How he had looked at her—bending his dark, handsome head to peer into her face with his fine black eyes! What had he meant by that look?

Miss Mehitable sighed a little as she stopped on the quiet street and looked up into the budding, pink-flushed maples. Little things came back to her so vividly to-night—tender, half-spoken words which he had let fall as he held her hand—timid words which had held no meaning for her then. She had not grown to love him until he was gone. Her girlish heart, unawakened, had seen in his deep gaze only a kind regret that their friendship must be interrupted by his going away. That was all, then—but now—

How the robins chirruped tonight—just as on that other May night fifteen years ago! How the scent from the budding maples brought it all back!

"We'll hang it on the doorknob, while she's gone down to the postoffice," whispered Lucy Fairbanks, as three girlish figures crept around the corner of the house.

They huddled, with whispers and suppressed giggles, in the shadow of the lilac bushes by the door. "Isn't it lovely?" said one of them. "Won't she enjoy that delicious candy? My, but the boys are good! I wish I could get as nice a May basket myself!"

The other girls giggled. "Just listen to her!" they cried. "She knows she always gets the prettiest one in town. Now, Ruth Somers, you little hypocrite, isn't that so?" They hung the pretty, flower-trimmed basket upon Miss Mehitable's old-fashioned doorknob and ran giggling down the path to the gate.

"We won't wait to watch her, girls. We know just what she'll say when she sees it—Bless their kind little hearts! or something like that—so let's hurry and hang the others."

Their light footsteps echoed down the quiet street, and the little old white house was left alone. But not for long. Presently a man's tall figure came up the street, paused irresolutely at the gate, and then turned in. He looked about him with appreciative eyes—up into the maples, down at Miss Mehitable's gay daffodils and around the prim front yard. He had the air of one long absent, newly returned.

He walked up the narrow, brick-paved path to the steps and paused there. His eyes fell at once upon the pretty May basket hanging from the doorknob. Should he sit down here on the steps and wait for her in the sweet spring twilight? He knew she had gone down to the postoffice, as of old, because he had seen her from the small hotel where he was stopping. An inquiry or two, casually put to a small boy, had revealed to him the few facts he wished to know. Yes, Miss Mehitable was still Miss Mehitable. "The minister, he wanted her, but she wouldn't go in to be a stepmother to his kids; the doctor tried to catch her, but she wouldn't be ketched; Deacon Smith had popped the question to her, but it didn't do him no good." The stranger had given the small boy a quarter and sauntered up the street, a smile in his dark eyes, his gray-tinged head bent in happy musing.

Now, after a little thought, he drew from his pocket a notebook, rapidly wrote a few words upon a page, tore it out, and laid it in the May basket among the flowers. Then he went softly down the little walk and stood in the deep shade of the syringa bushes.

A light step sounded outside and Miss Mehitable turned in at her gate. She paused a moment to lean upon the gate post, and look up into the maples once more. Her face, touched gently by time, was the same as on that other May night, years and years ago. She was so near him that he could have touched her by putting out his hand. But he stood still and waited.

Presently she went up the walk in the tender, fading light, and paused on the doorstep. She broke into a little laugh as she took the May basket from the knob. "Bless their dear hearts!" she said. "My, this is a heavy one! What's this—a box of candy, I do believe. Tied with pink ribbons—the dear young things know I love pink!"

A little white note fluttered to her feet and she stooped to pick it up. Then she adjusted her eyeglasses and sat down on the steps. After a moment's silence she rose tremblingly and put one hand to her head in an uncertain way. Then she read it again.

"Harvey!" she said aloud. "Oh, it can't be—it's just some joke of those children's! It's—I—oh—" But Miss Mehitable could say no more. A tall, broad-shouldered figure had suddenly appeared before her—two hands had caught hers, and the pretty May basket lay on the steps at their feet.

"Hitty!" he cried, "Hitty, don't you know me? Am I welcome?"

Miss Mehitable looked up into his face with dreamy eyes. She tried to stand erect, to say some word; but suddenly all was darkness. For the first time in her commonplace life Miss Mehitable had fainted.

Before the month of May was gone there was a quiet

wedding in Miss Mehitable's old-fashioned house. The maples were in their full glory of green leafage. The lilacs were waving their purplish plumes beside the open door, and the red peonies were in gorgeous bloom in the front yard. Inside the prim little parlor the waxy pink blossoms of the trailing arbutus perfumed the air with their exquisite fragrance. And beside the tall, grave-faced, handsome man stood Miss Mehitable, her small, slender figure dressed in a shimmering silk of silver gray.

It was a very quiet, but very pretty wedding. The girls were there, happy and radiant. They had dressed the bride with loving hands. The minister was there and performed the ceremony in his most polished manner. His wife was there, and the five young people whom Miss Mehitable had gently declined to mother. The doctor was present, and his pretty, comfortable wife was there beside him. And Deacon Smith and Mrs. Smith were also guests at Miss Mehitable's wedding.

It was a pretty wedding, as I have said, and there were warm, loving hearts in plenty to wish the happy pair godspeed as they drove away down the tree-shaded street—drove away together into the first flush and joy of that new world which is the old—the world of happy wedded love.

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